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JULY 11, 1931

Liberty

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A Weekly for Everybody

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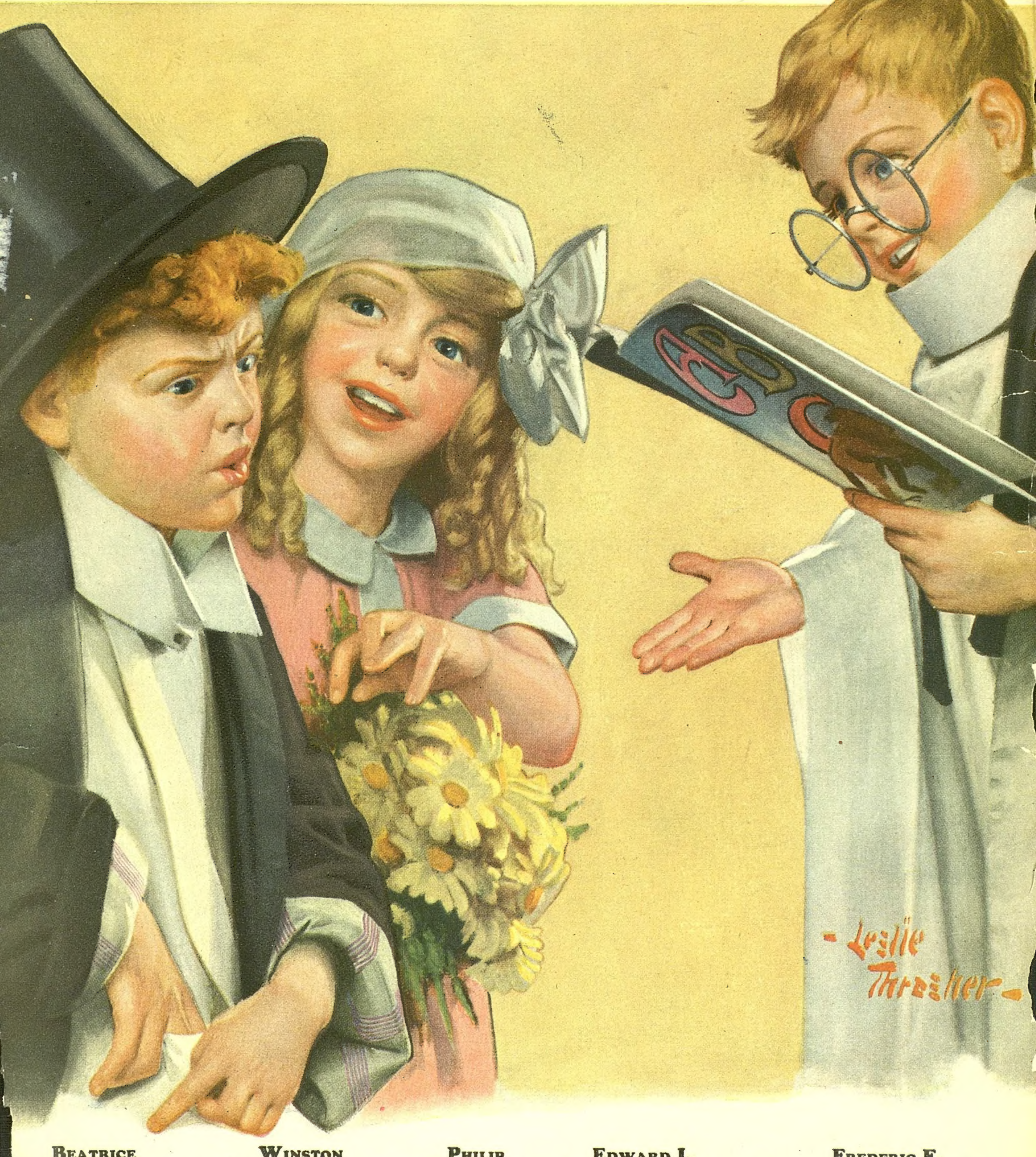

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW ~ **WINSTON CHURCHILL** ~ **PHILIP WYLIE** ~ **EDWARD L. McKENNA** ~ **FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER**

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Made by the makers of the famous Beech-Nut Gum

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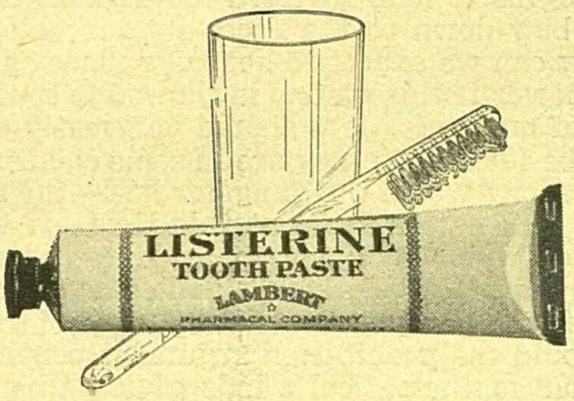
Tourists motoring through the Mohawk Valley are invited to visit the plant of the Beech-Nut Packing Company at Canajoharie, N. Y., on Route 5.



This dentifrice for lustrous white teeth

—its economy is an added *pleasure*

Your teeth will respond immediately to the remarkable qualities of Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll tell the same story that millions of others tell.

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The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

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With that $3 you save buy beauty lotions . . .

You can find a hundred uses for the $3 that Listerine Tooth Paste saves for you. We mention face creams merely as a suggestion.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

JULY 11, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8 No. 28

A Weekly for Everybody

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

VOTE-GETTING LAWMAKERS—ONE OF OUR GREATEST EVILS

Let us all go down on our knees and pray for the appearance of the statesman who can rise above the vote-getting influence, and help to bring order out of chaos—into which we have been ruthlessly plunged.

There is a crying need at this time for legislators who can be guided by the dictates of their conscience and intelligence exclusively; who are not looking back home with a vote-catching idea in mind.

Great numbers of our lawmakers are elected with definite promises to support certain policies. They are made into neutral machines—often by the demand of popular prejudice.

We need a lawmaking body in every state in our federal government which can look above and beyond the demand of the voters. Intelligent, conscientious citizens send a legislator into the lawmaking sanctum for the exclusive purpose of protecting their rights as citizens.

A legislator cannot protect the rights of his supporters if he is bound hand and foot; if he is told just how to vote and when to vote. He should be free to act in accordance with the dictates of his intelligence.

Many a legislator might just as well be a machine when he is compelled to vote in accordance with the demands of those who elected him. What is the use of having legislators if the voters are to dictate their activities?

The demand that the majority should rule is doubtless reasonable, but it is sometimes difficult to convince the majority of the justice of certain policies. They are often influenced by what you might call mob rule. They are frequently biased. They are often emotional, tempestuous.

A democratic government is the best in the world if it is allowed to operate, and if real statesmen are put in power. But our politics at this time are known for what they are—there is no need of going into detail. Now and then a big man comes to the front, but as a rule he is kept in the background. He is not allowed to acquire any influence; he might interfere with the dictates of the political boss, and that is practically where we have come to at this time.

We are governed largely by the political boss. He picks out the man or men to be nominated. He attends the convention and pulls the wires in accordance with the selfish interests of those who run the party. There are doubtless many exceptions to this system in various parts of the country, but there are big bosses operating in most of our important political centers. Occasionally a man comes to the front who has acquired such influence that the boss has to accept him whether he likes him or not—but this is the exception.

And vote-getting—that's the one great paramount idea. How can we get the votes? Without the support of the political boss you cannot win.

And after a legislator has been elected he immediately begins to look forward to the next election. He has to bow down to the necessity for vote-getting.

How can we expect to keep our place as a great national power if this system is allowed to continue? The terms of our legislators should be greatly extended, or should be for life, as they are in some countries.

How long would the gangster last—the most powerful foe this nation faces at this time—if we had men in power who would sweep aside technicalities, who would ignore political bosses and come out and demand that this Gorgon horror be swept into oblivion? How long would the prohibition argument continue if there were cold mathematical minds giving this subject the detailed attention that it so badly needs?

Laws—laws—laws! We are being drowned in a multitudinous flow of legislation. There are so many laws that one can't see through them to the fundamental principle of all law—and that is Justice. We are blinded by a mass of technical detail.

Huge organizations in charge of high-salaried officials watch our lawmakers carefully. They record how they vote on every bill. They often tell them how they can vote. These financially biased reformers have become a mighty power in our legislative halls.

Self-appointed reformers who use the collection-box system for supporting their activities; men and women, often with one-track minds, who can see only one side, who make up their minds early in life and never change—it is busybodies of this sort who camp continuously on the trail of our legislators.

They usually have a plan for saving the world. They will tell you exactly how it can be done, and they are devoting their lives to the cause they represent—for the salary that they collect from their supporters.

Our legislators everywhere brand these performers by their right name—an unparalleled nuisance. They ought to be compelled to make a living by real work. While they often exert a powerful influence, they are usually careful to work with a religious background. They support the churches. They are working for the glory of God—and a salary that is sometimes far beyond what they could earn in some legitimate activity.

A statesman who can rise far above a vote-getting influence, who can look into our chaotic situation and lead us out into the light, away from the corruption, the graft, and favoritism that has now become a menacing scourge.

We will all welcome such a deliverer.

The hurrahs of the multitude will cry his praises from the housetops.

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For Your Local Station Announcement

Ladies and Gentlemen, We present

Liberty

A Broadcast for Everybody!

On the Air Every Friday Night

9 P. M.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

Here's a reason to make you really glad you own a receiving set. Liberty is on the air! A new Friday night program that will delight you from beginning to end. For Liberty on the air—a mirror of Liberty on your reading table—offers you the same sort of thrilling entertainment you are accustomed to find between its covers. The Liberty radio family convenes every Friday night at 9 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Become one of the family. And invite your friends. The more, the merrier. Dial one of the stations listed below. Pull up an easy chair and lean back in comfort. Leave the rest to Liberty. Drama, romance, topical comment, delightful music—but tune in and discover for yourself what it is that makes Liberty on the air a feature of the radio week.

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TUNE IN ON LIBERTY EVERY FRIDAY

The first hot day nearly wrecked their romance

She wondered why he lost interest so quickly

...she never suspected "B. O." until—

(Body Odor)

SHE could scarcely keep back the tears. He had been so devoted when they started. *Why* was he so different now?

Their romance would have speedily ended but for her new sister-in-law's helpful advice. She warned this girl frankly about "B.O."—*body odor*—the fault that so quickly steals away charm. Told her the easy way to keep fresh and dainty even on the hottest, sultriest day. And once she adopted this simple safeguard against offending, her sweetheart fell in love with her all over again.

Blame yourself—not the weather!

Perspire more in Summer? Then be *extra* particular about bathing often with Lifebuoy and you'll *never* offend. Not even a hint of "B.O."—which others so quickly notice.

Lifebuoy's abundant, refreshing, purifying lather *deodorizes* pores—removes every trace of odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you "Here's safety from 'B.O.!'"

The finest of complexion soaps!

Lifebuoy is the blandest and mildest of soaps for the face, yet marvelously cleansing. Its creamy, searching lather floods tiny pores—gently loosens clogged impurities—brings back healthy, glowing radiance to dull, sallow skins. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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Good news for MEN!

Easier shaves... no more tender spots!

LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

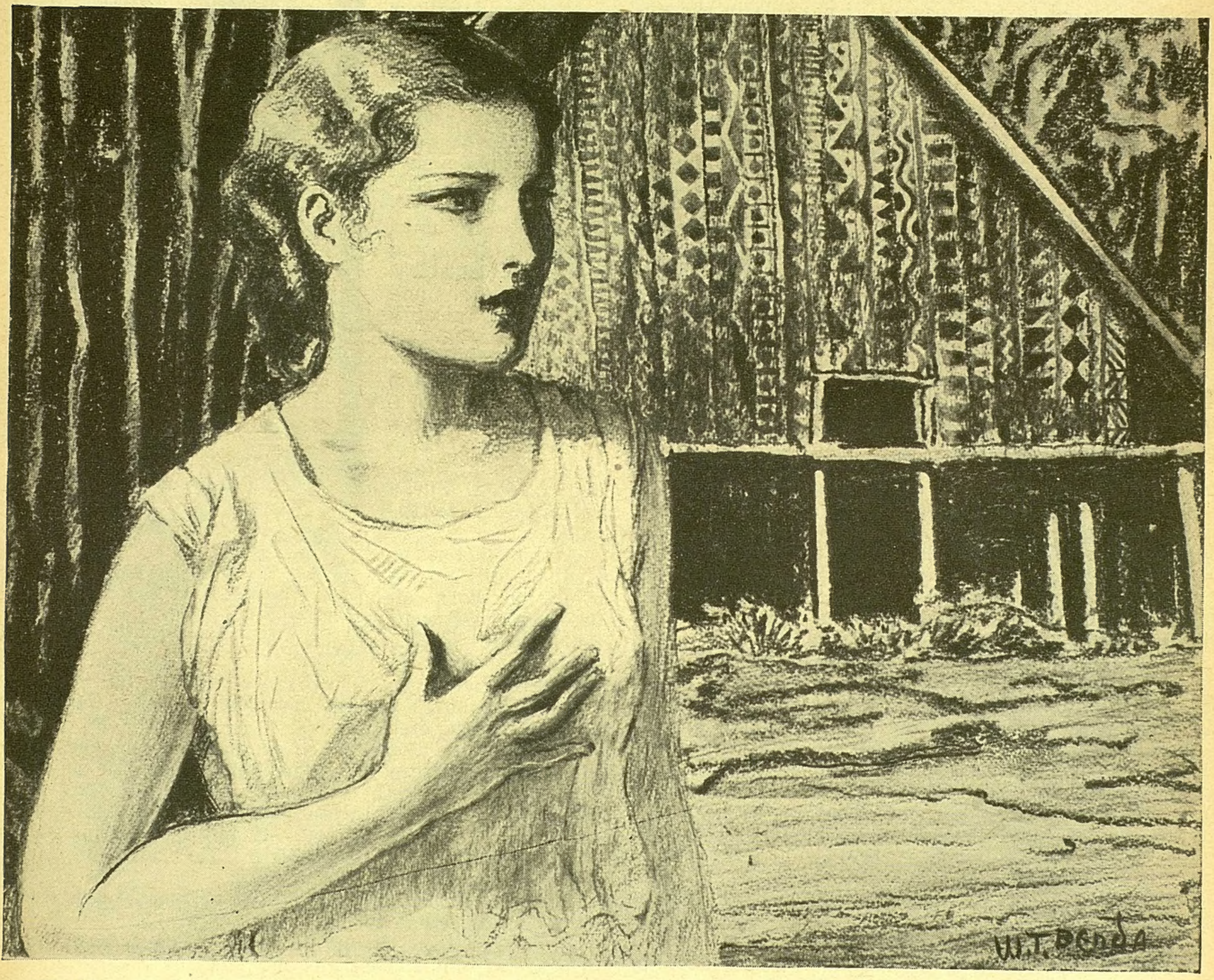
Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

The CAPTURED CHILD

A Story of Love, Mystery, and a Dance of Death in the South Seas



Walking the long street, Libbet said to herself, "These people are civilized as much as anyone needs to be."

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

who has a remarkable record as explorer—often a solitary one—of the islands which are the scenes of her stories. Her father was an Antrim man, and she was educated in Belfast and London. She lives now in Papua, "last haunt of the cannibals."

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

(Reading time: 33 min. 12 sec.)

SOMBER and steel-colored, with hills of thunder blue behind, the great lagoon lay sleeping, a nightmare sleep. Not here the indolent soft island dream. Not here the flowers, the singing. Beautiful, dark, wicked—these were the Shebas.

Mariana Lagoon, in the Sheba Islands, is known to the Pacific world as the loveliest and wickedest place in the whole South Seas. On the lagoon the girl Libbet Yorke, o had landed from Burns Philp's big steamer some days before, was creating an unheard-of sensation. One or two planters and traders lived there, scattered at long intervals over the forty miles' length of it and among its thousand and odd islands. Tired, aging female missionaries, helpmeets of pioneer mission workers, were not unknown. But youth and freshness and loveliness in the person of a small slight girl with blonde satin hair, smoke-blue eyes, and lips as red as the lip of the scarlet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAPTURED CHILD
Continued from page seven

Mariana money shell—these the lagoon had never known. It was proportionately moved. It was also scandalized, in so far as that wild resort of beach combers and head-hunters was capable of scandalization. One of the roughest of the beach-combing crowd (in whom the conventions, long inhibited, seemed to spring up at the arrival of Libbet like curious fungi) declared to the lagoon that it wasn't safe, it wasn't reasonable—why, hang it all, it wasn't *proper*—for a girl to be carrying on in any such way.

"What way?" asked a new arrival, and was told, with profane emphasis, that Miss Libbet Yorke, after finding temporary quarters in the house of a married plantation manager, had hired a dinghy with an outboard motor, and gone off across the lagoon, alone, to visit the notorious island of New Virginia.

Libbet, like all of her generation, was at home with engines. Seated as far forward as possible in the uptilted little boat, she drove it capably. Twentieth century, second quarter, she looked in every line. Small of build, she followed the popular greyhound type; was active and fine-limbed. She wore two garments only, and contrived to look as decent in them as her mother had looked in ten. Her pale satin hair was knotted low on her long neck; it followed the general streamline of her appearance, which suggested, not remotely, the flying beauty of planes, cars, breaking waves, and birds in flight.

The Shebas are among the warmest places in the world. That day the violet sky, the platinum-bright sea, kept hurling furious heat waves one to another, like giants engaging in half-angry sport. Among the palm tops parrots of many colors sat silent, beaks agape. In the dusk steamy forests no leaf stirred.

YET Libbet, nursing her cranky engine across the hot lagoon, was conscious at times of something almost like chill. "This is a wicked place," she thought, looking at New Virginia as it began to rise ahead of her, dark, cloud-belted, gloomily blue. "It has bad thoughts." The amazing personality of the Shebas was stretching out hands to touch her. She could not think of the islands as mere things, as dead. They lived. "Rick used to talk of them—like that," she thought, and opened the throttle.

On the previous evening Sims the plantation manager and his wife, at one side of the veranda, were candidly discussing the guest who was camped on the other.

"You could 'a' knocked me down with a feather when I heard where she wants to go," declared Sims. "But one couldn't stop her; she's got a will like iron, for all she looks as soft as a kitten. And not much bigger, neither."

"I hope she'll get back safe," commented Mrs. Sims rather indifferently. "What do you think? She told me she could shoot the middle out of an ace of hearts at fifty paces; she said she'd been working on it for six munce."

"Whatever for?"

"I dono. Oh, Jim, I looked inside of her trunk when she was out—"

"You shouldn't've. . . . What was in it?"

"Clothes. And right at the bottom, Jim, parceled up, the loveliest wedding dress and veil and going-away dress of mariette, rose beige with—"

"What on earth?"

"There was a piece in the paper last June about a wedding in Sydney, when the bridegroom never came, and I think the girl's name was Yorke."

"Well, but in the Shebas—what does she—"

"He might've come up here to run away from her."

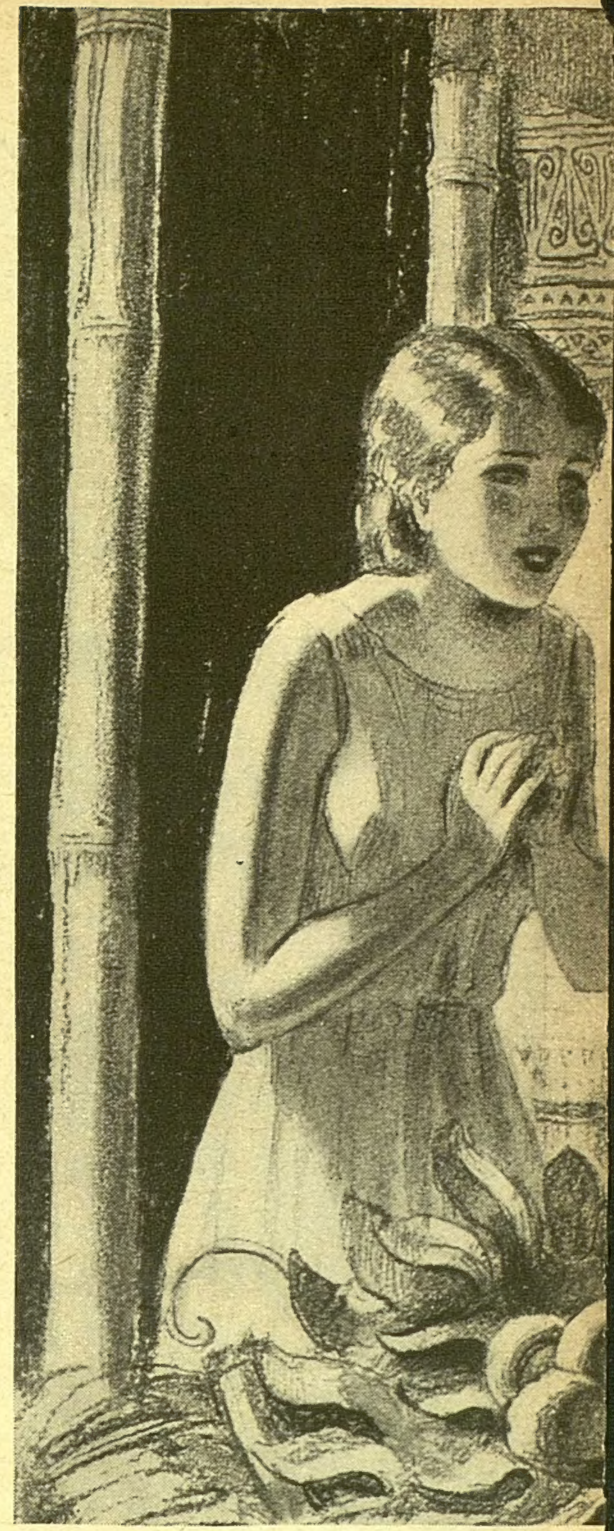
"No fear!" The manager's voice rose high. "No man ever run away from—that!—when he was within a day of owning it."

"Oh, do you think so? Well, she's not my style."

"She's not any woman's style. Too dashed good-looking."

"She's as cold as an iceberg."

"No fear," monotonously replied Jim. "She just lets on to be."



The tall man pointed to a long s

"You seem to know a lot!"

Jim recognized the symptoms of coming storm, and made haste to take shelter.

"Too right I do; I knew enough to pick you!"

In her own room, which was merely a boarded-off section of the west veranda, Libbet, during the talk, had been sitting alone upon the bed. There was no chair, no table. The room was very hot, but Libbet closed the door and curtained the window before she took a tiny oilskin envelope out of her dress, to look at what it held—a single worn sheet of note paper. On one side was written: "Libby Love—My last words until tomorrow. Love, and more love. God bless you for ever and ever. Adoringly yours, Rick."

On the other, the unused inside of the sheet, was a carelessly penciled memorandum: "Orara, New Virginia, Mariana Lagoon, Sheba Islands Protectorate."

A thousand times Libbet had pored over that worn address heedlessly written down on the back of the sheet by Richard Severance, her bridegroom, on the eve of the day that was to have been the crown of her life—that had proved, instead, its Calvary.

Sitting there alone in her island room, she recalled, bitterly, the picture of the next morning: the church, the organ playing, the scent of rich white flowers, too like the odor of funeral wreaths. Libbet's uncle and aunt in the porch with her, restlessly talking, waiting—for what? "Yes, it's all right, girlie. He's only late. . . ."

Only!

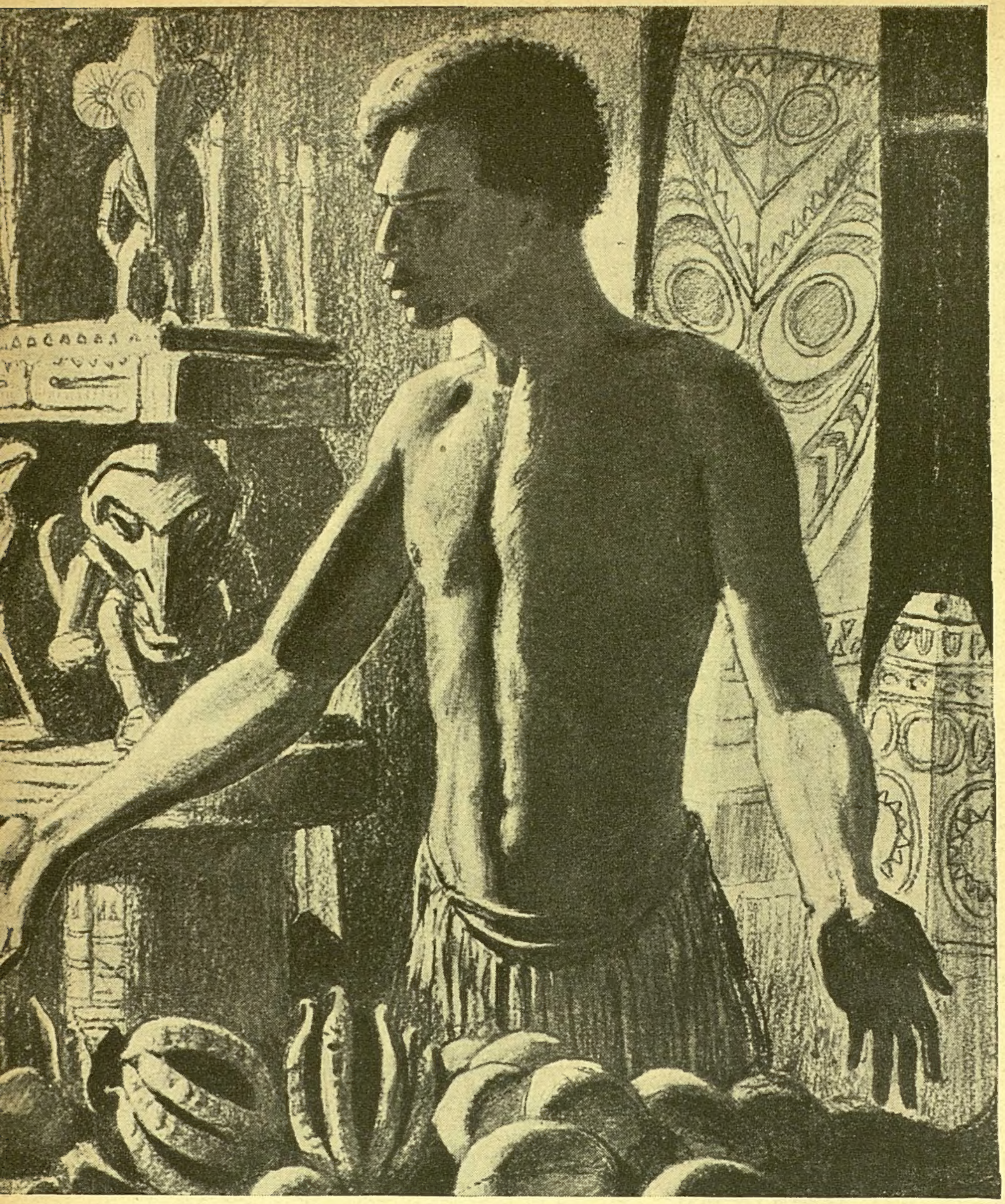
They had gone home at last. The thought of it, even now, seared her like hot iron.

From that hour no one had seen Richard Severance, or heard of him. There was only one clue: An old mate of his, who had explored and traveled with him, dying in St. Vincent's Hospital; sending, with his last breath, a message to Libbet: "Someone in the Shebas might know where Rick went to. Ask on New Virginia. *You must.*"

IT was six months before she could manage to get away, her small fortune capitalized, her relations defied.

And now—now she was steering toward New Virginia. For the first time she began to ask herself—what was she going to do when she got there, to the landing place called Orara, that was nothing and led to nowhere?

She had made no direct inquiries about Rick, but she had heard, on the boat and off, certain references to his last journeys through the Shebas: to the time when, seven years ago, he had been exploring, at the greatest risk, various previously unknown islands. All spoke of



vhich was set every dainty the village could provide. "Kai-kai b'long you."

his work in the past tense. He might be dead. He might have been murdered the night before the wedding by some one of Sydney's infamous gunmen, though it was hard to see any cause.

But Libbet did not think he was dead. Bodies leave traces. She could not believe he had left her at the last minute, on the call of another woman, as her family maintained. Libbet was no fool. She did not suppose that she was the first love in Richard's life; she knew herself, very definitely, the last. No, it wasn't a woman. If she had a rival, that rival was something bigger and more formidable than any woman—Severance's almost insane love for his exploratory and anthropological work. But love of exploration didn't steal a man away from his bride on his wedding eve.

Not knowing what to think, she had held opinion in abeyance. She only knew that there might be some solution to the mystery in the Shebas.

Somebody had told her that there was a mission on New Virginia. "I'll see if they will take me in," she told Sims the plantation manager.

"There's times the mission can't take care of itself, let alone—" began Sims. But his wife nudged him into silence. She was of a jealous nature, and she felt that she, at all events, had had enough of the good-looking visitor.

And now, near to New Virginia, the mission became visible.

Handsomely built, the Adventist-Methodist Mission stood on the crest of a hill that overlooked long fiords of sea, lying blue as scylla flowers between dark bands of forest. Behind, the heights of the island rose wave on wave, black, blue, and violet—unconquered, almost unknown.

The mission was old, and its personnel was beginning to grow weary of an unsuccessful fight. There were now only three white people in the big house that had once sheltered many—Pastor and Mrs. Peebles, elderly, pale, and wrinkled, dully reading beside the kerosene lamp, and Townsend, their assistant.

Townsend was young, little over thirty; new to his work, and running over with enthusiasm. Short and powerfully made, with a bull neck and fiery black eyes, with the slightest wave in his rich hair, with red narrow lips and heavy smooth brown hands, he looked as if he had attracted all the life in the room; as if the old couple, yielding up their vitality to him, were gradually flickering out like burned candles. His voice, as he spoke, seemed to fill the place.

"YOU know, sir, I think we ought to visit the outlying villages rather more; there's a rumor of the Ve-ala being got up again."

"Indeed, indeed? But that's a rumor one constantly hears, and usually without foundation—usually without any."

"In this case," Townsend persisted, "I'm almost sure there is. The inland villages have been clearing new dancing grounds and collecting food for a feast. You know what that means. Last time they did it, one of B. P.'s firemen disappeared from the beach, and was never heard of again."

"That doesn't say—"

"Of course it doesn't say they were making the Ve-ala. But it means mischief, and in this instance there's more as well. Our native teachers say there has been practicing of the Ve-ala dance. They recognized the chorus from a long way off."

"My dear boy," said the old man, sitting up, with one finger in his book to mark his progress, "you new recruits have the little knowledge that is a dangerous thing. You don't seem to be aware that the Ve-ala hasn't been held for years simply because the light-skinned tribes on the other islands are dying out and there isn't a fair child available."

"It's only a fair-skinned child that they use?"

"Invariably. An interesting fact, and ethnologically significant, if one allowed oneself to be distracted from more important things by such heathen folly."

"They always kill the child?"

"Oh, that, of course. But the ceremony is remarkable. Curious—suggestive of Aztec customs, though of course there cannot be— They keep the child, usually a boy, for a week or so, feeding him on dainties and dressing him up and generally indulging him in every way. And then the dance as you know it. But really, Townsend, I assure you you are wasting time."

"All the same, sir, I'd be glad if you would let me have a couple of days' leave. It's surely our duty—"

"Oh, quite, quite, if you see it that way. I'll ask you not to forget that the coastal villages haven't been gone round lately, and that the schools are simply going back to bush. When you have time from your other investigations—"

"I'll see to it the first possible minute." Townsend

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAPTURED CHILD
Continued from page nine

was a little impatient. "Good night, sir." The door banged behind him. Peebles, turning to the book again, told his old wife, somewhat irritably, that he thought all new missionaries were Ve-ala mad. . . .

Libbet, wandering alone, unobstructed and actually welcomed, among the houses of the great New Virginia village, told herself that the natives had been absurdly maligned.

"It's always the same," she thought. "Travelers' tales—they want to make themselves out heroes because they've visited a place where anyone with a little common sense can go. Why, these people are splendid. They helped me up that cliff from Orara, and carried me through the swamp, and brought me drinks of water all the way, as if I'd been their queen. They are making a queen of me now."

Libbet, being only human, had not quite escaped the king-of-the-cannibal-islands complex that haunts so many travelers. She had heard and read of white people —mostly men, it was true—who had been received as sovereigns by savage island tribes; carried in procession as she had been carried, offered fruits as they were now offering fruits to her, shown into the best and biggest house of the village, and humbly requested to make it their own, as these people now were doing to her. One or two of the younger men spoke pidgin English; through them it was made plain to Libbet that they were asking her to honor their village by a visit for a week or so.

It was certainly amusing, but it carried her no nearer to her great object. She had questioned the two young warriors who spoke pidgin English—those extraordinary, splendid people with burning eyes, brown naked limbs like tree boles, endless chains and lockets of white shell upon their shining skins, and no clothes at all—and had understood them to say that no white man had been on New Virginia for years, save the old white man at the mission, and the young white man who worked with him.

"Thass fellow no good," the young chief had added, and rudely spat upon the ground.

Libbet, gathering that the warrior did not see eye to eye with Townsend about missionary work, laughed a little. She had met the young missionary only a couple of days ago, at the plantation, and had talked about making a call at the mission house. Townsend had curtly advised her not to come. "New Virginia's no place for a girl," he had said. Nevertheless, his eyes sought hers, black fire meeting blue fire; his smooth brown hand held hers in a grip a little stronger than was needful when he said good-by. "I'll call again," he told her. She caught herself thinking, after he had left, that he had the finest pair of shoulders, save one, she had ever seen in her life.

NOW, walking the long street of the mountain village, that was bordered with wonderful houses, all peaked thatch and fine reedwork and pearl-shell inlay, savoring the winelike mountain air, and letting her spirit delight in the beauty and richness of the place, Libbet said to herself, "These people are civilized as much as anyone needs to be; missionaries have no business here." She saw, in imagination, the sturdy figure of Townsend ("He is like a matador; one could imagine him all dressed in scarlet and gold, charging a bull.") and was sorry for him, in that he was so mistaken. She wondered how many miles it was to the mission house. Perhaps not very many. When she had finished her visit, she would trek over there and tell them all her experiences. And perhaps—perhaps—they might know something about Rick.

One of the pidgin-English speakers now came forward. "That fellow house belong you," he said. "Very good house. You come."

Libbet followed the young warrior. Behind her came the other men marching rather heavily, talking excitedly. Once or twice a young man let out a curious doglike sound: "Wuh! Wuh!" The elders seemed to reprove him.

It occurred to Libbet, at this point, that no woman, so far, had appeared. She wished she could remember what Rick had told her about that. She knew it meant something. She rather thought it signified a feast in preparation. Women—black women—weren't allowed to take part in feasts; white women, probably, were allowed.

Libbet, no sillier than other "explorers" in like case, couldn't resist a feeling of delightful superiority.

They went before her into a beautiful house that drew from Libbet, artistic Libbet, cries of admiration. The weaving of the reeds upon the walls into exquisite patterns; the delicate creamy mats piled high for rest; the thatch above, brown gold, a color that caressed the eye; carved human figures of real beauty, wonderful crocodiles with every scale perfect, chiseled out of the supporting posts that ran down the room; inlay of pearl-shell sprays decorating door frames and lintels—all was exquisite, informed with the very spirit of true art. She clapped her hands in delight.

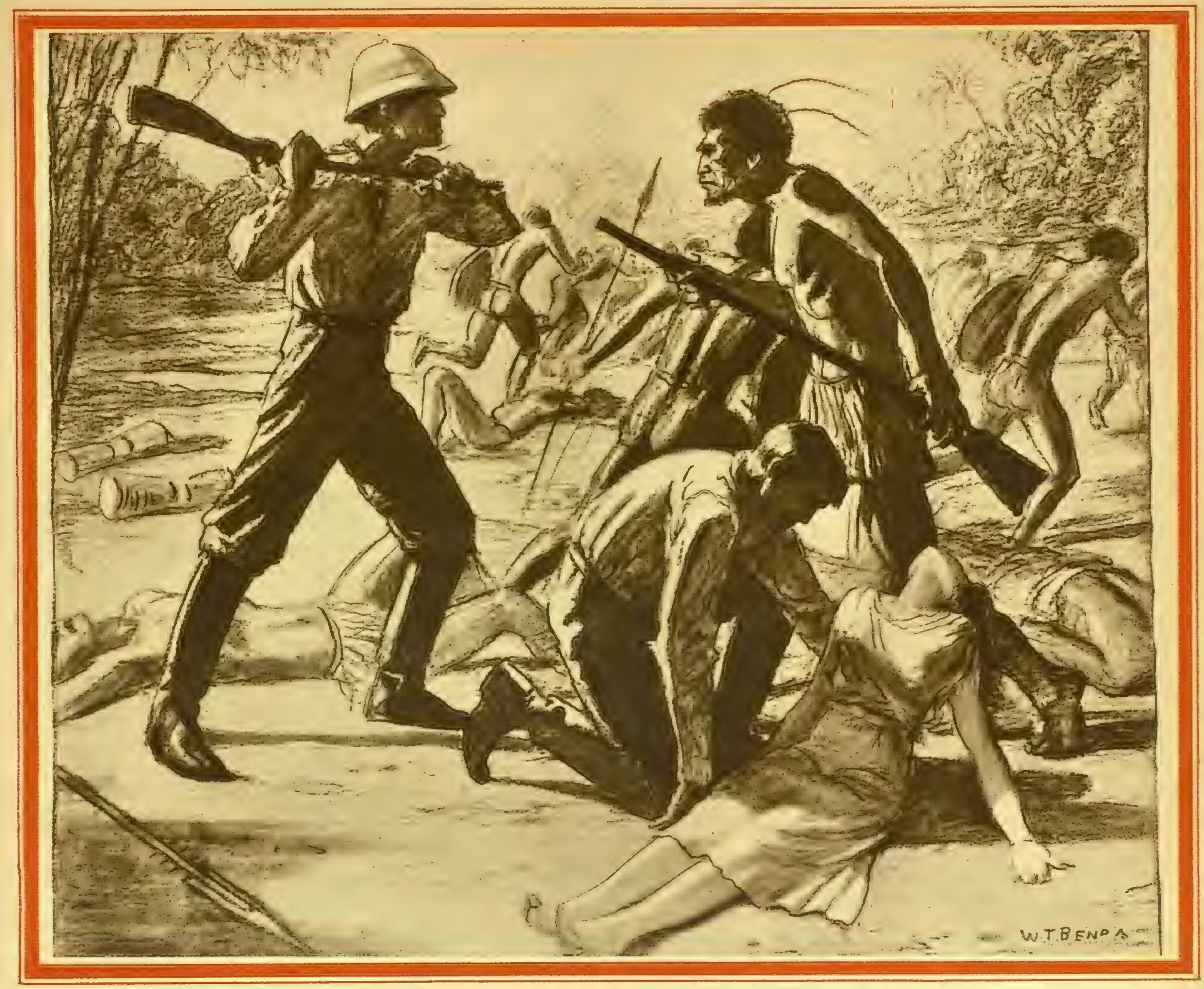
THE tall man pointed to a long stool on which was set forth every dainty that the village could provide: boiled fowl, watermelon, mangoes, baked sweet potatoes, river crayfish roasted in their shells, all piled up on plates of fresh green leaves, with a bamboo water bottle set alongside. "*Kai-kai* [food] b'long you," said the interpreter, and stood aside. When they had served her, they went out and left her to eat, pointing significantly to the open door.

Libbet decided, as she satisfied her healthy hunger, that she would stay in this village two or three days. It was an adventure, and the people were quite delightful. But she did wish she could see some of the women. What *was* it that Rick used to say about the women of the western islands? She could not remember. Truth was, that, when Rick and she were talking, she seldom listened to what he said. She could not. She was too busy listening to himself. But she wished she had not forgotten. Further, these people had persisted in calling her "out of her name," as servants say. She had told them she was Libbet Yorke, pointing to herself as she spoke. But they only nodded, pointed at her in their turn, and said something that was not her name at all. She wondered what it might be. . . .

Sims the manager was what most people would have called a "rough customer." Kindly, hospitable, and honest, he had never enjoyed much education; his English was laced with Woolloomooloo, and his habits did not include the reading of books. Nevertheless, Sims, like a poor watch with one good gem in its works, had his special talent—an amazing gift of tongues. Listening to him when he was engaged in murdering the English language, you would never have suspected that he could converse quite as fluently, and much more correctly, in the dialects of Mariana and half a dozen other places. He could—but he did not before his "boys." He preferred, in his own phrasing, to "know what them birds were up to before they got up to it."

Four days after the departure of Libbet Yorke, he caught a significant word on the lips of his boss boy; a word that made him prick up his ears while carefully preserving the inattentive expression of his face. They were bagging copra at the time, and the boss boy, as he worked, was telling his mates about something that was going to happen on the island of New Virginia, to which a number of them belonged.

Sims couldn't catch quite all of it, and the boy was cautious. But the word, the one deadly word, recurred again and again, like lightning flashing through a clouded sky, and with it, once, came another that almost broke down Sims' self-control. Before he knew what he was doing, he had let out a string of curses that made every boy in the gang look up and stare. He feigned to have been stung by a scorpion, stamped upon something invisible,



The dancing chief had carried a musket, and his off-sider now picked it up and aimed at Townsend.

and went away into the house. "That was a near thing," he said to himself.

"What you want with the petrol?" his wife asked.

"To put it in the launch."

"Where are you going with the launch?"

"I am going," said Sims consideringly, "tomorrow morning, to church at the mission, where y'are always nagging me to go."

"If you really mean it, I'll go and mend the run in my silk stockings."

"By all means." He added privately: "And what y' don't know y' won't chatter about."

All the natives on the place knew in an hour that the missus was going to church next day, Sunday. Nobody was astonished to see the master overhauling the tiny launch. And nobody heard him, late that night, slip away from the jetty with silent engine and muffled oars; and if anybody did hear a launch out at sea open up and run hard for eight or nine miles, why, that was nothing to turn over about.

Nearing New Virginia, the engine stopped once more. Slowly, silently as a funeral, the little launch crept into the mission jetty. Above, in the mission house, all lights were out, everyone asleep. Ten minutes later the house was flashing with lanterns. Old Peebles, used to emergencies, cool and steady, was getting out firearms and boxes of ball cartridges; Mrs. Peebles was swiftly cutting sandwiches; and Townsend had just finished jumping into his bush clothes and lacing up a formidable pair of boots. Boots, in the Shebas, take the place of all the complicated forms of transport in use elsewhere.

Sims also was booted for travel, and he had armed himself before starting. "We've got till daylight," he said as they started. "Y' sure y' know the way?"

"Yes—though, unluckily, I've not been there for months."

"Y'd ought to keep an eye upon them birds; they take watching."

"They'll get it—after this."

UP the first hill they charged, and neither spoke again until they struck a short, welcome bit of level, a marshy place under immense sago palms that glittered in the light of the electric torches.

"Wha'd they take her for?" gasped Sims, plunging ahead. "Thought it was always a kid's light colored as they—"

"Yes. Yes. But she's small. Much the same thing."

"Why do they have to be—"

"Keep your breath. If you and I miss this, we might as well put a bullet through our own heads as come back."

"Tha's y'r sort," gasped Sims approvingly. He wanted to say, "You've forgot the missionary for once." But Townsend had put on such a cracking speed that the older Sims could only follow him, panting and silent.

He tried to remember what he had heard about the famous Ve-ala festival. What did they do? Why did they need a child or an adult of small size? They killed it—in the end. But what happened first? He wished now that he had taken more interest in "nigger rubbish." He had never supposed it was going to affect him personally.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAPTURED CHILD
Continued from page eleven

"Cripes," he thought. "It makes me sick, too right it does, to think of that little flapper with the blue eyes. . . . Cripes, what did she mean going to New Virginia all alone? Maybe if the wife hadn't—" But that thought hurt too much.

Night brings no coolness to the burning Sheba Islands. Townsend and Sims were lightly clad, but they sweated like pack horses, straining along the narrow mountain tracks that seemed to run willfully over and down the highest points of all the hills. There was beauty everywhere about them: fungus lilies of incandescent green, shining palely upon black logs; frost-white orchid flowers, barely glimpsed by torchlight in the bush; clouds of fireflies; snowy flash of wings as the great white owls of the forest took sudden flight. But Sims and Townsend saw nothing save the pale light, thin as water, that now began to mingle with the darkness of the eastern sky; knew nothing but the rise and fall of rough ground beneath tired feet, and the ache of overstrained lungs that must not rest, for fear . . .

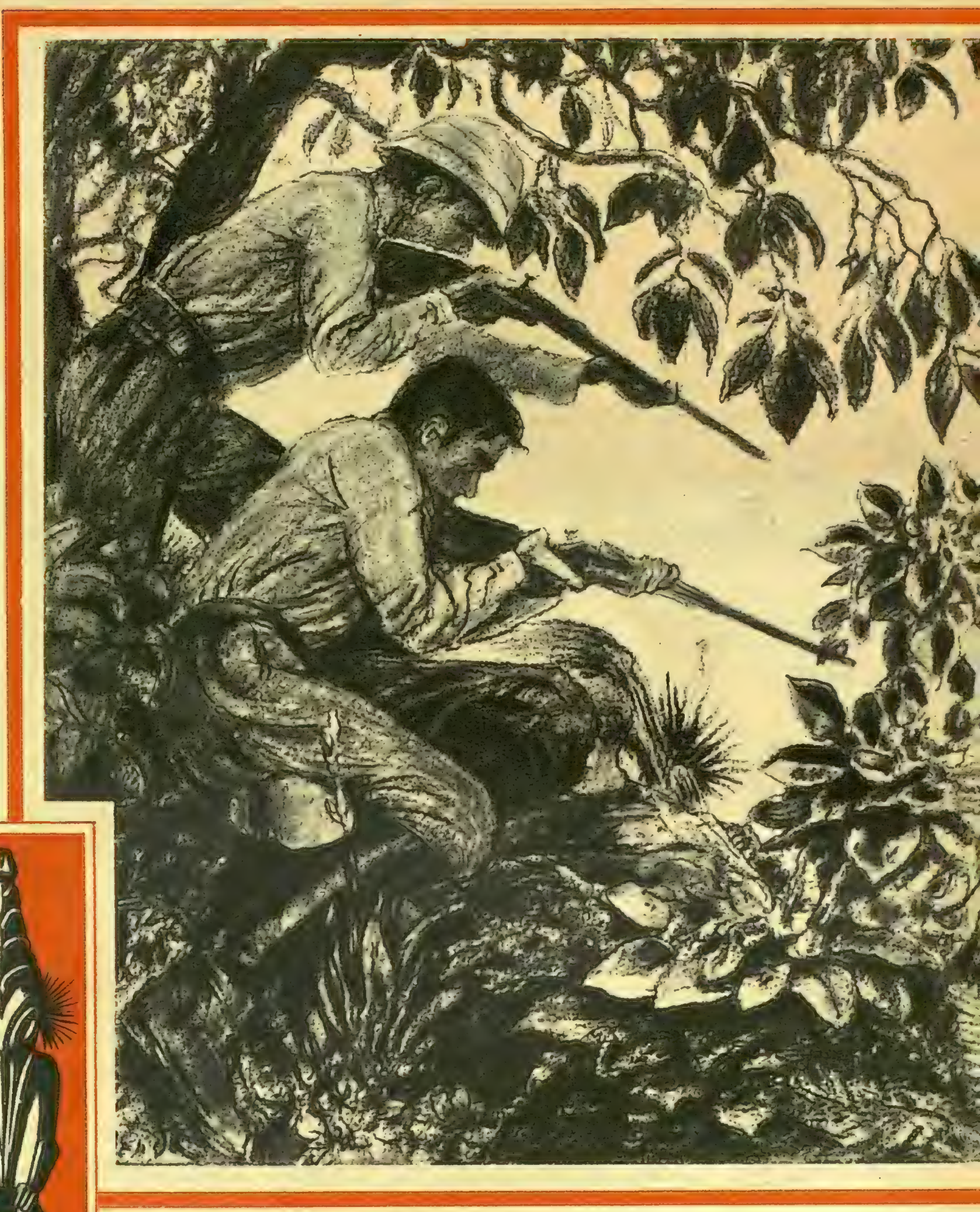
LONG before they reached the dancing ground of the village, before even the sun had topped the hills, they could hear, far off, the noise of drumming and singing. It gave them strength as nothing else could have done in their exhausted state. It told them that they must hurry yet a little more, they who had thought their last reserves were already called out. And they hurried. Townsend had had one year of the Great War, and Sims, the elder, had had three. They knew how to take cover, steal upon an enemy.

Armed with their service rifles, they crept into the bush some few hundred yards above the dancing ground, and reconnoitered.

The sun was up now, and all the air as clear as silver glass. You could see for miles. It would rain today. There would be storm and thunder. But now, in the unnatural clearness, the dancing ground stood out plain as a cinema film. It was an oblong of beaten earth, situated outside the village. Tall carved posts were set up at each corner, and there was a decorated staging at the end.

All over the ground the figures of men were visible, coming and going in a wild, unceasing dance, not unsuggestive of the exercise known to Victorians as "kitchen lancers." There was a heavy thrumming of drums. Sims and Townsend noticed, with the uneasiness born of special knowledge, that the beat kept growing faster and faster, the dance more violent.

"Working 'mselves up," panted Sims, with half-recovered breath. "Not gingered enough—yet."



Townsend cursed no more. He took steady aim with his rifle. "That man for me, as soon as he lets her go," he said.

"Can you pick them off for certain at this distance?" asked Townsend in reply. "It's the last bit of cover."

"My oath! You going to get 'm first from cover and then rush?"

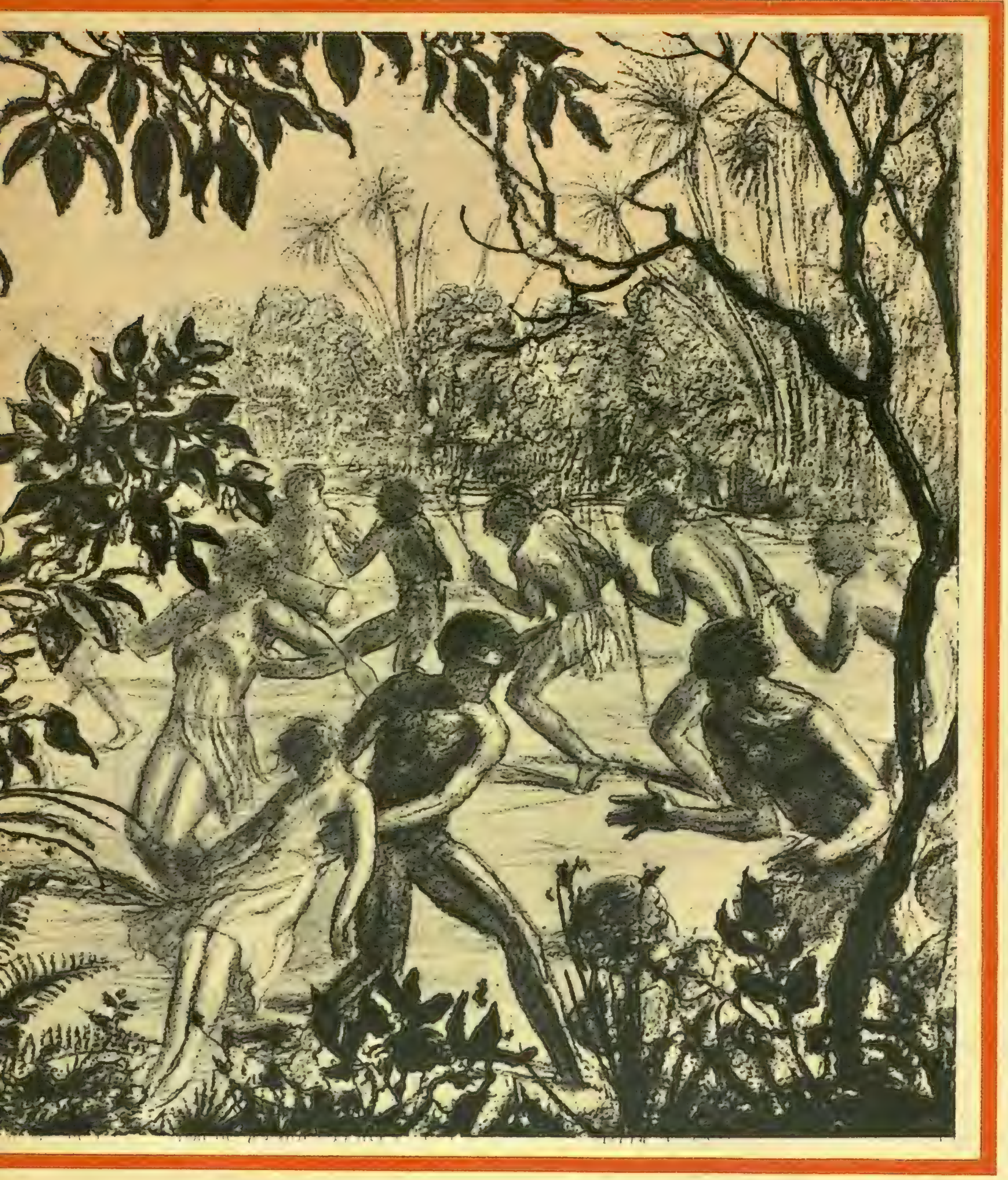
"If it's necessary. A long chance, but—"

They were silent, the two Australians, pious missionary and hard-case planter, both alike at the bottom of their souls, and both brave men. From the cover of the forest they watched.

Now the dancers, without pausing, began to range themselves in two long lines. At this point a strange diversion occurred. One of the men, active, broad-shouldered, deeply painted all over his naked body in red clay, suddenly faltered, missed his step, and began staring over his shoulder at something—apparently a procession—that was advancing through the bush. It seemed to cause him surprise. He dropped his carved dancing spear, stood for a moment immovable in the midst of the whirling figures, and then, with a strange, piercing cry, turned round and fled.

"Is that part of it?" asked Sims.

"I reckon so," was Townsend's rather doubtful reply. "Haven't heard quite all the— My God, man, this is the Ve-ala now, and no mistake. Damn them! I mean—"



"Let it go at that," Sims said quietly. "You and me will make it so, soon's you give the word."

The time was near. A man had come dancing lightly on to the cleared ground. Upon his back he bore a strange and pitiful burden—a small, slight figure in a silken dress. He carried it pickaback, according to immemorial rule. You could see its two legs, small as a child's, hanging about the man's brown waist, and the white arms strained over his shoulders. The head wagged to and fro as he danced.

TOWNSEND cursed no more. He took steady aim with his rifle.

"That man for me, as soon as he lets her go," he said.

"How d'you know—"

"Shut it! He will. When I get him, you get as many more as you can before we reload, and then we'll charge."

The islands had known such charges, two against a hundred. Sims merely nodded.

There was a swell of drums, a burst of short canine howls from the dancers, and the last but one horror of the Ve-ala began. The man who carried Libbet seized her in his arms, and flung her, with an amazing swing, right across the dancing ranks to another leaping fiend, who caught her, and was about to throw her on to the next, when he was suddenly checked by the fall of the man beside him. The pickaback carrier had already fallen, unnoticed in the fury of the dance. The chief flung up his arms, spun round and round, and collapsed, his white plumes magically turning red as he fell. All through the ranks death began to dance, an invisible partner, and whom he touched went down.

The two white men reloaded and, side by side, charged upon the dancing ground. They knew that they took risks; that the savages of this island understood firearms, possibly owned a Tower musket or a Brown Bess or two, property of the village; and that if these outmoded weapons could not kill at long range, they might be deadly close at hand. But Sims and Townsend thought little of that. The dance was broken, the ranks had fallen apart, and the New Virginians, half furious, half dazed, had let the little bundle that was the heart of the Ve-ala ceremony drop to the ground, while they ran aimlessly about, trying to locate the sharpshooters.

"Come on!" yelled Sims excitedly. "They haven't their guns."

HE was wrong. The dancing chief had carried a musket, and his off-sider now picked it up and aimed at Townsend. A handful of miscellaneous hardware sang through the air, to bury itself in the posts of the staging. Sims clubbed the shooter on the head immediately after, while Townsend picked up Libbet. She was alive.

The men, no longer hypnotized by the sway of the dance and the incessant drum thunder that had held them in a state of drugged insanity, awaked to the fact that they had been caught in a serious crime. They began to fly, followed by Sims' amazingly fluent shouts in New Virginian, warning them what they must expect from an outraged British government as soon as it got round to considering their case.

In two minutes the dance ground was cleared; no one remained, save two white men, an insensible girl, and eight or ten dead and wounded natives.

"Leave 'm alone," said Sims. "They'll pick each other up. . . . I'll carry her first spell. We can be down at the landing in a couple of hours."

It was full morning now. The range of blue hills about the dancing ground was freaked with early gold, and exquisite chill scents came stealing from the forest. As always, the beauty and wonder of the place caught Townsend by the heart.

"The Shebas have something," he said, and paused. "The island is heaven; only—"

"Only for the hell of it," finished Sims. "By the right—quick *urrch!*"

It was Townsend who carried the little victim of the Ve-ala on the homeward tramp through the forests. Sims didn't know how it came about. He would have liked well enough to have such a "bonzer little piece of goods" in his arms, but Townsend just took her and kept her, and that was all there was about it.

"Thank God, she's not harmed," he said; "only insensible; she'll come round in no time. It's the third stage of the Ve-ala that I feared. The second—"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAPTURED CHILD
Continued from page thirteen

" What is the flaming thing, anyhow? "

Townsend's eye lightened. " Extremely interesting—if there was time to tell you. In brief, the victim, after being treated like a prince for some days, is suddenly seized and carried pickaback to the dancing ground. There the strongest men toss the child about from one to another through the air, battering it from hand to hand until it is insensible or dazed. Then two ceremonial blows are given, one on each ear, and the head is cut off with a bamboo knife. Then—"

A small, self-possessed voice spoke from the crook of his elbow.

" I think I'd rather not hear any more just at present, thank you."

" Cripes, she's awake! " commented Sims.

They were deep in the forest now, and Townsend called a halt. Libbet, shaken, pale, but mistress of her little self, found her feet and shook her disordered dress into tidiness.

" I can walk if you'll give me an arm," she told Townsend. " I suppose you think me a perfect idiot, don't you? Well, I can tell you they'd never have caught me out as they did, only—"

" Where's y' Browning pistol? " suddenly shouted Sims.

" That's what I was saying. They—they came up behind me—and you can't get the drop on anyone from behind, can you? "

Sims shouted. " You would have made a proper soldier," he declared. " Who let y' loose in the Shebas? "

" Who let me loose? " repeated Libbet. Her secret was trembling in the balance. Shaken, excited, nerve all but gone, she could not maintain the reserve that was second nature to her ordinary self. " If—if you want to know," she broke forth, " it was Richard Severance let me loose—the man I was to have married. I came here to look for him—to see if he was still alive."

A sudden silence followed her words. Townsend and Sims seemed to be avoiding one another's eyes. In another moment both had taken up hurried speech.

" You may be sure he's dead, Miss Yorke. Everyone remembers that story—now you speak of it."

" Why, girl, y' won't find him here. White men don't come to New Virginia—not frequent, that is. Once in a way they've come lookin' for curios, carvin's and sun-and-moons and the like, but they—"

Libbet turned on him swiftly. " What do you mean by a sun-and-moons? "

Sims cast an appealing glance at Townsend. The latter responded.

" Why, Miss Yorke, it's a pretty thing and valuable as a curio, but also very insignificant, and it means a call that no Sheba Islander can resist. They say—but that's heathen nonsense—that there's magic in it."

" What magic? " Libbet asked, looking away from him.

" A kind of hypnotism. But, to my mind, that's superfluous. The sun-and-moon charm is in the nature of a ticket to an entertainment; a pass that admits bearer only to all sorts of secret things. It also carries immunity from all attack for the space of a night and a day, even in the case of enemies."

" IS it," asked Libbet, speaking deliberately, " a piece of carved shell, deep orange color, representing a round sun standing upon a curved crescent moon? "

" Why, you've seen it, Miss Yorke! " cried Sims. " You had the luck. Now, I never seen one except the one that B. P. fireman had hangin' round his neck the day the natives got him and took him up to the bush, and I reckon it done him no good, because we all supposed he was eat."

Libbet, who had been walking between the two men, caught at Townsend's arm. " Let me sit down," she said.

He supported her to the edge of the track, and placed her on a fallen log. Over her head he sent a glance of warning to Sims. Libbet was breathing hard, as if she had but just reached the summit of a long and difficult hill.

" It was—not—a fireman," she said. " The day before the wedding I was with Richard, and saw something in his hand that he had taken out of a box. It was a crescent moon with a sun in the middle of it, all cut out of orange-colored shell. And I said, ' What's that? Is it for me? ' And he said, ' God forbid,' and threw it out of the window into the garden of the house he was staying in. He said, ' It's not for me, either—God willing.' And so—we said good-by till the next day, and that night he wrote me a beautiful letter. But I think—I know—he must have gone out into the garden later and . . . " She paused, unable to continue.

Through the silence a giant cricket could be heard whirring woodenly among the trees. A sulphur cockatoo cried " Craa! " and fled.

Libbet spoke again: " The Burns Philp boat was due to sail that night—for the Shebas." Again she paused. " No one would look for him—in the stokehold." Then again, speaking monotonously, as one from whom all feeling had departed, " The call—the call—through that little bit of shell— Magic wasn't needed. I understand."

" We've got," said Townsend briskly, in an ordinary voice, " we've got to fetch you back to the mission house before you crack up altogether. You've been through the mischief of a time, and you mustn't trouble your mind about anything. Here, Sims, take her other arm, and we'll march her along; just so."

OVER the little fair head of Libbet, as they walked, glances were exchanged. Once Townsend made a vigorous " No! " with his lips, and Sims nodded, " I understand." They reached the shore; the launch was waiting.

Townsend made occasion to loiter behind for a moment. " Don't dare to tell her," he whispered. " Never! "

" That's right," agreed Sims. " I'll never breathe a word about that big chap that hopped in and ran away bein' white beneath his red clay paintin'."

" You saw it? I thought I was mistaken."

" Cripes, no! I saw it too, but I hadn't time to—"

" We might have shot him," Townsend broke in, a look of horror on his face.

" Ah, gwan; he'd ought to 'a' been shot, anyhow."

Townsend was curiously pale, almost as if he had seen a ghost—the ghost of terrible things that might have been, that would not be—now. " In future," he began to say. " In future—my mission work—I shall abstain from all—"

Sims continued, oblivious. " We won't tell the blanky guvment. There's only one thing to do, and you know what it is as well as—"

" I can't countenance—"

" Nobody ast you. I mean to send 'm a present: a white man's revolver with a cartridge in it—one. He'll know what to do. There was other cases—I remember—"

" Hush! " Townsend warned. Libbet was coming back.

" How does one thank a man—two—who have saved one's life? " she said.

" Aw, go on," laughed Sims. " There isn't only one way that I know of."

" There, then," said Libbet, rising on tiptoe to offer him her cheek. But Sims caught her in his arms and kissed her heartily on the lips.

" I reckon I'm paid," he told her, eyes sparkling.

Townsend, when she lifted her lips to his, bent slowly down and kissed her forehead.

" I think I'll wait—for mine," he said.

THE END

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The Ve-ala is an actual ceremony, well known in certain parts of the Western Pacific. The sun-and-moon charm is also an actual object, considered to possess mystic powers, and holding " season ticket " value.

Will AMERICANS and the ENGLISH EVER Understand Each Other?

By

WINSTON CHURCHILL

a famous British statesman who is a hero of three wars. His father was a statesman before him, and his mother was American born; so he is an ideal interpreter between Americans and Englishmen.

(Reading time: 17 min. 15 sec.)

Pictures by CHARLES DE FEO

IT is surely an elevated prospect which opens to those who are born into the English-speaking world. Spread wide around the globe and in possession of many of its fairest regions and main resources are more than 150 millions of men and women speaking the same language, sprung in an overwhelming degree from a single origin, nursed by the same common law, and nourished and inspired by the same literature.

Such a vast community, abounding in wealth, power, and progress, enjoying liberal and democratic institutions and representative government, constitutes the most successful human race which has appeared since the zenith of the Roman Empire.

Although riven by the mischances of history and sundered into two branches, their joint inheritance of law and letters, the crimson thread of their kinship, the similarity of their institutions, far outweigh the discordances and even antagonisms of politics, the rivalry of flags, the variants of climate, interest, and environment. Noble indeed is the opportunity of life offered to a citizen of this great common body. He moves with ease and very little sense of alienation across enormous distances, and, unpacking his gripsack at a thousand centers of industry and culture, finds himself very speedily almost at home.

In dwelling, therefore, upon the differences which time, events, and climate have wrought in the mentality of the various branches of the English-speaking world, it is above all things important to remember that these divergences are far less in volume and importance than the ties of union of homogeneity.

The social life of the United States is built around business. In Europe business is a newcomer in society. The numerous aristocracies, overthrown but still influential, the ancient landed families, the hierarchies of the army, the navy, diplomacy, the law, and the church, frame and largely fill the Old World picture.

Successful business men in Europe find a society ready made for them. They are welcomed to circles which, especially in England, existed many years before their fortunes were made or the processes and machinery which they direct were devised. In the United States, on the other hand, the struggle to subdue and utilize a continent has taken the place of dynastic, religious, and class controversies. It has absorbed the life of the American people. Everything else falls into a somewhat remote background; and business, commerce, money-making, in all their forms, occupy the center of the stage. Business dominates the scene.

By "society" I do not, of course, mean the gay world of fashion and amusement. In America, as in other countries, that is no more than an adjunct and a diversion. The society which guides and governs the United States is based not on play, but on an intense work which takes from its votaries a first charge on all their thought and energy. From the innumerable universities all their young men go into business as a matter of course. Business is to them the means of earning their living, of making money, of making a fortune. But it is much more than that. It is that career of interest, ambition, and possibly even glory which in the older world is afforded by the learned professions and state services, military and civilian.

Practically all the prizes of American life are to be gained in business. There, too, is the main path of useful service to the nation. Nearly all that is best and most active in the manhood and ability of the United States goes into business with the same sense of serving the country as a young Prussian before the war entered the army, or as a son of a noble house in England in former times sought to represent a family borough in the House of Commons. The leading men of every state are all in business. Their businesses are interlaced; they

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WILL AMERICANS AND THE ENGLISH EVER UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER?
Continued from page fifteen

compete, they collide, they overlap. A continued struggle proceeds, but under rules which, though unwritten, are getting stronger every year.

American industry is greatly the gainer from its power to attract practically all the vital elements in the nation. It is the gainer also in an increasing degree from the intimate combination in every stage between business and social life.

For the leaders of business are also the leaders of society. They are gregarious; they band themselves together in groups, in clubs, in organizations. They do not only work together, they play together. They develop a strong corporate life carrying with it a continual rising standard of discipline and behavior. In every state and city they and their families are the nucleus of the local life; and in New York, where to a very large extent everything takes place on a superscale, the leading business men are the leading figures of the whole nation. There has developed a confraternity, the members of which help one another and stand together, and certainly have a far higher-sense of comradeship and association than exists in business circles in England.

Very often it is at the golf club, or the country club, or across a private dinner table that the foundations of the largest transactions are laid. It is very important, therefore, in American business circles to be a member of the club or to be a welcome guest at the dinner, to be popular, trusted, and thought a genial companion and a good sportsman.

Of course no convention prevents anyone entering and succeeding in business if he has the qualities and the luck for making a fortune. It is done every day. New figures armed with fiercely gathered wealth advance resolutely. They require no aid. Liked or disliked, they can stand on their own feet and make their way. It is a free country; they need not bow the knee to any social clique. "No, *sir*." Yet it would be very nice to be elected to the golf club and to be accepted into the social circles, and it would also be very helpful, and never more helpful than in times of crisis and trouble.

These subtle influences invest the business life of the United States with a quality of strength and order which it formerly lacked. They are healthy and far-reaching. They are creating a new standard of values among successful men. It is good to have a great fortune; but there is more distinction in having a fine business and in managing it well. Wealth ceases to be the aim; it becomes the means, agreeable, indispensable, but yet only the means. Freedom of action, and a sense of close contact with the practical, the elating force of large propositions—these are the elements of an interesting life. These colossal modern businesses offer a man in many ways more scope and power than he could find in a cabinet office or at the head of a squadron of the fleet or a division of the army. The prospect is no less attractive because he may become a millionaire in the process.

IN all concerned with production the American displays preëminent qualities. Conditions in America have favored and fostered enterprises upon the largest scale. The American business mind turns naturally, instinctively, to bigness and boldness. In Europe many of the important manufacturing firms have grown up over generations from small beginnings, and the works as they stand today represent the makeshift contributions of many years.

On the other hand, American development has had a clear field. To plan the "layout" of businesses upon a gigantic scale, to sweep away ruthlessly all encumbrances of the past, and to crush out all rivals or merge with them, are accepted as obvious ideals. The enormous plants make no compromise with the obsolete or the inefficient in any form.

Time—even in this land of hurry—is not grudged in preparation. Indeed, so vast were the preparations and establishments set on foot on both sides of the Atlantic for the maintenance and supply of the American army that the war was over before they had really begun to function, and, according to General Pershing, hardly a single American-made cannon fired an American shell at the enemy. Still, if the war had lasted into 1919, the results of these tremendous preparations would have been irresistible.

But what business has gained by this concentration of American ability and quality upon itself has been very largely at the expense of politics and of the professions and martial services. Except in times of war, the United States military or naval man occupies only a very modest position in the public eye or social world. Politics is frankly despised and lamentably neglected as a lifelong vocation by the flower of American manhood.

In England, at any rate, the man of independent means and ability who devotes his whole life to Parliament and public affairs, forswearing the opportunities of gathering wealth and seeking only, by serving the state, to rule events, is still regarded as on a higher plane than the prosperous and successful founder of a great business.

It is, or was until recently—for things are changing—quite the contrary in the United States. Politics, dominated by the machine, has produced a caste of professional politicians, beneath whose tough sway few illusions thrive. Aspiring, ardent youth is repulsed from political life, and the aristocracy of business finds ways of solving its political problems other than by personal participation. In the result the foreigner sees little to admire in the political life of the United States except its immense mechanical stability.

THE Constitution grips the American people with a strong, unyielding hand. Public opinion, so powerful in England, plays but little part in the government of the United States. Presidents, senates, congresses, state legislatures, public officers of all kinds, sustained and erected by the party machine and working for fixed terms, are not to be influenced by the day-to-day emotions of democracy or its press. At election time the strong outbursts of popular feelings are all skillfully canalized and utilized. The forces are enormous, but the men in charge know how to bridle and guide them.

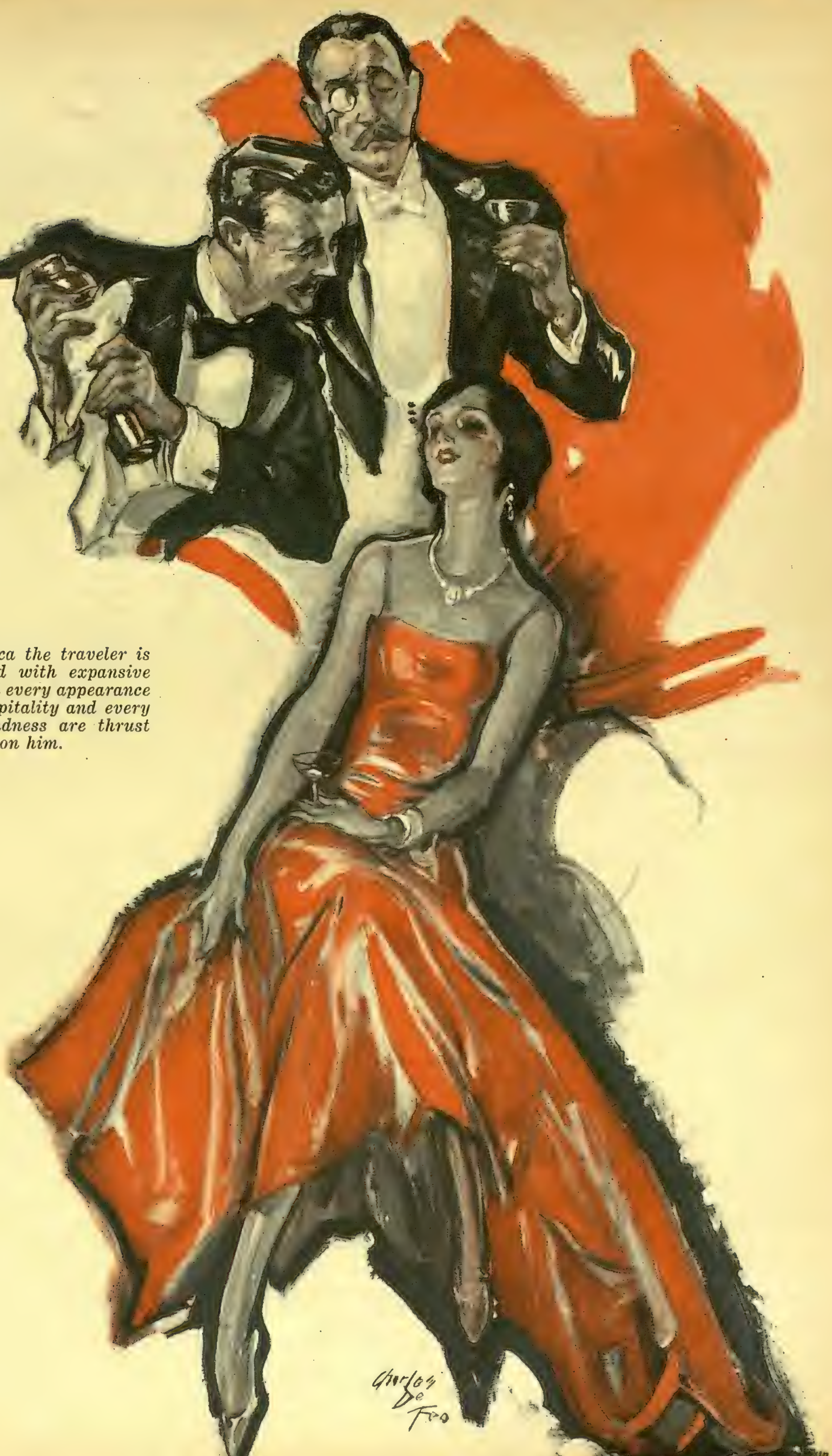
The average Englishman, indignant at some scandal or ill usage, feels he can put the matter right. The average American feels quite sure that he cannot. Public opinion and the sensitive flexibility of our Parliamentary institutions will very quickly sweep away in England an unpopular law. The American resigns himself to put up with it or evade it.

The statute books (both federal and state) are crowded with laws which have fallen into what is euphemistically called "innocuous desuetude." Politics are accepted like the weather: they go on; one must make the best of them; life has to be lived, work has to be done—and there are so many other more interesting, jolly, and profitable affairs to attend to.

A certain optimistic fatalism fortifies and consoles the American citizen. He feels that his country is strong enough, and that its vital force is buoyant enough, to survive the worst that politics can do. It may be that in following democracy and universal suffrage the old controls of English politics will in their turn be destroyed. Under the mask of democratic forms great nations habituate themselves to arbitrary rule.

Having slipped into prohibition unawares, America is unable to escape from its deadly embrace. The law cannot be altered, it appears. Therefore it must be broken or evaded; and broken and evaded it has been on a scale without example in the history of self-respecting communities. But this great evil of almost universal lawbreaking has bred still more deadly diseases. An inclined plane slopes unbrokenly from the senator or magnate sipping his glass of smuggled wine in Washington or New York, through layers of diminishing respectability until the frontiers of murderous crime and blackest villainy are reached.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]



IN America the traveler is welcomed with expansive gestures and every appearance of joy. Hospitality and every form of kindness are thrust upon him.

WILL AMERICANS AND THE ENGLISH EVER UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER?

Continued from page sixteen

Here again the scale is gigantic. The worst types of European criminality find themselves banded together in formidable organizations and commanding enormous wealth. Back and up from this terrible underworld rise the ever-lengthening tentacles of graft and corruption. An attempt to interfere improperly with the rights and discretion of the citizen has carried the legislature far beyond the bounds of public opinion, and the consequences, expanded and reacting from year to year, constitute a hideous disaster to American civilization. We simply cannot imagine either such a cause or such consequences arising in England.

After all, the first characteristic of the American people is their happiness. The visitor feels himself in the presence of a race with a keen zest for life, a sure confidence in the future, and much enjoyment of things as they are. The American is more highly strung than the northern European, and in most cases this does not seem to lead to pessimism or a morbid condition. The impression of happiness is common to all classes. The people in the streets, in the shops, in the hotels, the liftman, the bell hop, the telephone operator—all are gay.

It is a free country. Yet it would be very nice to be elected to the golf club.

No doubt there is a material basis for this. A double income for a wage-earner means more than twice the amount of amenities and enjoyment. The old orthodox tenet of European civilization, that "money does not bring happiness," is probably only a modern adaptation of Æsop's fable of the Fox and the Grapes. Vast wealth does not bring happiness; but that small margin of spare money after necessities have been provided for constitutes in America the structure of what is definitely a larger life.

In the United States this larger life—or, rather, larger share of life in its natural and rightful balance—is enjoyed by an incomparably greater number than in any other country in the world. "England," said Disraeli, speaking of the early years of the nineteenth century and of long centuries before it, "was for the few and the very few." Now we have broadened out. Instead of catering for "the twice two thousand" of Byron's scornful gibe, "for whom the world was made," millions of our people now participate in a wide and eventful form of existence. But in the United States the same classes are counted in scores of millions. Life there is organized not for the few, nor for the millions, but for the scores of millions. Culture, amusement, and reasonable ambitions are provided wholesale by mass production. Culture, indeed, is a standardized article; and the population is almost conscript for university education. Here is the great achievement and marvelous phenomenon of the great republic, namely, the vast numbers participating in the full life.

BECAUSE the overwhelming majority of Americans enjoy conditions which are not only incomparably fortunate according to European standards, opinion is hard upon failure in all its forms. The mortal sin in the American decalogue is failure; all others are venial. If a man is a failure, the American presumption is that he has himself to blame. There are no vast submerged classes in whose behalf it can be pleaded that they have never had a chance. The great majority of the United States citizens feel that those who have not been able to come up to the general standard have faults or weaknesses for which they deserve to suffer.

There is little place for pity in the schemes of the great republic for the failures, for the impoverished or the worn-out. A great chance was offered; it was fair and free; it was offered to all; and if these pitiful ones have not taken it, so much the worse for them. All this is the philosophy of an expanding prosperity and widely diffused success.

But now, swiftly, suddenly, unexpectedly, though for only a spell, misfortune, contraction, disorganization, stagnation, unemployment have swept down upon the community which two years ago had reached the highest level of material well-being yet achieved by such great numbers of folk in this world. American optimism and complacency have been violently shaken. Millions of unemployed workpeople and clerks present themselves in the great cities. There are bread queues, there are riots, there are even what are called "socialists"—a terrible symptom! And in remote country districts, as well as in the back streets of stately cities, actual famine lays its bony hand upon individuals.

THIS is, of course, only a passing phase from which the United States will emerge strengthened or more prosperous. It is on the rule and not on the exception that we must dwell. Next to happiness, a marked heartiness characterizes the American people. This word when used in its English meaning is almost a term of opprobrium; but in America it means a genuine flow of friendly feeling. The traveler is welcomed with gusts of friendliness, expansive gestures, and every appearance of joy. Hospitality and every form of kindness are thrust upon him. To this the average British visitor makes but an inadequate return. He behaves with traditional reserve and frigidity and too often seems to lack the technique for reciprocating the welcome he receives.

There is no doubt that the English people are chary of allowing the feeling of friendliness to take root quickly, and diffident in its outward expressions. They embody a complicated mass of sensitiveness and susceptibilities, acquired or inherited, which are due to a long succession of troubles and frustrations. They are the children of a race for whom life has for many generations been less easy than the life of the last few generations in America. Since individual frustration and failure have been more common in his experience, the Englishman carries about scars and wounds which are liable to injury at the hands of another. In consequence, he is unwilling to come close to others in terms of friendliness until he has tried and tested them.

American susceptibilities are of a more childlike and superficial character. The American is more confident and free from the scars of many battles. He is less afraid of the stranger and is capable of an immediate sensation of genuine friendliness. Affability and amiability come easier to all classes of Americans.

A third characteristic of the American is his earnestness. He dwells in an atmosphere of intense earnestness and seriousness about all matters of practical concern or general interest. The American prides himself on his sense of humor, but to a transatlantic visitor his earnestness is the predominating feature. We, with our experience that the goal, whatever it be, can only be attained by wary, roundabout, and imperfect methods, are reluctant to indulge in hopes of quick success. With us the cautious and plodding attitude is appropriate. A superintense or earnest Englishman always seems to have a flavor of hysteria or of the ridiculous about him.

Jests and irony run through our serious discussions and even the gravest situation breeds its joke.

Such an attitude is shocking to the average American. Any flavor of levity applied to the grave affairs of life is obnoxious to his mind. He regards it in his visitor (although too polite to say so) as a sign of the corruption of the Old World.

These earnest enthusiasms and aspirations lead very readily to a habit of platitudinizing. A friend of mine who made prolonged travel with a learned delegation through the United States, far from the fashionable circles of New York, says, "They never seemed to tire of enunciating the simplest truths with all the solemnity at their command. This may partly have been due to the belief that the platitudes were good for us, and to their habit of acting quickly on what they believe to be sound."

THERE is no doubt that the American love of platitude has a deeper root than this. It arises from their national situation. They have had great good fortune and success. They have a tremendous and obvious task to perform. Their mixture of many races—Poles, Italians, Serbs, and other southern European emigrants—has not yet been assimilated. The hundred-per-cent Americans have before them a serious problem of welding the nation together. For this the platitude is a powerful instrument. Everyone must be made to think the same things in certain important matters. United sentiment must overcome diversity of racial origin. About certain important matters all must be taught to say the same thing and to repeat it until it becomes tradition itself.

To sum up this brief examination of a tremendous subject: The Americans are a frailer race with a lighter structure than their British compeers. They are less indurated by disappointment; they have more hopes and more illusions; they swing more rapidly between the poles of joy and sorrow, and the poles are wider apart. They suffer more acutely both physical and moral pain.

Their mighty finance, which two years ago soared so triumphantly to the skies, has now for the moment, with as little reason, crashed to the pavement.

These excesses, both of elation and depression, would have been avoided in England. Tough, buttoned up, with much reserve, and with many latent resources, the Englishman trudges forward, bearing his burden. He will not fail. Even if the first prizes of the future should fall to the United States, he will still remain a vast enduring force for virility, sanity, and good will.

But it is in the combination across the Atlantic of these diversified minds, and in the union of these complementary virtues and resources, that the brightest promise of the future dwells.

THE END

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[JERRY JAR OR TERRY TUBE]
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Cool Cool
THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
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WITH FINGER TIP APPLY A LITTLE TO YOUR FACE WITH WET BRUSH WORK UP THE LUXURIOUS COOL INGRAM LATHER. 120 SHAVES IN THIS JAR
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"IN warm temperatures like this," said the Duke of Hades in an unpaid-for testimonial, "there's nothing like a little coolness on the cheek! And that's why I patronize the 2 Ingram barbers!

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cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

"It delights my dukely jowls, it takes the sting out of my hellish razor-blades, and it leaves me as comfortable as you can expect in the circumstances. I'm for Ingram's till my dukedom freezes."

* * *

How right His Majesty is! Ingram's *is* cool! It's cool because it's got things in it that make it cool . . . three special ingredients that soothe and tone the skin *while you shave.*

With Ingram's, you don't need face tonics and after-shaving lotions. This smooth, cool blessing to your face combines the effects of all three.

No matter whether you pick the jar or tube! Each is the same—full of the finest, coolest stuff ever invented!

Get behind a brushful of Ingram's, and forget your fears of razor damage. No nasty nicks or burning stings with Ingram's!

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René Lefebvre and Annabella (left) in the French play, Le Million.

GLORIFYING the

The Picture Parade Turns into Paths that Once Were Taboo

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 30 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD has gone sophisticated.

Sophisticated, out where the talkies begin, means more or less the same old story told with all the actresses in clinging, low-cut gowns and all the males in soup and fish. Now and then the orderly movement of the familiar movie yarn is halted while the heroine and the hero exchange some smart Hollywood repartee.

Even gangsters are dressed up.

This vogue of sophistication started with Norma Shearer in The Divorcee. Her present augmented popularity seems to be due to the fact that she goes right on playing one free spirit (in the newest frocks) after another.

It is true now that most of the stars—male and female—are going in strongly for weaklings. I quote the movie producer, Jesse Lasky:

"Stories now are being built around characters that would have frightened producers in the past. To be human is to be imperfect. That is the only explanation of the popularity of rôles far from the hero type in which the public now prefers leading men and women."

So you see that you, and you, and you are to blame because your idols play stool pigeons, murderers, and gigolos.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ CHANCES

CAST

Jack Ingleside	Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Tom Ingleside	Anthony Bushell
Molly Prescott	Rose Hobart
Mrs. Ingleside	Mary Forbes
Major Bradford	Holmes Herbert
Archie	William Austin
Ruth	Mae Madison

Directed by Allan Dwan.
Produced by First National.

Another story of the World War—and yet a good one. About it is something of the fatalistic flavor of Journey's End.

Twin brothers—young Britons—both love the same girl, once their freckled, pig-tailed playmate. To one of them love comes suddenly, on a brief leave home from the front, and he tries to fight off his affection, because he also loves his kindly, more serious-minded brother, who has cared for the young woman from childhood. But fate gets the best of the three and a German machine gunner settles the problem.

The three rôles are very movingly played by Rose Hobart, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Anthony Bushell. Their sincere and direct acting is given the splendid background of admirable direction by Allan Dwan.

Miss Hobart, in particular, reveals great possibilities. She started out to be a concert pianist. At fifteen she had turned to the stage. She grew up behind the footlights and Universal signed her for pictures about two years ago.

★ ★ ★ LE MILLION

CAST

Beatrice	Annabella
Michel	René Lefebvre
Prosper	Louis Allibert
Crochard	Paul Ollivier
Vanda	Vanda Greville
Sopranelli	Constantin Stroesco
The Singer	Odette Talazac

Directed by René Clair.
Produced by Tobis Productions, Paris.

Not many American audiences will get the opportunity of seeing this French-made talkie, the work of René Clair, who directed that delightful little drama, Sous les Toits de Paris. However, if this film plays your city it will well repay a visit.

Le Million is somewhat in the eccentric burlesque spirit of the early Mack Sennett comedies. A penniless artist, harassed by creditors, wins a million-franc lottery prize. But the ticket reposes in the pocket of a coat that has disappeared. The search for the bit of paper leads everyone backstage at the Paris Opéra, where the artist's sweetheart is a *ballerina.*

Director Clair offers a neat satire on grand opera in the midst of the

Anthony Bushell, Rose Hobart, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Chances.

Irene Purcell and William Haines in Just a Gigolo.

GIGOLO

lottery ticket's pursuit. All the dialogue, naturally enough, is French, but the pantomime is so clear that the action is obvious to anyone. Moreover, M. Clair has craftily worked into the film two English observers who watch the events and comment upon them.

If M. Clair keeps on at this rate, he will reach Hollywood before long, being trimmed into the conventional directorial groove.

★ JUST A GIGOLO

CAST

Lord Robert Brummell	William Haines
Roxana Hartley	Irene Purcell
Lord George Hampton	C. Aubrey Smith
Lady Jane Hartley	Charlotte Granville
Lady Agatha Carrol	Lillian Bond

Directed by Jack Conway.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Looking forward to a touching drama of the heartbreaks, the gentle joys, the home life of the gigolo, done in the spirit of Ten Cents a Dance, I must say that I was disappointed in this film. I am just as much at a loss as to what goes on behind the tuxedo bravely covering many a breaking heart as I was before seeing Just a Gigolo.

The hero, the philandering Lord Robert, is not really a gigolo. He merely poses as a hired dancing man in order to test the moral stamina of the girl his family wants him to marry. Sir Robert, through experience, has little faith in feminine virtue.

There are some moments designed to be hot, when the girl, learning the real identity of Sir Robert, feigns to yield to his advances in order to teach him a lesson.

Just a Gigolo is another pseudo shocker with just as phony an intent as the barker outside a side show.

The personalities involved in these proceedings are none too interesting. No one could seem more remote from a British peer than Mr. Haines, and Irene Purcell, a newcomer from the stage, has neither a film personality nor any particular ability.

★ DAYBREAK

CAST

Willi	Ramon Novarro
Laura	Helen Chandler
Herr Schnabel	Jean Hersholt
General von Hartz	C. Aubrey Smith
Otto	William Bakewell
Emily Kessner	Karen Morley
Von Lear	Kent Douglass

Directed by Jacques Feyder.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Maurice Chevalier, the Parisian, did very well by old Vienna in The Smiling Lieutenant and here Ramon Novarro, Mexican, tries his hand.

He is a lieutenant in the imperial guards and he is up to his ears in debt. There is a girl who teaches music, played pallidly by Helen Chandler. The proceedings are quite innocuous, although Mr. Novarro is pleasant enough.

Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler in Daybreak.

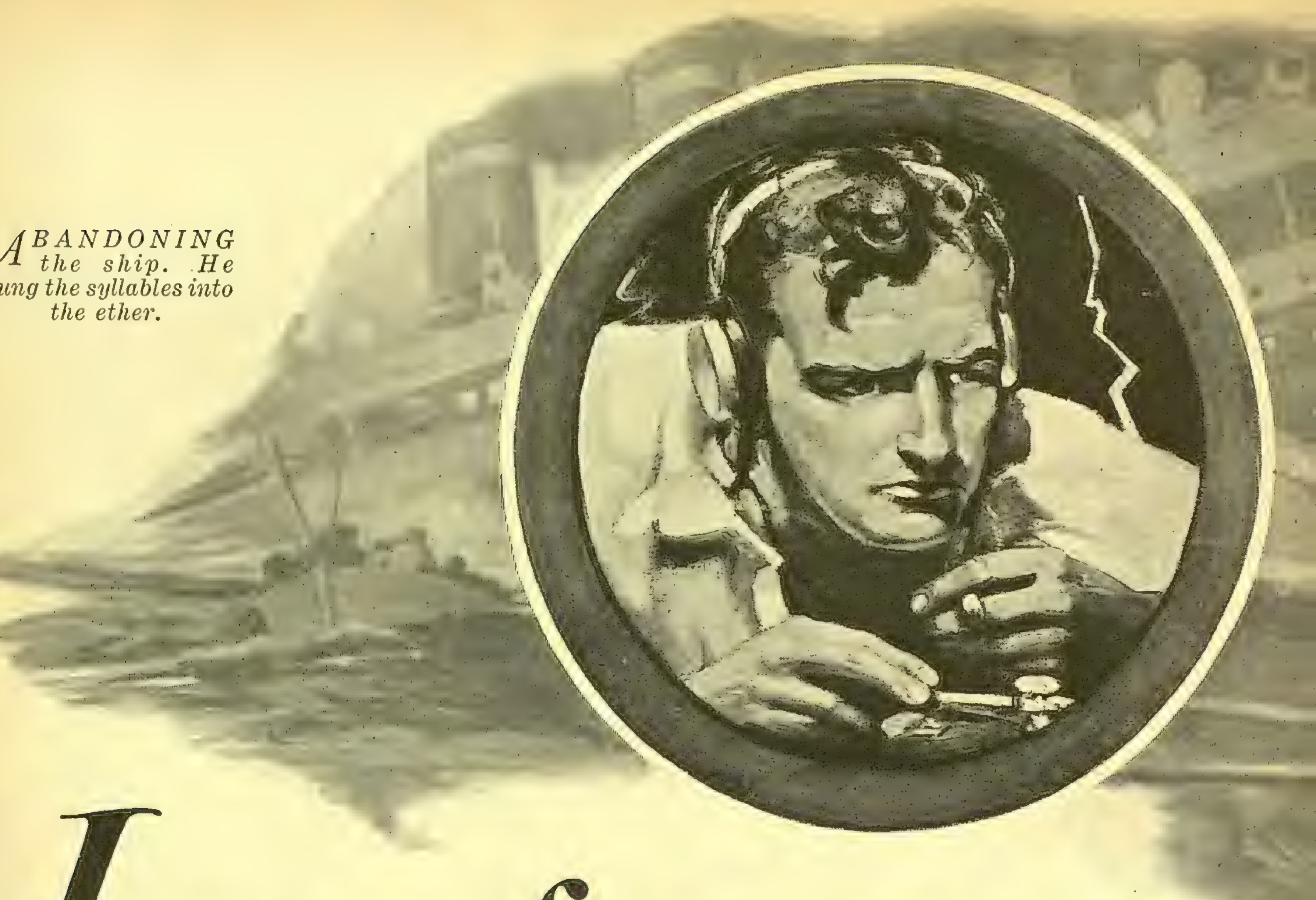
Do you know that—

One of Valentino's last pictures, Cobra, is to be redone as a talkie?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Smiling Lieutenant (Maurice Chevalier and love in old Vienna).

★★★—Indiscreet, Always Goodbye, Women of All Nations, A Free Soul, Daddy Long Legs.



ABANDONING the ship. He flung the syllables into the ether.

Interference

The Story of a Romance on a Raft and a Front Page Proposal

By

PHILIP WYLIE

who began his literary career as a poet at the age of twelve, and after graduating from Princeton did editorial work on a New York weekly. He now devotes his time to fiction and spends his summers in Connecticut and his winters in Florida.

(Reading time: 27 min. 20 sec.)

BILL GAGE was about to become a hero. He sat in the little room that inclosed the elaborate wireless apparatus of the steamship Mohawk. It was three o'clock in the morning; the sea was calm and the night moonless. Those passengers who remained awake sat in couples in the shadows or leaned over the rail. A monotone of dots and dashes issued from the headphones on the table beside Bill's feet. He was reading a magazine.

At three precisely everyone who was standing on the Mohawk was thrown to the floor. Chairs tipped over. People rolled from bunks. Trunks slid, furniture cascaded. Bells jangled in the engine room; the black gang picked itself up, shuddered, and ran for the ladders.

Bill's chair would have tipped over backward, but it was bolted to the floor. He dropped his magazine, started the motors that generated his sending current, and sat still. His face was pale and his hands trembled violently.

A telephone rang. He answered it instantly—his hand was already upon it.

" We've rammed a derelict. Stand by for orders."

The wire went dead. Bill did not move from his chair. Through the half-open door of the wireless house he could hear a rising volume of sound—the sound of a human beehive aroused. The engines of the ship stopped. A rip and thud came faintly to his ears and the hissing of the ship sliding through the water on its momentum was changed slightly.

His phone rang again. This time he heard the captain's voice. There was a large hole below the water line in the bows. The forward bulkheads had been burst. The captain remembered other officers who had thought of salvage money before they thought of the passengers and crew. He took no chances. He gave the estimated latitude and longitude and he ordered an S O S.

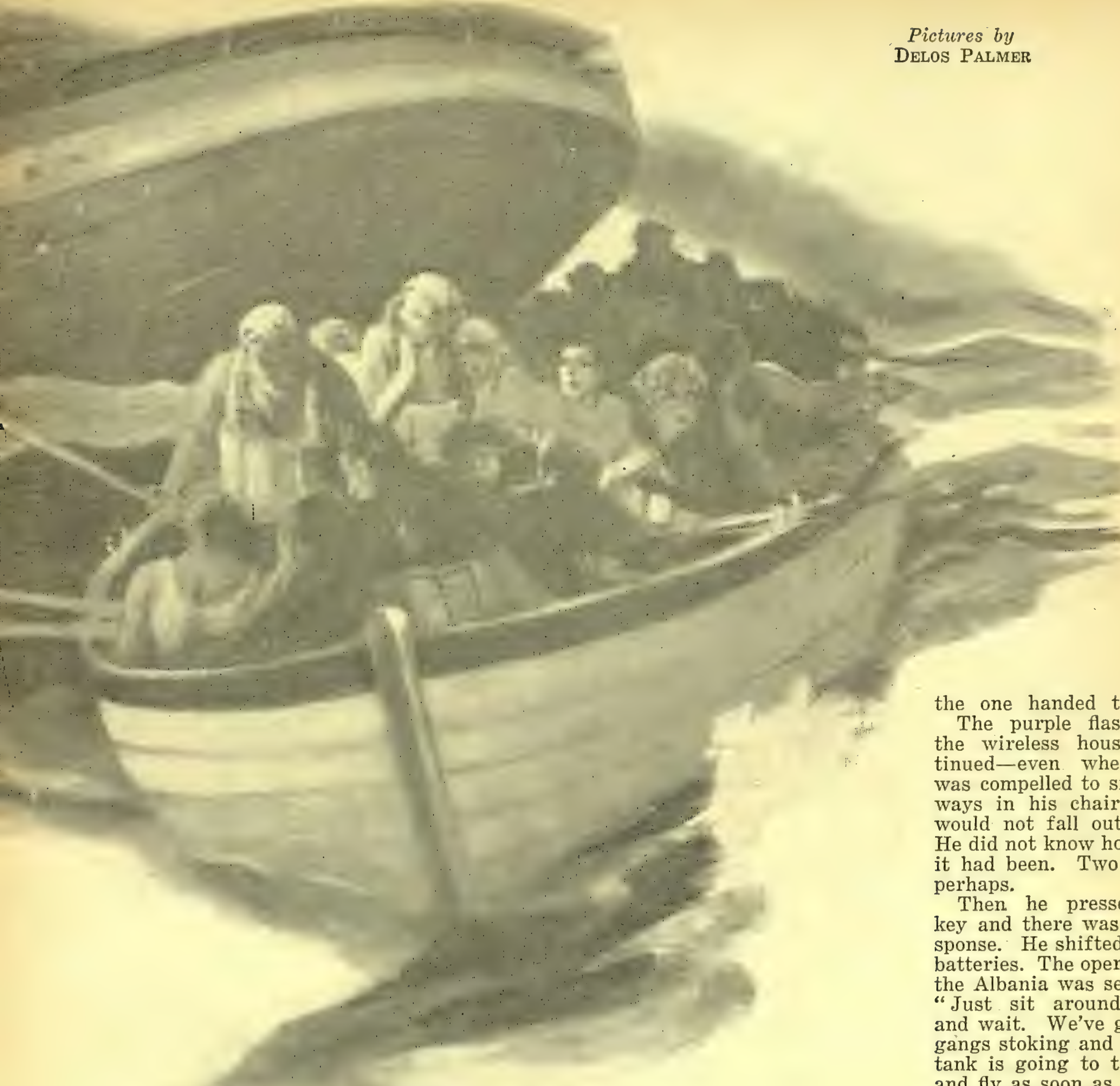
There were pin points of perspiration on Bill Gage's brow. He threw a switch and sent the call. Men spend lifetimes at sea without using those three letters. Bill had been a wireless operator for less than a year.

Someone came into the small room and set before him the written confirmation of the captain's orders. Bill's fingers were flying.

A moment passed. Two passengers appeared magically at the door and demanded to be let in to send messages. Bill was dimly conscious that the man who had brought the orders had remained to act as a guard against this situation. In the voices was the subtle scream of nerves.

Then Bill's concentration increased. There was a stutter in the headphones. An operator as excited as himself was replying. A second message cut into the first.

Pictures by
DELOS PALMER



the one handed to him.

The purple flashes in the wireless house continued—even when Bill was compelled to sit sideways in his chair so he would not fall out of it. He did not know how long it had been. Two hours, perhaps.

Then he pressed the key and there was no response. He shifted to the batteries. The operator of the Albania was sending: "Just sit around there and wait. We've got two gangs stoking and the old tank is going to take off and fly as soon as we get another knot out of her."

Bill grinned.

Things slid on his table.

"Come on," somebody said.

The man from the bridge

Bill adjusted his condensers. He beat out his reply, to one and then the other. Then he went on burning the darkness with his call for help, while the man at the door made room for the second operator.

The second operator had been wakened from a deep sleep. He acted mechanically, taking the second chair, reading the messages Bill had copied, telephoning them to the bridge. Help was coming—from three different quarters—now. Nine hours, six hours, seven hours. The Albania. The Stutney. The Elsie Frangon.

Perspiration had soaked through Bill's clothes. It dampened his hair. His shin ached where it had been pressed against a chair leg. He noticed that the room was geometrically out of proportion. Then he understood: the Mohawk was listing! Outside, gear rattled. They were getting the boats ready.

Abandoning the ship. He flung the syllables into the ether. The Mohawk was going to go fast. Someone brought two life belts into the room. The second operator strapped on his. Bill dropped at his feet

and the second operator went. Bill filed a last message: "We're going to meet you in small boats. Filling and sinking rapidly." He repeated the latitude and longitude.

Then he picked up his life preserver and went out on deck. The boats were all gone. He could see one of them pulling through the gloom. The catamarans had been thrown overboard. He put on his life preserver. The captain walked fantastically along the beveled deck. The mate was at his side. They shouted at Bill to jump, and in a moment they also jumped.

The life preserver strained at Bill's shoulders. Black water covered his head. Presently he could breathe and see the sky. He began to swim furiously away from the looming bulk of the ship. The water was warm. He rested and swam, rested and swam.

Once, on the crest of a wave, he looked back. The stern of the Mohawk was standing in the air. Soon after that a hideous sucking and bubbling reached his ears. He was pulled backward in the water but not beneath it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

INTERFERENCE
Continued from page twenty-three

After that there was silence, broken only by liquid noises. It was beginning to grow light.

Some time later he saw a rectilinear shape and recognized it as one of the catamarans. He swam toward it. He hung to the rope around its edge until he had accumulated sufficient strength to scramble on to the unsteady platform. Then he lay down and panted.

He had no idea of the passage of time except as it was measured by the increasing light. When he heard a voice come to him from across the water, he thought at first that it was from one of the boats rowing toward him; but a glance showed him that the entire horizon was empty. Then vaguely he saw somebody swimming. The swimmer called again, and this time unmistakably called for help. The voice was a woman's.

Bill dove off the raft after an instant of frightful struggle with his inclination to cling to his hard-won security.

He had removed his shoes and shirt before he left the Mohawk, and he had recuperated enough strength on the raft so that he reached the side of the woman with relative ease. She clung to him and rested, but Bill realized that she was not hysterical. The waves carried them up and dropped them back into valleys. It was impossible to see any distance. He waited until he glimpsed the raft, and then swam toward it. The girl held to him with one hand and did all she could to help their progress.

It required the last ounce of Bill's strength to get back on to the catamaran and drag the girl after him.

She was wearing pyjamas and there was a pocketbook tied around her waist. She lay down and panted. Bill lay down beside her.

The sun came above the edge of the sea, at first lurid and presently hot and bright. The sky was immaculately blue. Bill Gage found that his mind was beginning to function again. He thought in irregular snatches of innumerable things. It was strange that at least one of the small boats had not remained in view. . . . In a few hours the ships to which he had radioed would arrive. . . . The girl he had rescued had had the presence of mind to save her money or valuables, or whatever was in her pocketbook, but she had lacked the good sense to put on a life preserver. . . . There should be drinking water and biscuits lashed to the catamaran somewhere and he should get up and look for them.

Then the girl said, " Thanks."

Bill moved so that his head was not far from hers. " Are you all right? "

The girl was clinging to the raft with both hands and in the tenseness of her grip was expressed her fear. She did lift her head from the canvas decking and nod, " I'm all right."

J. EARL
SCHRACK

He looked at her. Her face was a beautiful face, but it was also haughty. Bill knew the class she represented. She was a girl who could afford to go on an expensive winter cruise, a rich girl, a proud girl, a girl whose sports traditions had made her able to swim so well that, except for the last few yards, she had saved her own life—and her most treasured property.

Bill hated everything which belonged to such a girl. It was because of that hatred that he was a wireless operator. Not long ago he had spent two years of his life working his way through a fastidious eastern university. He had lived with young men who came from families undoubtedly like the family of this girl, and he knew the sisters and sweethearts of those young men. Their pride and their aloofness had stung him so often that after two years he had turned a lifetime hobby into a trade. He had become a wireless operator.

The girl leaned on her elbows and shook her head so that her hair would dry. She said, " Well, here we are."

Bill nodded.

" I don't seem to remember seeing you among the passengers."

" No," he answered. " I'm the wireless operator."

" I see."

He wondered if it disappointed her. He wanted to say sarcastically that he was sorry he was not last year's quarterback at Yale and an old friend of Ted and Jim and Bill and Elsie.

The girl smiled. " I didn't think the ship was really sinking. I could not believe it was sinking."

" Really? " A girl like that, Bill thought, would consider it impertinent of the Mohawk to go down.

" They woke me up three times, and each time I went to sleep again. The third time, they broke down the door and actually forced me up on deck, but I got loose and went down to my stateroom for some things. When I came up the boats had all gone."

Bill nodded. " I suppose you not only thought the boat couldn't sink but you assumed that the sea couldn't drown you."

She looked straight into his eyes, and the directness of her gaze made Bill wish that he had not been so caustic.

" I didn't think at all. I was frightened."

" M-m-m-m."

" Only afterward, in the water, I remembered—"

" You remembered? "

" Sharks," the girl said. " Did you think about them, too? "

" No," he answered. " As a matter of fact, I didn't."

There was a pause, and at the end of it the girl spoke again. " My name is Arline Masters."

" Mine's Bill Gage."

The pause that followed was longer. Each of them scanned the circumference of visible sea. Each looked at the other. Each took a more secure hold on the ropes of the catamaran and moved closer toward its center.

" Anyway," Arline said at last, " you saved my life and I'm grateful for that."

" Why didn't you put on a life preserver? "

" I thought I could swim better without one."

" I see."

Arline smiled faintly. " Not that it matters under these circumstances, but just that it's better to talk than to sit here and think about sitting here—do you mind if I say that I think you've been rather rude to me? "

" I'm sorry."

" It's quite all right. If you prefer not to talk—"

Bill shook his head. It had been boorish of him to take a supercilious attitude toward her. It was impossible for him, however, to overlook his preconception of all such girls as Arline Masters. He reflected that the mere appearance of a rescue ship would change her attitude toward him. She was probably being humble because she was afraid of him.

A rescue ship did not appear, however. An hour passed, and then two hours. The sun beat down upon them. Bill crawled around the catamaran and found that a can of stale water was in its place, but there were no biscuits. He opened the tin and gave some of the water to Arline. Then he closed it and lashed it fast again.

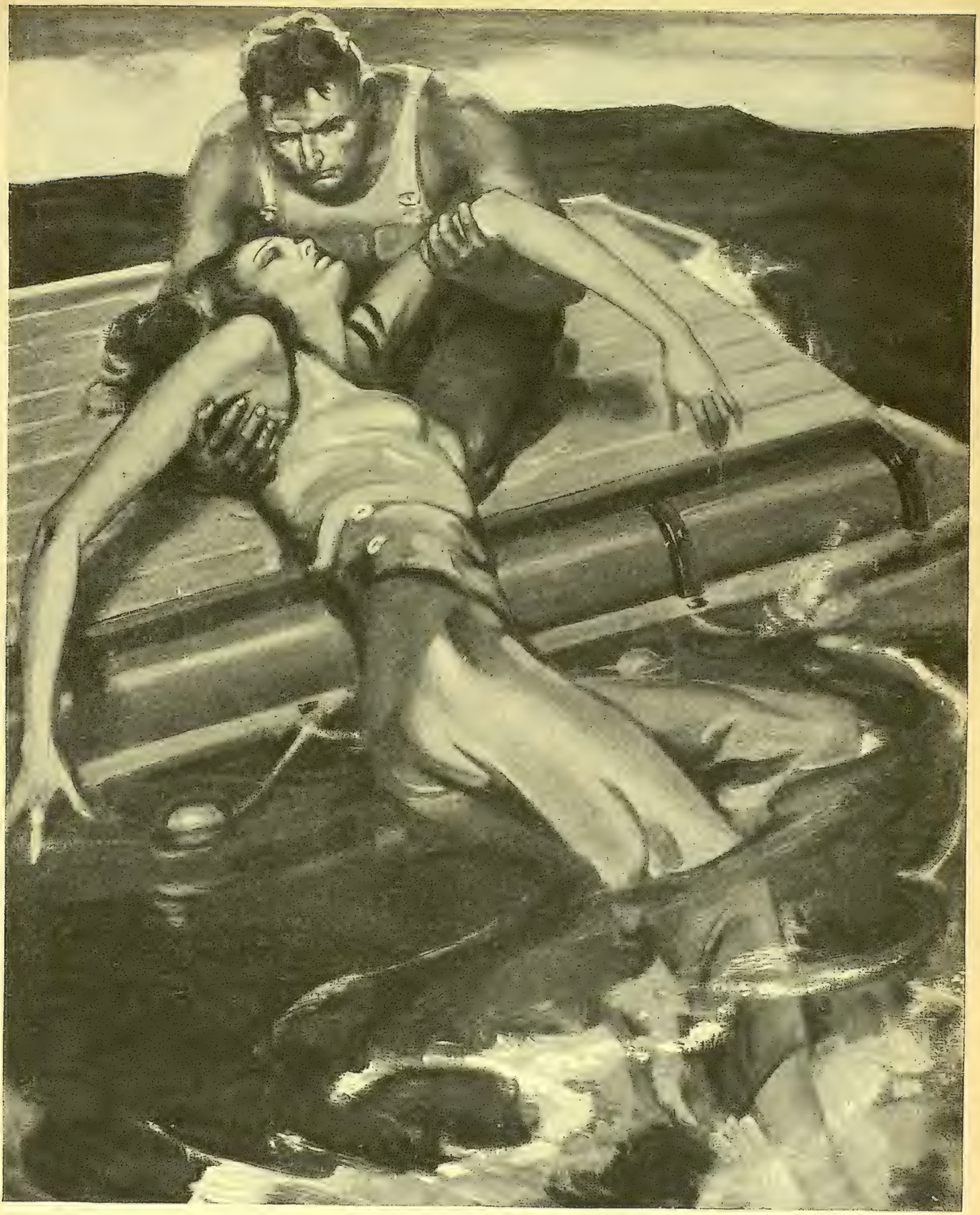
He estimated the time. The ships to which he had radioed should appear at any minute. He thought about the current of the Gulf Stream, about the wind and the waves. In a few hours they might be moved many miles. The accident had taken place in no regular shipping lane, so that an armada of ships such as is found on the Great Circle could not be expected to participate in the search.

Arline read his mind. " I know what you're thinking about."

" What? "

" You're thinking about how much room there is out here and how short a distance people can see from the decks of ships. You're thinking about ocean currents and how they move things away from the latitude and longitude that a taciturn young man radioed from a sinking ship."

Bill nodded. " That's what I was thinking about."



It required the last ounce of Bill's strength to get back on to the catamaran and drag the girl after him.

" Well? "

Bill shrugged. " There's nothing to be done about it."

The girl shook her head. " Nothing. I'm exhausted. Do you think you could tie me so I wouldn't fall overboard, but not so tight that it would hurt? I'd like to rest." . . .

The sun was on the other side of the horizon. Bill had roped one of his ankles to the raft and was standing up. He shaded his eyes with his hand and turned around slowly, keeping his equilibrium with difficulty. Arline was watching him.

" You said they'd be here about noon."

" Yes."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

INTERFERENCE
Continued from page twenty-five

"It's quite a long time after noon now, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

There was a silence.

"Have you done anything, or do you contemplate doing anything, that would make your existence particularly valuable to the human race?"

He looked at her in astonishment. It was perhaps the last question he would expect from a girl who belonged to the class and social stratum of Arline Masters.

"No," he replied. "Once I wanted to be an electrical engineer. Invent things, you know. I went to college for two years, but I wasn't man enough to resist the snobbishness of the people there, so I quit. You can put me down as a quitter."

He felt that she was looking at him, and she *was* looking at him. She was looking at his straight, hard profile and his large, square head. She was looking at the firmness of his chin and the bright red of his hair. In some abstract corner of her mind she may have been laughing at him.

"Me, too," she said. "I'm not a quitter so much as just somebody who doesn't do anything."

"Why did you ask me that?"

"Oh, because of what you were thinking about the current, and the large amount of space out here, and the difficulty of finding two people on a small raft."

"I see."

"Anyway"—Arline sat up and stretched one arm—"it's a lot calmer. It would be dreadful if it was rough. When I was a little girl I used to go out on the lake where we had our summer place and lie down in the bottom of my canoe and just drift. I used to think then that if you could have your canoe out in the middle of the ocean and lie down there and drift, it would be grand fun. I was mistaken, wasn't I?" . . .

A consuming desire to do something, to save Arline from what possibly lay ahead of them, had made it almost impossible for Bill to converse with her. The sun had set—and she had said nothing about food. Bill felt his own hunger acutely, and he knew that she must be hungry, but because she had said nothing about it he felt furiously impotent.

"You know, Bill, if you came over here and sat right beside me, if you put your arm around me and let me lean against you, if you didn't mind my shutting my eyes so that I wouldn't have to look out at nothing, it would make it a little bit easier for me. What I mean is, we might as well be friends, since there's a pretty good chance that you and I are going to be here together—for the rest of our lives."

"For the rest of our lives." Bill sat down beside her and she leaned against him silently. The light faded with the same slowness of its waxing in the dawn of that day. The sea was magnificently calm. The stars came out like rhinestones in black plush.

BY and by the girl looked up. "You're a pretty grand boy, Bill. In fact, of all my friends, I can think of no one with whom I'd rather—go on this particular adventure. It's the Big Adventure, isn't it?"

Tenderness, compassion, pride in the girl—a score of emotions choked Bill. After a long interval he said, "I don't think so."

Then there was another long silence. "I didn't believe there were any women like you."

"Go to sleep," Arline answered softly. . . .

The Stutney found them in the morning. The two people on the raft went through all the agony of believing they had been seen, then thinking that they had been missed; of waving their arms and futilely shouting; and finally they knew the profound ecstasy of being sure that the steamer had seen them and turned toward them.

A small boat was dropped from the davits; the first officer took charge; and in half an hour Arline and Bill were on board the Stutney. She had fainted on the ship's ladder and Bill had caught her, carrying her bodily up the ship's side to the eager, down-reaching hands.

He had stayed on deck for a few minutes among the other passengers and crew members who had been rescued by the Stutney. Their excitement was tremendous, and it was redoubled when it became known that Bill was the wireless operator whose steadfast services during the Mohawk's final hours had brought aid.

Arline had been carried to a stateroom. Bill was put to bed. The ship's doctor examined him briefly. Someone gave him a drink and then he fell asleep.

Clothes had been borrowed for Bill from the Stutney's passengers. When he awoke he put them on and went on deck. There was no sign of Arline, and he soon learned that her exhaustion was so complete that she was unable to leave her stateroom.

The Stutney was three days from New York and inbound. Bill wrote a note to Arline and gave it to one of the stewards, and then abandoned himself to the claims of the passengers of the Mohawk.

IT was morning of the next day when he met Arline's mother, although he had tried to see her sooner. She spoke words that sounded kind, and she spoke them with an infinite firmness.

"I wished to see you alone, Mr. Gage, to talk to you about my daughter, and I am glad of this opportunity. She is very weak, but the doctor says that her condition is not serious. She has talked to me at some length about you, and I'm very much disturbed by what she said. You will have to be sympathetic with me in the matter. Arline is young and silly. It is natural that she should look upon her escapade with you as romantic. I might even say that it is natural that she should at the moment imagine herself to be a little bit in love with you. But I hope I will not have to make it clear to you that behind Arline are generations of tradition, and that she must some day marry a man who is part of those traditions. Of course I am saying this only on the outside chance that you have been foolish enough to reciprocate any affection she may have shown to you. Such affection would be, you can easily see, the product of stress and hysteria."

Bill's face was white and his hands trembled. He looked steadily at Arline's mother. "I see."

"My daughter tells me that you took some considerable risk to rescue her from the water. I am grateful to you for that. It is really my own fault. I went to the lifeboats with the first call and was unaware of the fact that Arline was not in some other boat."

On the day before they reached New York, Mrs. Masters approached Bill again. "You would oblige me by not making any effort further to communicate with my daughter after we reach New York."

"I shan't," Bill said bitterly.

"Quite so. And also, I have wirelessed my husband to quash any newspaper stories about the fact that Arline was unfortunately isolated with a strange young man for twenty-four hours, and I trust that you will be gracious enough to say nothing about it yourself. Both Arline and I would appreciate it." . . .

To Bill the landing of the Stutney, the parade in New York, the speeches, the banquets, the ticker tape that whirled down from the skyscrapers, the newspapers that carried his name in huge letters and his photograph, faces, reporters, the tugs that whistled in the harbor, the words of the mayor as he presented a scroll, were all part of the gigantic nightmare.

In twenty-four hours he had been changed from a single young man who fled from the places where he was needed most to a man filled with hope and ambition, to a man who had found someone to love. Abruptly the ecstasy of it had been taken away, and now the fact that he was part of a dramatic sea story and something of a hero was meaningless to him.

He stuck rigidly to his terms. He made no effort to see Arline and he said nothing to anyone about the long hours on the open sea. It was evident that the Masters had considerable influence, for none of the papers mentioned a man and a woman who had been picked up by the Stutney many hours after the recovery of the last lifeboat.

Bill went through the whole furor of the return to New York lifelessly and mechanically. From his entire experience he had gleaned one fact. To escape the world by going to sea no longer appealed to him, and he struggled hour by hour, day by day, to find the courage to do what he had learned he must do, when he had been out there alone with Arline.

He knew that he should never have quit college. He knew that he should go back now and work his way through the other two years.

He tried to tell himself that although he had so soon lost the girl he had so briefly but so vehemently loved, he had nevertheless gained through her a greater knowledge of himself.

On the third day after the triumphal landing of the Stutney, when the tumult had died, when reporters no longer sought him in his hotel room, Bill made his arrangements to begin his own life where he had run away from it.

He was going to go back to work and to learn to be an electrical engineer, to be an inventor, to be all that Arline had thought he was. . . .

Arline had used every argument with her mother. She had wept and she had stormed. She had told her mother that it was grossly unfair to judge Bill Gage by the fact that he was only a wireless operator. She had begged her mother to give him at least a chance to meet the family.

She could not appeal to her father, because Mr. Masters had been called from town the day after the dramatic return of his wife and daughter.

But Mrs. Masters, firmly convinced that her daughter was the victim of a romantic spell, and perhaps lacking her daughter's depth of character, had been sometimes patient, sometimes hurt, sometimes angry, and always firm. "My dear Arline," had been her refrain, "the whole thing is silly and schoolgirlish. I'm astonished at you. We're going to North Carolina in a few days, anyway. You must make up your mind to forget him. It is puppy love, my dear, and I have no patience with puppy love. I absolutely forbid you to see him or talk to him."

For five days Arline obeyed her mother. Mrs. Masters felt that her campaign to make her daughter forget was successful. Her vigilance relaxed, and Arline had her first opportunity to try and get in touch with Bill. She had noted the name of his hotel in the newspapers and she tried to telephone him, only to be told that he had checked out. She called the steamship company and was told that he had resigned. She wondered if her mother had had anything to do with that. She would have left the house and gone wherever he was, but now she did not even know where to go.

IN the midst of this new dilemma the butler came to her and said that there was a seaman from the Stutney in the hall who insisted on seeing some member of the Masters family. The butler advised Miss Masters not to see him, because he was uncouth and because he had acted in a suspicious and threatening manner. The butler also said that it would be impossible to get rid of the man without calling the police. Arline thought that perhaps he had a message about Bill. She went to him immediately. But it was no message which the seaman brought. He sat on the edge of a chair in the library and twisted his hat in his hands.

"I've been putting two and two together," he said. "I was on the Stutney when you and that there wireless operator was taken off the catamaran. Taking photographs is one of my pastimes. I've taken photographs all around the world, and I've got some mighty hot photographs of you in your pyjamas and that young feller coming in on the boat, and of him carrying you up the ladder."

Arline did not understand.

The man glanced at her and stared out the window.

"The point is, I haven't seen nothing in the newspapers about you and him being on the raft all night, and I reckon it was kept out on purpose; so I thought maybe, rather than have me sell these pictures to the newspapers, you'd like to have a chance to buy 'em yourself first."

Arline's initial reaction was one of fury. She knew the lengths to which her mother had gone to suppress the story of her rescue, and the implications it would have on those who loved scandal. That anyone should try to blackmail her made her frantic.

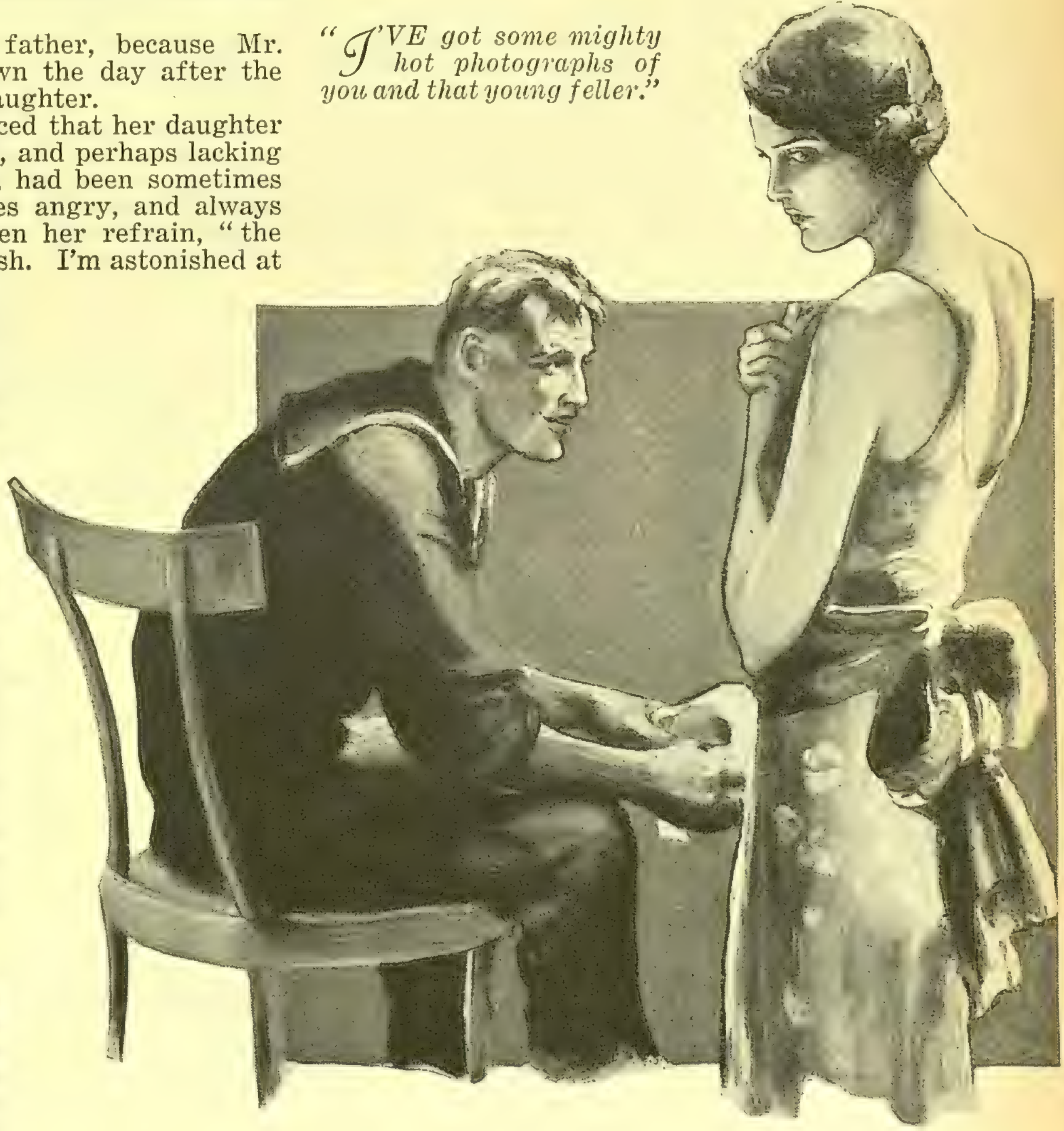
THE man rose and stepped away from her. He reached into his pocket and produced half a dozen photographs.

"I'll leave these with you as samples. You can tell your mother I'll telephone her. She can give me a thousand dollars for the negatives in the next two days, or she can stand having these juicy pictures printed all over the country."

He put the prints on the table and went out. . . .

It was a cold day. Bill was tired. He had reëntered college during the midterm season and the only work available was waiting table in a cafeteria. His shift was from five in the morning to ten.

He had just finished and was walking doggedly toward



"I'VE got some mighty hot photographs of you and that young feller."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

INTERFERENCE
Continued from page twenty-seven

his first class. His eye lighted on the display of morning papers and he stopped. He had read his own name.

Bill bought a copy of the paper. On the front page was a large picture of himself. There were three other pictures in which he was shown with Arline. Arline was in his arms in one of them. They had reached the top of the ladder on the Stutney. She had revived from her faint apparently, because she was smiling at him with an infinite sweetness.

Bill read the story that accompanied the pictures. It was a story which, from the standpoint of the reader, would make diverting reading. It maintained that Arline Masters, the rich débutante, was pining for a wireless operator who had saved her from the sea, become her soul mate, and then cruelly disappeared from her life. Every line in the story fed Bill's fury. Some reporter had obtained the pictures and then invented his copy.

Bill did not go to class that day. There were two things to do first. One was to see Arline's mother and explain that he was innocent of the scandalous story. The other was to find the reporter who had written it and beat him to a pulp. He took the first train for New York.

He had traveled half the distance to the city before he realized how difficult it would be to explain to Mrs. Masters. If she were only a man, Bill thought. And then he remembered that Arline had a father. When he reached the city, he looked up the address of Masters & Wainright and went first to their offices. The offices were awe-inspiring. A secretary interviewed him.

"Mr. Masters has just returned from a business trip. His schedule is crowded. But I will tell him your name . . ."

ARLINE'S father was tall and lean and gray-haired. He was sitting behind an enormous desk, and his expression upon seeing Bill was one of veiled surprise.

Bill did not take the chair offered to him. He rested his knuckles on Mr. Masters' desk and spoke in a constrained voice:

"My errand is brief. I presume you have seen the story about your daughter and me in the morning papers? And the photographs? I found it necessary to come to you to say that I do not know where the pictures came from. Also that the story is a lie. I want to tell you that your daughter is not that sort of person, and I want to add that I am on my way to visit the reporter who invented the thing. This sounds rude. But because of my respect for Ar—for your daughter, I had to say it. Good day—and thank you, sir."

"Just a minute." Mr. Masters still showed faintly his disguised amazement. "There's something wrong here." He hesitated for a considerable period. "My wife—to be frank—has had entire charge of my daughter. She told me something about you. Mrs. Masters said, in fact, that you were an uneducated, ill-mannered, grasping, and—pimply-faced moron. Her description was my reason for overlooking your courage. She insisted that you would impose upon any recognition of it."

Bill's face reddened, but he made no response. Mr. Masters continued slowly:

"I suppose she thought that you were not Arline's equal and hence she invented data concerning you to prejudice me against you. I haven't had a chance to talk to Arline. That sort of thing is a—a perverted mother love, I presume. I'd like first to apologize for Mrs. Masters, young man."

Bill shrugged away the evil turn done him by Arline's mother. "It's all right. In fact, she acted for the best. I'm nobody."

The older man lifted his eyebrows. "May I ask a question? Why did you run away?"

"I DIDN'T run away. I'd promised Mrs. Masters not to see Arline. I went back to college."

"Studying what?"

"Electrical engineering."

"Working your way?"

Bill nodded. For the second time he turned to go. But the voice of Arline's father called him back. It was a voice into which had come considerable repressed emotion.

Mr. Masters had risen from his chair.

"I'll tell you something, Bill," he said. "There's no reporter for you to beat up. Somebody tried to blackmail Arline with those photographs. Instead of paying for blackmail, she sent them to the newspaper herself and the story was one she wrote."

Bill could feel the color leaving his face. The words dumfounded him.

"She's crazy about you," the older man continued. "She sent the pictures and the story because she didn't know where you were and she thought it would—ah—get a rise out of you. She came here this morning and told me. She's in my partner's office now—waiting until I'm through with you. I had your dean on long-distance this morning. He said some rather fine things about you. You know—I worked my way through college—a couple of decades ago."

Mr. Masters was thoughtful for a moment.

"I've sent Arline's mother off to North Carolina. We Masters have some amends to make to you, Bill. But I'm going to leave them to Arline." He pushed a buzzer.

Bill found a feeble voice in which to speak. "Your wife is right," he said. "I'm uneducated and ill-mannered and—a moron. Besides that, I'm a quitter." Then the other man grinned. "Can't let Arline's future husband say that about himself. Wouldn't be true. Arline has better judgment. Now"—he put his arm around Bill's shoulders and turned him so that he saw Arline standing in the door across the room—"I'll be free for supper at seven, and then you two can tell me your plans."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Paramour Against Queen

By

Konrad Bercovici

also

stories and articles

By

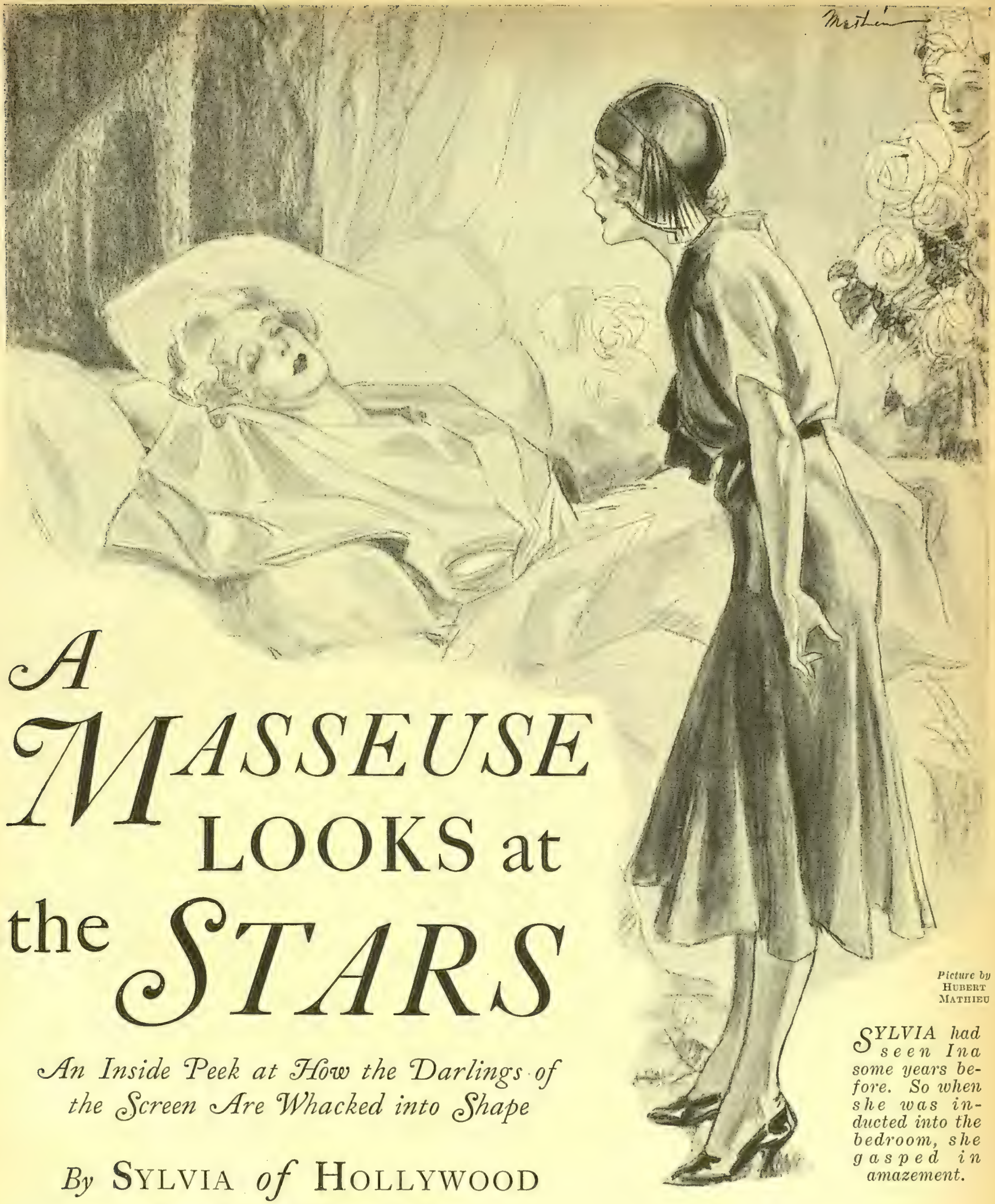
Llewellyn Hughes
Glenna Collett
Charles J. McGuirk
Frank Crilley

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1—What does milch mean?
2—Which is the largest state on the Canadian border?
3—What is the cerebrum?
4—With what are the names Chippendale, Adam, and Heppelwhite associated?
5—In what part of the body is the thyroid gland?
6—During whose administration was the Spanish-American War fought?
7—In what year was the Panama Canal opened to navigation?
8—What are the first ten amendments to the Constitution called?
9—Where is the Strait of Malacca?
10—What Dickens novel includes the character Quilp?
11—Where was Abraham Lincoln assassinated?
12—What is a trajectory?
13—What does cursory mean?
14—What is risibility?
15—What is the monetary unit of the Netherlands?
16—What war included the Battle of Chapultepec?
17—What is a canard?
18—Which one of the Great Lakes touches Pennsylvania?
19—What are the first seven words of the Declaration of Independence?
20—What is the source of "Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink"?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-eight)



Picture by
HUBERT
MATHIEU

SYLVIA had seen Ina some years before. So when she was inducted into the bedroom, she gasped in amazement.

A MASSEUSE LOOKS at the STARS

An Inside Peek at How the Darlings of the Screen Are Whacked into Shape

By SYLVIA *of* HOLLYWOOD

As Revealed by an Indiscreet Secretary

(Reading time: 19 minutes 23 seconds.)

HOW Sylvia got her start in Hollywood appeared last week in the opening installment of these disclosures by her indiscreet secretary. A little masseuse from Norway, expert but unknown, she had worked a year in Chicago, saving money to pay her fare to the capital of filmdom. Once there, she found herself apparently as far from the stars as ever—until Marie Dressler fell ill, and the doctor advised massage and recommended Sylvia. That was her opportunity. One of its results was that Mary Duncan, overweight, and about to go on location in Oregon with the German director F. W. Murnau, signed Sylvia up to go along and give Mary her services exclusively for half a year.

PART TWO—ENTER INA CLAIRE

ARRANGEMENTS for the company's welfare were first-class, as they always were in the days of the William Fox régime. Fox prided himself on treating the hired help right, in which he was unique. The general practice of the studios is to handle the salaried bunch rough and economical, because they are too scared

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page twenty-nine

of their jobs to squawk. Mary had a nice frame house on a hill at the edge of town. Down in the hollow at the foot of the hill was a group of bungalows where the other important people of the company were quartered. Murnau and his manservant took the one nearest to Mary's house.

Unpacking the diet supplies in the kitchen, Sylvia dropped a bottle of mineral oil on the floor, and the Sealyham pup came along and licked up a lot of the mess before Sylvia caught him and put him out of the house.

That night the company returned the town's courtesies by throwing a party, and Mary's house, being the biggest, was selected for the blow-out. Right in the middle of the party, with an orchestra playing for the dancers, the Sealyham pup sneaked into the house and repented in the middle of the dance floor. Murnau, as host to the townspeople, was just then crossing the floor to welcome the mayor, and he slid and took a beautiful dive right to the feet of Mrs. Mayor. Those townspeople must have believed all the stories about Hollywood after that. There didn't seem to be a member of the company who could keep upright.

SYLVIA got the kitchen going the next day, and Mary Duncan's house set the best table in the colony. The popular notion is that a diet is something inedible; but the rush among the company members to get invited to Mary's table is proof that you don't necessarily eat junk when you're eating correctly. The rest of the actors were glad enough to horn in on meals that not only tasted O. K. but left them fit for the day's work. The work was strenuous. Murnau had come up to get some big epic shots of the Oregon wheatfields—stretches of rippling grain that extended as far as the horizon, and beyond, in every direction. Sometimes the troupe would have to ride ten or fifteen miles of a morning to get to the location selected by Murnau for the day's shooting. And, once there, the cast would have to turn unfamiliar hands to the plow and harrow. Some of them had to go out hours ahead of the rest and take lessons running all the sorts of huge engines they use on those enormous grain ranches. At night they would come back starved, and Mary, who had a big heart, would bring as many of them to the table as could crowd around it.

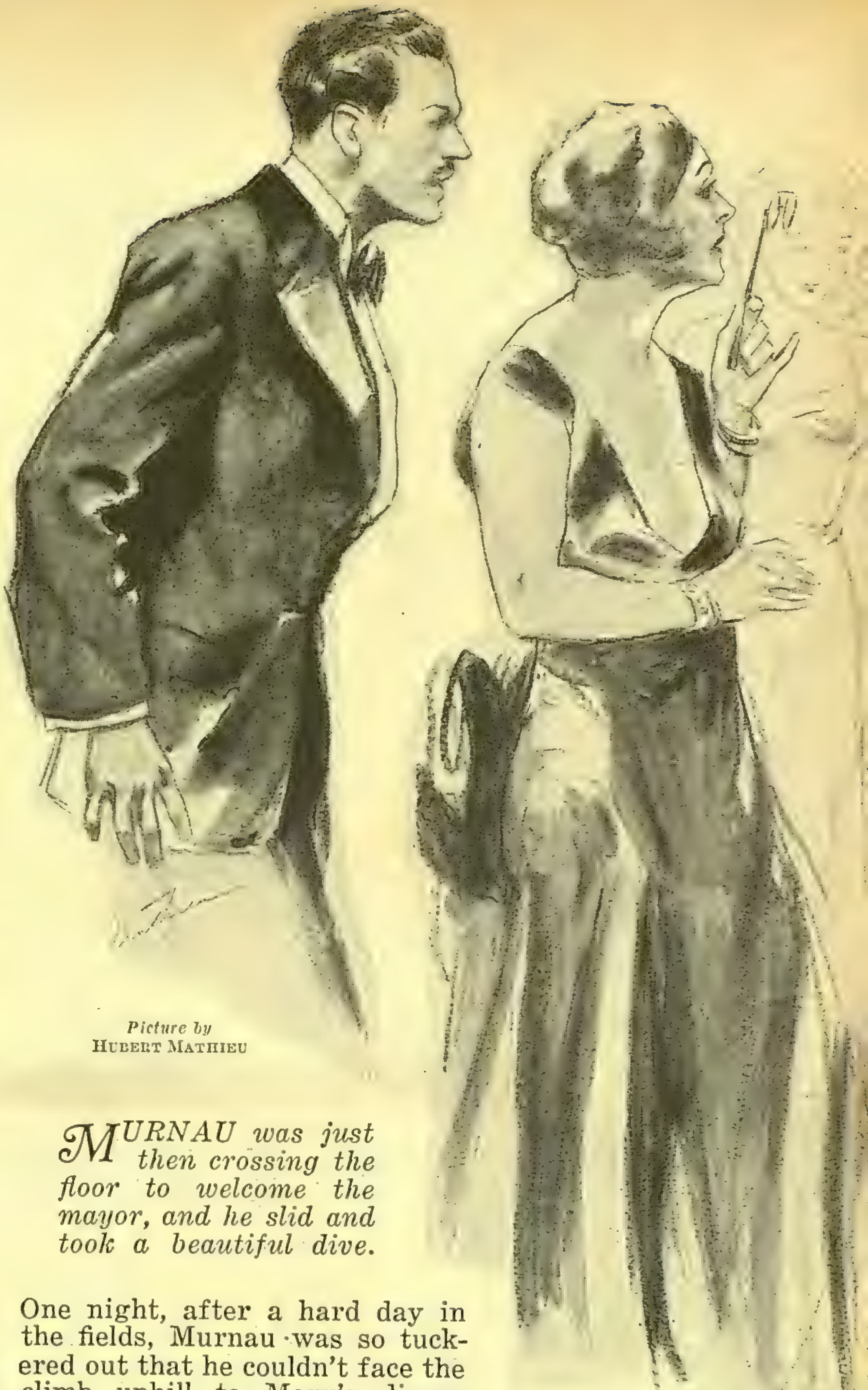
Somehow, without any formal arrangement being made, Murnau came to be the star boarder at Mary's table. He had a chronic weakness, one of the mild kidney disorders, and he was eager to benefit by the dietary regulations under Sylvia's supervision of the kitchen.

In fact, he came over one night, found Sylvia alone, and began to give out a doleful spiel about his symptoms. She thought: hurray, extra money!—and took Murnau into a back room to give him a treatment. Well, one of those misunderstandings developed. Ask any doctor about this question of handing out professional advice and services for nothing. With masseuses it's the same thing. People don't seem to understand that massaging isn't a parlor trick. People who pay the grocer regularly every Saturday and who settle for their bridge lessons in advance think nothing of trying to get a little friendly rubbing out of Sylvia for nothing.

I wonder what would happen if you got Rockefeller over to dinner and took him out to the garage and said: "Oh, Mr. Rockefeller, do show us how you fill a gas tank!" It all comes to the same thing. Rockefeller and Sylvia both do their stuff for a living.

Well, the situation got more and more in need of clearing up as the days went by. First, Murnau had a few little rub-downs on the spurs of moments, as you might say—administered in the den in Mary's quarters whenever Sylvia had a few minutes to spare. Murnau began feeling pretty good, and it occurred to him that thorough treatments at regular hours would make him feel even better. How would it be if Sylvia got up an hour earlier every morning to run down to his cottage and give him a once-over?

Meanwhile the regular eating of Sylvia's diet-kitchen meals was also helping Murnau considerably, and he gave her a free recommendation: said he'd never felt better.



Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

MURNAU was just then crossing the floor to welcome the mayor, and he slid and took a beautiful dive.

One night, after a hard day in the fields, Murnau was so tuckered out that he couldn't face the climb uphill to Mary's dinner table. But he didn't want to make a break in his diet habits, so he sent his man up to fetch him something from Sylvia's kitchen.

Sylvia swears that she had no guilt in what followed. It was all an unfortunate accident. The man reported that his master only wanted a bit of salad. Sylvia prepared the ingredients of the salad bowl: vegetables, seasoning, and the inevitable bottle of mineral oil. This neutral, non-fattening oil is an obligatory substitute for olive oil in all cases where there is a disorder of the digestive functions. However, it must be used in moderation, being a fairly efficient purge in larger quantities.

HAVING assembled the materials for Murnau's salad, Sylvia was called away. She had two assistants in the kitchen. Assistant Number One came along, saw the salad fixings, and, in the spirit of helpful coöperation, mixed the dressing, using the prescribed amount of mineral oil. She went about her business.

Assistant Number Two came along, saw the salad fixings, and, in the spirit of helpful coöperation, mixed the dressing, using the prescribed amount of mineral oil. She went about her business.

Sylvia returned, noticed her salad fixings, and, in the spirit of helpful coöperation, mixed the dressing, using the prescribed amount of mineral oil. She sent the salad down to Murnau.

Accounts of Murnau's sufferings the next day, when the company went forth to a distant location miles from help of any kind, painted a pitiful picture. Much to Sylvia's pained surprise, she was told that evening that he had openly accused her of doing it on purpose.

For a week Achilles sulked in his tent, refusing to grace Mary Duncan's board with his presence. He was finally driven back by need. The condition precipitated by the overdose of mineral oil persisted, and he came for relief. Sylvia was bland and gracious. She was really sorry, she swears, about what had happened, and was eager to make amends. She counseled a forty-eight-hour régime of rice water, toast, and tea without cream or sugar.

The late F. W. Murnau.

" Can you beat it? " she reminiscently exclaims, when she recalls the effect of the advice on the patient. " He shook his fists and strode out of the room violently.

" He went to Mary Duncan and complained that I was certainly and provably trying to do him injury! "

According to reports, he made the complaint with a great and Prussian dignity. He thereafter " punished " Sylvia by eating in a sort of protesting and injured silence, decorated with intermittent glances of suspicion and distrust cast in her direction.

Meanwhile, Sylvia's labors had borne fruits in the form of a noticeable reduction of Mary's waistline. Those fruits were sweet to Mary Duncan, but, as it developed, were lemons to the Fox directorate. The wandering troupe packed up and came home to the Hollywood lot. There remained but a few interiors to shoot—on the home stages. These were the final sequences, showing the city girl back in the surroundings in which she had started the picture. And you can easily see that she had to look like the girl who had started the picture—which Duncan didn't. Slim in waist and cheeks, she looked like a different girl.

Winnie Sheehan, stern and masterful executive of the Fox lot, saw the shots of Mary Duncan taken at the end of the picture, and nearly jumped through the ceiling when he compared them with the earlier takes. He sleuthed around the lot and heard the story of Mary Duncan's doings with a private masseuse. He summoned the star and ordered her to fire " that lemon squeezer " at once. The interview almost precipitated a break between Mary and the company. Mary rushed feverishly forth from the conference with Mr. Sheehan and rebelliously offered Sylvia a renewal, for one year, of the contract.

BUT Sylvia's return to Hollywood was followed by indications that, at last, she had definitely gone over the top as a successful masseuse, much in demand. She got sense at last and saw that the real money lay in giving treatments to all comers, charging what the traffic would bear.

Before taking her tearful leave of her much beloved Mary Duncan, however, Sylvia worked out a systematic diet, which might be called " a diet for adolescent girls inclined to plumpness," or—

THE MARY DUNCAN DIET

Breakfast

½ grapefruit
2 slices of rye crisp with thin butter
1 cup of coffee, clear

Lunch

½ cantaloupe
1 broiled lamb chop
4 heaping spoonfuls of cauliflower
2 heaping spoonfuls of summer squash
2 leaves of lettuce } diet dressing
3 slices of tomato }
½ slice of whole-wheat toast, no butter
Coffee, clear

Dinner

1 tomato cocktail
Russian salad, diet dressing
1 slice of roast beef or 2 slices of roast lamb—" lean " gravy
3 heaping tablespoons of spinach
2 heaping tablespoons of Brussels sprouts
½ slice of whole-wheat toast
Small dish of strawberries
1 glass of skimmed milk
Demi-tasse of coffee

It's the first time a roast has appeared on one of these diet menus, and, as in the case of the grilled chop, I'm going to remark that I suppose you think you know how to roast meat. Maybe you do, maybe you don't. The chances are you don't follow the procedure below—the only correct one for the preparation of non-fattening roast meat.

1. As in the case of the lamb chop, you naturally choose a good, tender, fattish roast off the butcher's counter, wanting the best meat. Again you cut out all the visible pieces of fat when you're preparing the roast for the pan, which should have deep furrows in the bottom to catch the drippings.

2. Season with very little salt (for salt is fattening) and some pepper.

3. Get the oven red-hot.

4. Figure on roasting fifteen to twenty minutes per pound.

5. When the outside of the roast is browned, you baste. But you DO NOT baste with the drippings. You baste with a cup of hot water, operating slowly and drenching especially the spots where there are outcroppings of fat.

6. When the roast is done, remove it from the pan. Now take the pan of drippings and pour into it half a cup of boiling water. Until the pan cools, keep skimming off the fat that rises to the top of the water.

7. What is left in the pan is now a pure blood juice with very little fat. Heated up again, it may be served,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page thirty-one

without thickening of any kind, with the roast. Or, in the form of the jelly which it will take on cooling, it may be served in strips with the cold roast.

This method of preparing a roast so successfully removes fats that a fresh ham roast may be served on diet menus if the cooking has been carefully done.

II

For Sylvia—
with my love—

"For Sylvia with my love—you've made me look almost as young as you've made me feel. INA CLAIRE."

PHILOSOPHICAL observation: There comes a time in most lives when you begin to step on the gas; you make speed; also, you bounce!

Sylvia began bouncing the minute she went under contract to Pathé and began working on the sacred cows that were grazing on that lot. Dough, dough! But also trouble, trouble! Ooh, lots of trouble. In fact, Sylvia got hooked up professionally with all four of the following at once: Gloria Swanson, Ina Claire, Grace Moore, and Constance Bennett.

There's a quartet for you! Maybe there'd be a fight if it was said flatly that those four were at the top of the Hollywood heap. There's room for argument, with Greta Garbo left out—and Marlene Dietrich, and—oh well, write your own ticket. But nobody is going to dispute the statement that, in their own estimations, they are.

There was a queen of antiquity who used to protect her standing as the most beautiful woman in the world by a simple device. If any of the other lookers inside her borders got possession of some beauty secret, her Majesty would call out the head executioner and pay the rival a little call having for object a funeral and confiscation of the beauty preparation.

Since Cleopatra's day things have changed. Less cutting off of heads, but more beauty preparations and devices. It has made the career of the professional beauty much tougher. It was a lot simpler, maintaining supremacy by killing off the competition. It's got so tough nowadays that a Queen of Beauty actually has to be beautiful. Not only that, but she has to stay that way. When you figure that, if left to her own and nature's devices, a woman stays at the top of her form only about three or four years (and those usually the years when nobody but her school-teachers and the neighbors' boys are giving her a tumble), you can see what she's up against. By the time her photographs are beginning to appear in the silver frames in jewelers' windows, she doesn't look like them any more.

The professional beauty has to watch two angles: building up her rep, and living up to it when she's got it. I'll say one thing for the girls that claw their way to the top. Though they have their press agents to pull them and their beauty experts to push them, they do most of the work themselves. Being on the inside, where they are pulling all the strings and going through all the contortions of their beauty jobs—that's excitement! To be behind the scenes and watch them feint, grab, and foul when the referee isn't looking—that's high comedy!

The opening scene of a sample of it is the Pasadena station of the Santa Fe Railway, with the Chicago-New York train due in any minute. Choo-choo. Toot-toot. A general rush of press agents, cameramen, Pathé executives, porters, dogs, and dust. Who is this stranger who trips as lightly as may be from the drawing-room car?

It is Ina Claire. Look out, Hollywood!

The famous Broadway actress came to Hollywood with a chip on her shoulder. They usually do. When they've been here a while—they get another chip and wear them symmetrically, one on each shoulder.

The boss had her first glimpse of the Eastern invader a short while later, after Ina had reported to the Pathé lot for work in her first sound movie, The Awful Truth. A three-alarm went out for Sylvia after the first test shots. Avoirdupois.

Hedda Hopper, our old reliable booster, was the messenger. She was on the phone with the S O S: "Ina Claire has to be taken down ten pounds in three days. Come and do it!"

Sylvia had seen Ina some years before in The Gold Diggers, when, if anything, the girl was a little too slim. So when she reported at Ina's suite in the Beverly-Wilshire and was inducted into the bedroom, she gasped in amazement. A voluptuous creature, very different from the slim Broadway star of yesterday, was taking her ease in a bed heaped up, *à la* French boudoir, with about a dozen small comfort pillows. Swimming in linen and lace, the star was probably supposed to be a study of beauty at rest. She was all of that. In a word, she was visibly overweight.

Grouped about the massive royal bedstead were the various ministrants to the lady's luxurious ease—maids, more maids, a secretary. The idea seemed to be to spare Miss Claire the exertion of lifting an arm.

What Claire wanted (and at first they're all the same in this respect) was for Sylvia to go to work, not too painfully, mind! and give her a ten-minute absolution for all past sins of overeating and insufficient exercise.

The boss sized her new patient up. Irish—which means a good-sized bump of competitiveness. The line to take with her was obvious. As Sylvia pounded and slapped, she casually named a few of her other patients: Alice White, Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, etc. Between grunts, Ina raised a face on the surface of which was faintly detectable an expression of awakened interest. What about them?

"Well," said the boss, "they're all out doing their morning conditioning work right now—"

At that moment a maid entered with a large frilly tray loaded with a huge breakfast. Sylvia glanced at the horrible display and significantly added:

"—*after* taking a breakfast of orange juice."

FOR one so far gone in the ways of comfort, Ina was quick on the trigger. Hitherto she had been taking Sylvia's line of nasty hints (hints that are about as subtle as a blackjack) pretty tartly—with a few cracks meant to convey the idea: "You get your pay for putting me in shape; go ahead, and don't annoy me with any remarks." But now, all of a sudden, she got the point—quicker than do a lot of newcomers—and she sent the maid away with the breakfast tray.

And she was forthright enough to admit, a week or so later:

"I guess I took the wrong tack with you at first, didn't I, Sylvia?"

That gave the boss an opening, and she came out with a thing that was being said around town about the newcomer: "She's high-hat." Than which there can be no more final and dooming verdict by the Hollywood jury.

"Well," said Ina in a confidential tone, "I'll tell you: I was told to be high-hat when I left New York. People supposed to know came around with advice when they heard I had a picture contract. They said: 'Spit on them out there. They like it.'"

From then on, Ina began to alter her manner toward the film colony. Not immediately, but by slow degrees. Before she got entirely over her first notion that Hollywood had to be handled like a night-club waiter, she had one famous run-in with one of her competitors.

She wanted Sylvia to report every morning at 6 A. M.

and wake her up with a good pounding. But Sylvia was already booked for that hour, Alice White having had the same idea about a six-o'clock slapping before it struck Ina as a good one.

"Tell Alice White," said Ina in all seriousness to Sylvia, "that if she'll give up the six-to-seven hour I'll—"

And she paused dramatically.

With her practical mind, the boss said: "You mean, you'll pay her?"

"Pay her!" Ina nodded and struck a pose. "I'll pay her with something more valuable than money. Tell her I'll *give her stage lessons!*"

Alice White's reaction to the generous offer was not long in getting itself spoken: "You tell *her* that I don't need drama lessons as badly as she needs lessons in how to move around in front of the camera without showing too many of her profiles!"

THIS little loving exchange between sisters-in-art would have remained a private conversation but for one thing. Alice Glaser, then the wife of Barney Glaser the scenarist, was a chum of both and, hearing of the incident, couldn't resist telling a newspaper man about it.

Incidentally, the leak of the anecdote into public print caused a quarrel that flowed and ebbed for several months, until it resulted in a redistribution of mutual esteem. Ina took her intimates to task, one by one, seeking to find out which had betrayed her to the press. Alice blamed Sylvia and Sylvia blamed Alice, and it went on that way, back and forth, for a long while, until finally Mrs. Glaser, just to show Sylvia where she got off, quit taking massage treatments from the midget viking.

To get back to Ina: She moved presently into a house in Beverly Hills and, about the same time, began to be rushed by Jack Gilbert.

Jack, one day, called Ina "boyish," meaning it as a compliment—meaning that a tomboy was to his taste. Right away, Ina began to worry a bit—because Jack's calling her a tomboy didn't prove anything except that he was maybe nearsighted. True, she had square shoulders and a husky, boyish voice, but at the time she was wearing a few curves that were about as masculine as a bustle. And sooner or later Jack was bound to watch her going up some stairs or something and wonder what on earth had ever made him think she resembled a boy. But a woman in love isn't stopped by anything so temporary as a fact. Ina had a heart-to-heart talk with Sylvia and said she didn't care how much it hurt, she wanted to be spanked loose from about ten pounds of accumulated femininity.

In a little while, Ina's campaign developed to a point where she decided for a show-down. And she selected a certain evening as the zero hour. On that evening there was to be a big masquerade ball given by Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere in the Beverly Hotel. And Ina decided to go as a boy.

For a week she conferred and argued with the costumer, until a costume, consisting of form-fitting pink velvet pants and a boyish blouse, was settled on. And Ina was still, after several weeks of violent massage, frankly feminine and hippy.

With tears in her eyes, she begged the boss to go to it, to double, to triple her fury—to do anything, just so Ina could go to that party with a silhouette of a boy.

Sylvia gave a characteristic answer: "Tell that costumer to make the size of pants you want to wear. Tell him he doesn't need to fit the pants to you. I'll fit you to the pants."

Well, in the next five days Sylvia delivered a flank attack that Ina won't forget in a hurry. Ina never whimpered. Ah, love! What sufferings we support in thy name! If some artist wants to substitute a modern idea for the old one of Cupid letting fly an arrow at Beauty's heart, let him draw a pint-size Norwegian straw-blonde letting fly a fist at beauty's mid-section.

Next week's installment will throw light, from Sylvia's angle, on the end of the Gilbert-Claire romance, and will tell how Carmel Myers once got herself misjudged to be "high-hat"—also, how the advent of the talkies worried Gloria Swanson into putting on weight.

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HOUSE on the

The Story of a Brownstone Secret

By

EDWARD L. MCKENNA

who teaches mathematics at the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania and writes a lot of fiction on the side. To gain experience he did newspaper reporting for a time and found it, he says, fine discipline.

Pictures by FRANK BENSING

(Reading time: 13 min. 15 sec.)

THERE is a street in Brooklyn which is never silent. The river is just at its foot, and the air at times has a thick green harbor smell; faint and muffled river sounds keep coming all night long.

Bleak and aloof the brownstone houses loom. They are old houses, all of them sixty, seventy, eighty years old and more. Their black windows leer at the passer-by. Romance is not out there in the river, they whisper. Mystery is not there, terror is not out there. If you look for secrets and for mysteries, seek here; seek within us.

Peer within us, come and live in our high, drafty rooms, and you will see strange things: doors that gape slowly open and close again; pictures with eyes that follow you as if they were alive. You will hear strange sounds: sounds that will tighten your heart, sounds that will rise above the echo of the foghorns and the bells. Perhaps it's only the wind, you'll say, and still you'll wonder.

Walk past these brownstone hulks, and now and then, upon a stoop or in a vestibule, you'll see a scrawl in chalk: "Spooks got this house." Well they might have them. Ask the tenants and they'll tell you some queer stories. This, in a way, is one of them.

Number 1162, like a good many houses in this street, is in bad repair. It's a huge house, and in its time it's been imposing. Now the halls are full of cobwebs; the paintwork's cracked and hanging; tiny flickering jets of gas at the landings have replaced the clusters of girandoles. The furnaces are old, the place is never warm enough. Gaunt, and meek, and pathetic as an old cab horse, this mansion of the '60s sags beneath its memories and its years.

Some sixteen months ago a young couple rented the third floor back. They were writers, as it happened, a boy and a girl. Call them Dolly and Joe.

They were married, married about three years, though Dolly was only twenty-two and Joe was twenty-five. They didn't believe in marriage, but they knew that their own was a special sort of case. They had ceased to be impressed by the precepts in the copy books, though for the most part they continued to practice them. They had substituted for the Bible a book called The Golden Bough, which they regarded with a reverence not completely rational. Neither of them believed that life or love is eternal. Neither of them believed in saving money. Neither of them believed in prohibition.

People don't think that writers starve to death any more. They do. These two were starving. They'd make a dollar here or a dollar there; lots of days, lots of weeks, they'd make almost nothing. The girl was a poet. Essentially, the man was a poet, too. That didn't stop them from writing advertising copy, or news stories, or fiction for half a cent or a cent a word, or filler, or any other sort of junk when they could.

They didn't think of themselves as artists—they thought of themselves as professionals; and that's a fine and wholesome way for people to think of themselves. A professional shrugs his shoulders and gets in there and shows his stuff. He isn't temperamental, or difficult, or arty. He does his best, and gets his money, and goes ahead to the new job.

Nobody would have picked these two out for writers. They looked normal; they weren't too obviously egotistical; they paid their bills; they remembered their own debts, and forgot about the few dollars they'd lent to their friends as one forgets any other casual and unimportant thing.

They were nice, and charming, and hotly in love with each other. Their life was a great joy to them, their marriage was still a great adventure. They could talk to each other for hours, even if they were cold and hungry. They were always talking about the possibility of new sweethearts, and how each must leave the other free. They could talk about such things till darkness became dawn, and it didn't seem the least bit funny to them.

So Dolly and Joe worked and loved and starved in a place that would compare unfavorably with any garret in Montparnasse. And when they'd make a few dollars they'd throw a party and invite their friends—people just as unimportant as themselves. They'd drink cheap liquor, Sullivan Street or Atlantic Avenue dago red, or gin; they'd eat sandwiches; they'd talk, and sing, and seek adventure.

Dolly, slightly or less slightly drunk, would sit on Joe's lap. They'd all be sitting on somebody's lap, sooner or later. All the couples weren't married, and, even if married, Ada Jones might or might not be sitting on George Jones' lap. But she would be if it pleased her, and after all what's fairer than that? Love's not primarily an obligation.

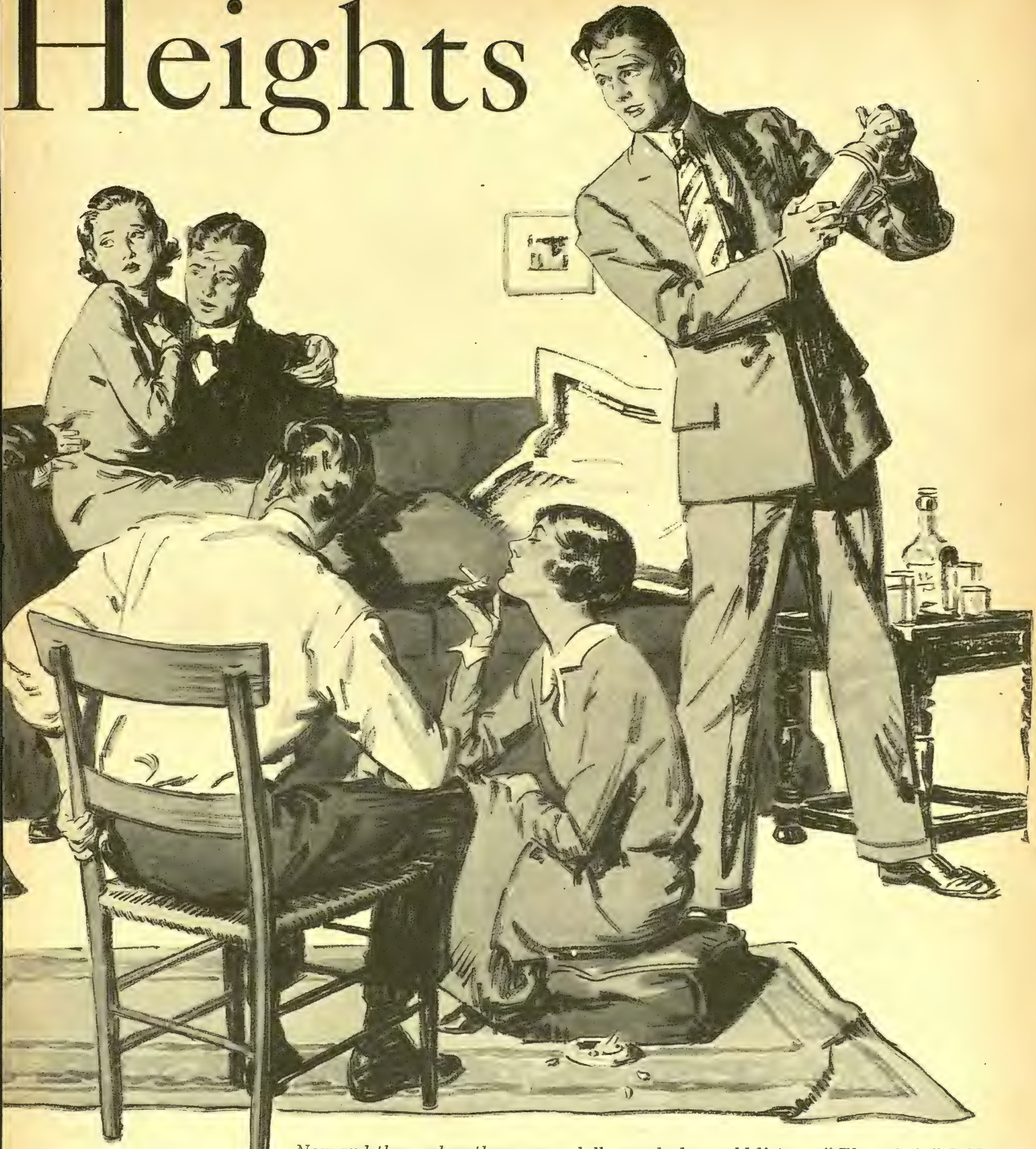
NOW and then, when there was a lull, somebody would listen. "There it is," he'd say. And they'd all listen. They'd hear different things. One would hear footsteps, and one wo
hear the rustle of a gown. Some of them laughed and said,
it was the wind in the big empty house, or a door bang

They'd sit and listen. Sometimes one of them would
"She's in here now." The hair would stiffen pleasantly at
backs of their necks. Now and then somebody would tipto
the door and throw it open suddenly, but they would see no

It was most noticeable at parties. They'd hear so m
strange sounds—feet at the door, feet on the stair, the ru
of an old-fashioned dress, silk or bombazine.

Dolly used to believe that she heard Her at other times.
was frightened when she was alone. But she wasn't often a
at night. And she reassured herself by thinking that She r
be a wistful, lonely sort of spirit, to go peering in at t

Heights



Now and then, when there was a lull, somebody would listen. “There it is,” he'd say. And they'd all listen.

n they had parties, wishing them well and eager to be them.

ne morning Dolly got a telegram: “Father very sick. ne at once. Mother,” it said.

here was just one little difficulty in Dolly's way. Her ple lived in Boston, and, so far as she knew, Joe had about ty-five dollars to his name in the world.

oe, however, produced forty-one dollars, and she made him one back, so he'd have enough for breakfast. It would be ., he said; he'd borrow ten from Jimmy Hines. So Dolly bed the next train for Boston.

“Write every day, Joe,” she said. “I'll be back as soon as I can.”

“Ah, don't kid me,” said Joe, and grinned and waved farewell to her. He was wearing a tan raincoat. That's how he happened to get the other six dollars.

He must have picked up a little cold that night. The next day he was feeling pretty low. But the postman came, bearing the good news that Two-Gun Stories would buy his recent opus concerning the exploits of a desperado at Agua Caliente for thirty dollars. Though it was raining, he went out and got

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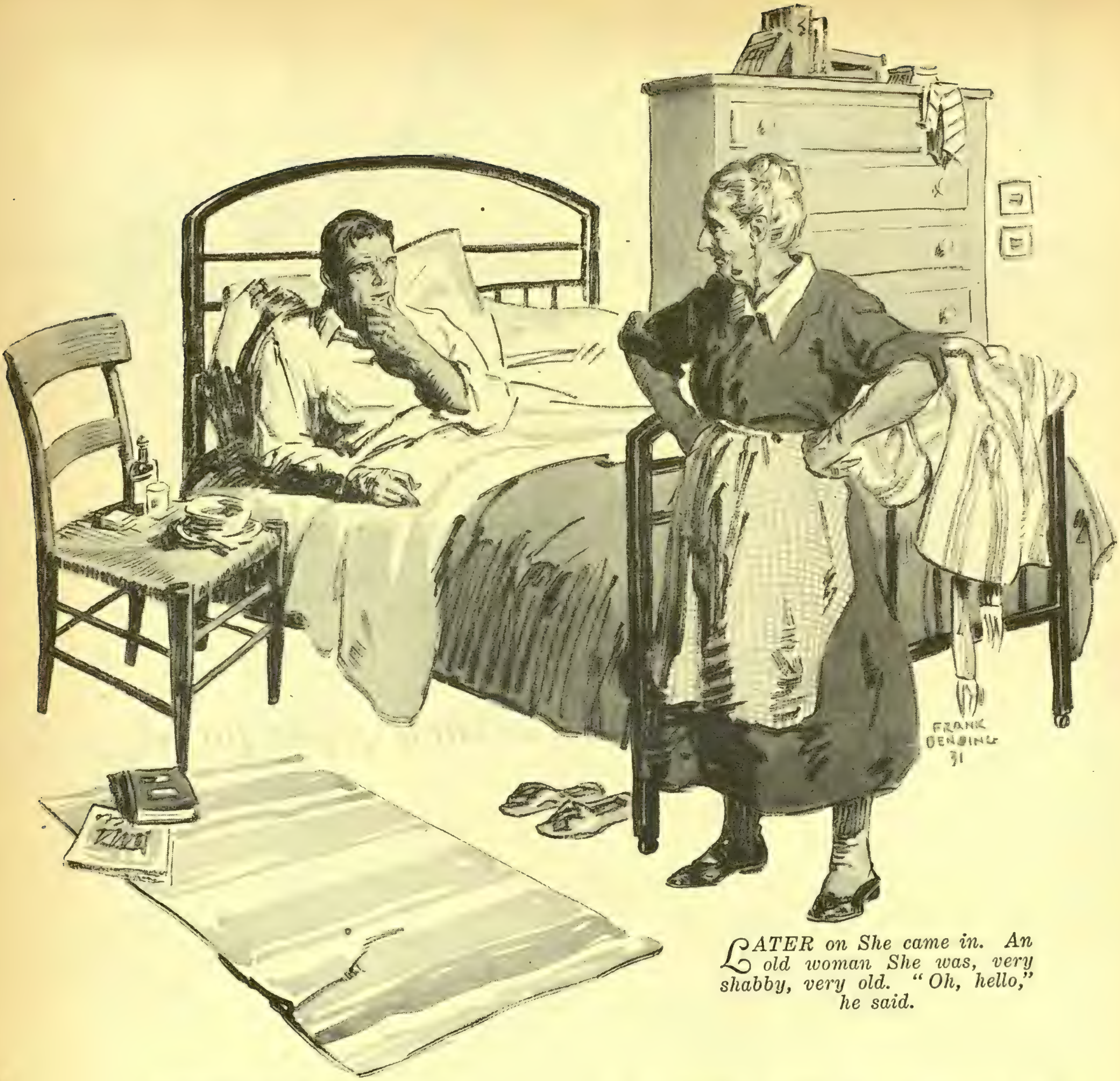

LATER on She came in. An old woman She was, very shabby, very old. "Oh, hello," he said.

[HOUSE ON THE HEIGHTS
Continued from page thirty-five]

the check cashed and bought a good breakfast. After this he strolled around and redeemed his overcoat, and stopped at a fruit store and ordered a gallon of gin. He was all restless and excited; selling a job always made him that way.

So he bought a pack of cigarettes, and drifted back to Number 1162, and pushed out his typewriter, and tried to work. Somehow, the first flush of success had departed; he was dull and listless. After a number of bad starts, he jerked the paper out of the machine for the last time. It occurred to him that he'd better let Dolly know about the thirty dollars, so he went out to a telephone booth and sent a good long telegram to Boston.

By that time he was quite sure about the cold; it was annoying him a good deal. He had an idea that he'd go to a movie and try to forget it. Sniffling and bored, he got up after two reels and walked out into Fulton Street; decided that he'd better get something to eat; ordered a meal and ate half of it; came home and went to bed.

About ten o'clock he woke up, feeling worse than ever. Thought he'd light the light, have a drink, and call it a day. Had the drink. Had another drink. Couldn't taste it. Decided to lie down for a while.

Later on She came in. An old woman She was, very shabby, very old.

"Oh, hello," he said. He was feeling a little dizzy. It didn't seem odd at all that the light was still lit, and that he was in bed, and She looking down at him.

She gave him a gap-toothed smile. "Hello, dearie," She said. "Sick, dearie?" She said. She laid her hand on his forehead; it felt very cold to Joe.

"Dear, dear," She said. "They always get sick, or else they go off with somebody. Dear, oh dear!"

ALL that night, it seemed to Joe, She was hovering around him, putting her hand on his head, muttering to him or talking to Herself.

Next morning he dragged himself out of bed, started to put on his clothes, and made up his mind that it wasn't worth the trouble. He was all alone—all alone in the house. He felt weak and miserable. All day long he coughed and dozed.

Then the light was lit again, and there She was, looking down at him.

"I came as soon as I could, dearie," She said. "I can't come in the day. You know that."

"Sure," said Joe. "Judas, I'm sick!"

"You lie quiet and Annie will take care of you. She's taken care of lots of boys. Lots of boys. Yes, indeed, she has."

By and by she was trying to give him a bowl of something, but he pushed it away.

"Now, dearie, you eat your soup, or Annie will be mad at you. She'll be mad at you, and go away, like that other one—the young one. What made her go away? She got another fellow, dearie?"

"No."

"No, sure she hasn't. Sure she hasn't. Who'd be leaving a nice young fellow like you? Here, come on, now; eat a little of this. Do you good, dearie."

He didn't remember afterward if he ate it or not, or what it tasted like.

All the next day he was very ill. That night She came again, for the last time.

He remembered asking her to give him a drink. "Drink. Here's a nice drink," She said.

"No. Drink of gin," said Joe.

"Oh. Gin. Have you got any gin, dearie?"

"Over in that closet," he said. "Got a gallon of it."

She gave him a drink of gin, and got a glass for Herself, and poured out a stiff one, and leered at him.

WHEN he woke up again, there She was, still sitting there with the glass in her hand, bobbing and smiling at him.

"You been listening to me?" She said.

"No."

"Yes, you have. Only teasing me, you are. You've been listening to me this good long while. Ever since you came I've been peeking in at you."

"Yes; I know that."

"Yes, dearie. It's nice to see young people having a good time. Indeed and it is. Having a good time, and loving each other. It's nice and fine. Plenty of it I did in my day."

"Yes?"

"You wouldn't believe it, but I used to live around here. I lived at the Columbia. At the Columbia. You'd never think it, would you?"

"Why don't you h— Why don't you stay there, then?"

"I do. I do, in the daytime. Mondays and Thursdays. Those are my days. Other places, too. The St. George. I used to go to the Pouch Galleries and the Rusurban."

"Why don't you go there any more?"

"Why, the Rusurban's torn down, dearie. Torn down. A lovely place it was, too. All the old places are going. The Hotel Lowry burnt up. Oh, it was a beautiful place, dearie. We used to go there after the races, my boy and me."

"Your son?"

"Son? I never had a son, dearie. I never had any children. I think—I think, maybe, it's wrong not to have any children, dearie. If you have a child it keeps you together. Of course, I never was married, dearie."

"No?"

"No. I came here, dearie, from—

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Once they hated milk

...now they fight for it

No wonder they're gaining weight and look wonderful

"THERE'S A YEAR between Paul and Betty, but I've brought them up like twins. They're fond of each other and always share their candy or toys.

"So it strikes me funny to see them being greedy about—*milk*, of all things! Once they wouldn't touch milk, they hated it so; now they fight for it.

"I'm delighted, because while they're tall for their ages they were underweight—and needed lots of milk. Now that I mix Cocomalt with it, they drink five or six glasses a day. This extra nourishment is doing them worlds of good. They're gaining weight and look wonderful."

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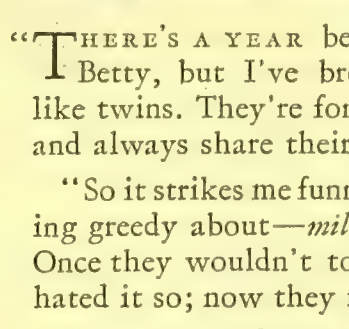

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HOUSE ON THE HEIGHTS
Continued from page thirty-seven

from out of town. I was trying to get in the show business, and I met a fellow— You know how it is, dearie. A big race-track man, he was. He was very nice to me; he was always saying he'd make me the toast of the town. He died. A big race-track man. He had all kinds of money. He kind of spoiled me. I was used to having everything nice, and when he died— Have another drink, dearie. Well, Annie'll have one, then."

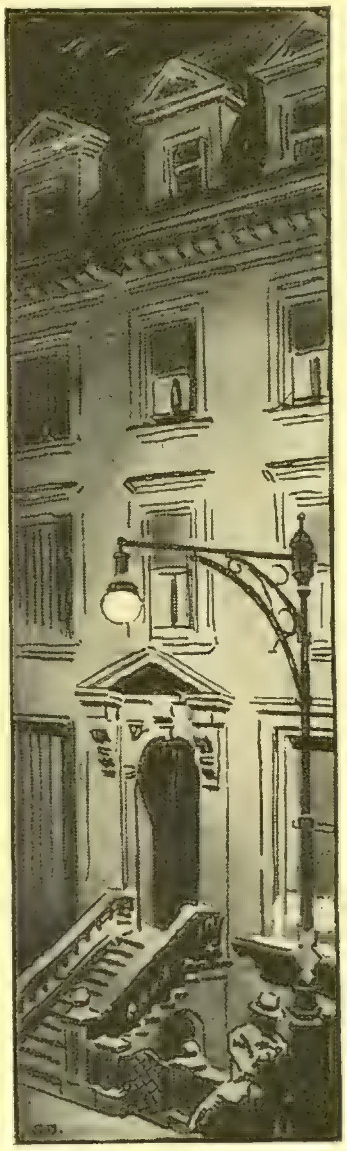
"Sure. Go ahead."

"Well. Then I had a bad time for a while, and then I got another boy. A sailor, he was. But he was such a fine boy, dearie. Then the fleet went around the world. You remember that? Nineteen seven, that was. Well, it did, and he went with it. He died out in Yokohama. That was the end of Annie, dearie."

"You died in 1907?"

"You might just as well say I did. I—I went from bad to worse. I—well— Well, what's the use? Let's have a drink. You feeling any better?"

"I don't feel so hot."



"YOU *are* hot, dearie. You try to get a little sleep. Wait, I'll sing you a song. I used to have a good voice. You try to go to sleep now. Annie'll sing you a song.

"Spirit so fair,
Heart ever faithful—"

In a cracked, harsh voice, She sang a song that Joe's mother used to sing to him, and he fell asleep.

Her hand on his forehead awakened him. "Dearie, you're awful hot," She said. "Annie's bad luck—bad luck—bad luck with the boys. They die, or they go away and leave her."

"I wish my wife were here."

"If I was your wife I'd never leave you, darling. There's nothing to this running around. You find that out."

She got up, staggering. "Honey, listen. I—I better get a doctor for you. Get a doctor. I don't want you to die, honey. All my boys died or left me. I won't let you die. I won't. Annie! Come on! Hup! Allez-hup! Dearie, you lie quiet. Annie'll get you a doctor. I don't feel so good myself, dearie. I—"

Joe heard her going down the stairs. He waited for the door to slam; he didn't hear it.

THE next thing he knew, a man was standing beside him, taking his pulse. At six o'clock the next evening Dolly was at his bedside. They'd had to take Joe to the Seney Hospital. He had pneumonia.

The doctor said he'd had this call telling him to come to No. 1162, that it was a matter of life and death. Then the party hung up. He'd driven right over, and there was the door wide open.

Joe got well, all right. He began to improve as soon as Dolly arrived. Still, the doctor said he'd been pretty sick that third night.

They've never seen anything of Her since, though they still hear Her sometimes, or think they do. Dolly would like very much to see Her, so she could get down on her knees and thank Her for taking care of Joe.

The day that Joe was taken to the hospital this item appeared in the Brooklyn Citizen:

DIES IN TELEPHONE BOOTH

Two nickels, her entire capital, clutched in her hand, Annie Robinson, a scrubwoman, was found dead early this morning in a telephone booth in Gray's Cigar Store, Fulton Street. Death was pronounced due to heart trouble, brought on by drink or overexertion. She was about sixty-five years of age, and was employed as a maid of all work at the Hotel Columbia.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—Giving milk.
2—Montana.
3—The hemispheres of the brain.
4—Furniture.
5—The neck.
6—William McKinley's.
7—Nineteen hundred and fourteen.
8—Bill of Rights.
9—Between the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra.
10—Old Curiosity Shop.
11—In Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C.
12—The curve which a body describes in space.
13—Hasty; superficial.
14—The quality of being inclined to laugh.
15—The florin.
16—The Mexican War.
17—A false report; a hoax.
18—Lake Erie.
19—When, in the course of human events.
20—The Ancient Mariner, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

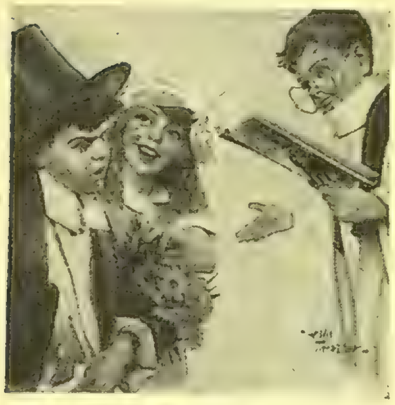
The Mock Wedding

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

MRS. SMITHERS had gone away for the week-end and her room looked as tidy as a scene in the movies after a robbery. Pink shirt straps hung out of bureau drawers, gloves trailed on the floor, a gray hat had rolled under her bed, and a shoe reposed in the washbasin.

"Your mother forgot her umbrella!" Tess yelled to Gwendolyn, who was banging on the dinner chimes. "Here it is on the radio and here's the box of candy she meant to take. Loveland Chocolates with a pink ribbon."

Gwen came into the sitting room with the speed of a shark headed for a bather's foot.



This week's cover picture.

"Loveland Chocolates?" she asked innocently. "Where?"

"There," said Tess, pointing with her thumb.

"Here, you mean," Gwen giggled, snatching the box and untying the pink ribbon. "I'm glad my mother did forget 'em. She's gettin' too fat. You and I can eat these up and help her reduce."

"Well, seein' the box is open," Tess said, "I guess I will eat a couple of hunks—an' I'd tidy up your mother's bedroom if I wuz you."

"If you wuz me," Gwen told her sweetly as she took three more chocolates and then hid the box under the couch, "you'd run outdoors to sun yourself!"

She ran out into the field behind the garage and sat down to eat her candies before the sun melted them. And just as she was wondering what to do next, Red Hancock and little Ulysses came running toward her.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" she asked, licking the last taste of chocolate from her lips. "It's a lovely day for most anything. A fire or a wedding or— Of course it's too hot for a fire, but we might have a wedding."

"They're having one at the Presbyterian church," Red said. "Miss Isabel Johnston's getting married."

"Yeah?" Gwen giggled, starting to pick daisies. "There'll be a sweller one at my house with all the best society. Come on; we got enough flowers. I'll be the bride; you can be the groom; and this here"—she poked U. in the ribs—"can be the minister to splice us."

"I'm not much on weddings," Red complained.

"You will be after this one," she giggled.

Tess heard their commotion in Mrs. Smithers' bedroom, but she didn't bother to go up. She knew the room couldn't look any worse than Mrs. S. had left it.

"Get into my father's shirt an' coat," Gwen was telling Red. "The bells are ringin' an' everybody's waitin' to see the scared groom. Here's a high hat, swell man."

"What'll I wear?" little U. asked. "What'll—"

"Towels an' junk," she told him. "Gee, I bet this is the first wedding where the bride had to dress everybody. Tess!" she yelled. "Sit in the sittin' room with the rest of the swell society. Here comes the bride!"

"Tum-tum-ti-tum!" the bride and the groom and the minister sang as they came downstairs.

Tess stood up respectfully when they entered.

"Now," Gwen whispered to the minister, "ask him if he wants to take me for better or worse or richer or—"

"Do you?" U. asked, staring through his specs.

"I'm not so hipped on it."

"Sure you're hipped on it," she giggled. "Ain'tcha goin' to wed me with your—with thy ring?"

"Where is it?" Red asked. "I didn't see a ring."

"I can't keep track of everything," she laughed. "Look in your pocket, and hurry up! A million bugs are walkin' off these daisies on to the blushin' bride!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Shaving Soap)

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

End the High Cost of Beverages

By Changing to

Hires Root Beer

An aristocratic beverage at a democratic price

THINK of it—this delicious beverage for only 1½c a bottle. What a saving compared to what you usually pay!

A wonderful flavor—refreshing, invigorating. Yet not costly. One of the very finest beverages, 9 out of 10 Doctors agree. Yet at a fraction of the usual price.

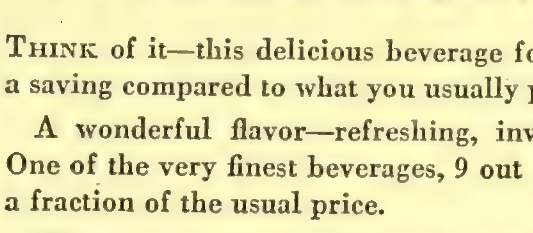
May we prove this by sending you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract, from which you can make 8 bottles of Hires Root Beer?

You and your family will love the distinctive, appealing flavor of Hires Root Beer, its refreshing, invigorating results.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and healthful ingredients. Absolutely pure—free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.



Hires Root Beer can also be obtained at soda fountains and from Hires Kegs. Also at stores and stands you can buy it already bottled.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY,
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Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract.
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Vox

There Is Something Wrong Here

St. Joseph, Mo.—You are most generous with your contests for readers. We've been getting the grapes long enough. How about a little readers' contest for editors to kind of square things up?

I am offering to editors throughout the east the prizes listed below for the best one-hundred-word letter on—well, anything, just so it isn't the economic depression. Contest opens August 1, 1931, and closes on Sundays and all legal holidays. Letters must be written in Esperanto with invisible ink, and properly scented. Contestants are permitted to write as many letters as they want provided they mail but one.

The judges, Pig Eye Pete, Slug Bayloni, and Ramsey Barrister will meet and select the winning letter as soon as their present terms expire. In case of a tie the decision of the surviving judge will be final.

Do not attempt to enter into correspondence concerning your letters. Make your entries to the point. Use simple words—very, very simple.

For best results each entry must be accompanied by at least one pint.

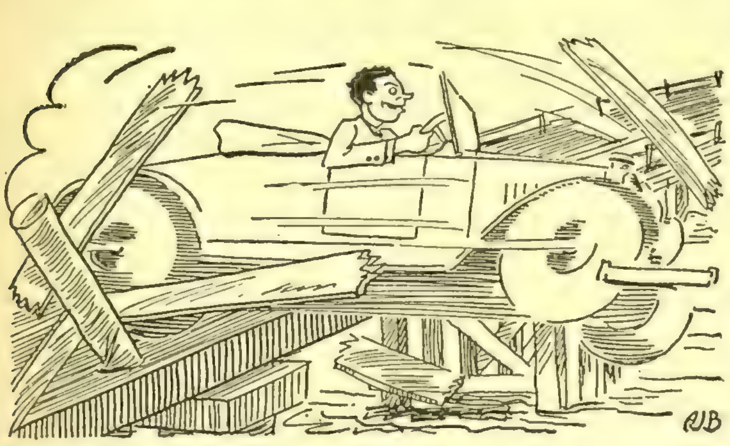
First Prize: Genuine antique bung starter.

Second Prize: Slightly used idea for a scenario plot.—*Ramsey Barrister.*

Bring Back That Car

Phoenix, Ariz.—Thought you were trying to increase your circulation, but after reading your June 6 issue have changed my opinion.

I got along fine till I read Robert Benchley's article, "The Five (or Maybe Six) Year Plan." By the time I got halfway through it I was *sick*. I was afraid I was going to die. But when I had finished it I was afraid I wouldn't. So I started looking around, trying to find a nice means of self-destruction.



I was at a loss until I read the concluding chapter of "Money Mad," by Rex Beach. He had solved my problem for me. So I went out and bought the most expensive car in Phoenix (a Ford, on the installment plan) and am about to step on the gas and drive off the Salt River bridge.—*Ed Fuller.*

The Q. and A. Department

Belmont, Calif.—Relative to prohibition, the matter is presented here—perhaps from a new angle—in the following questions, viz:

Is it not a fact that prohibitionists, by their advocacy of the continuation in force of a law which itself is a cause of lawbreaking and disease and crime in general, act in collusion with criminals, and aid in the encouragement of lawlessness?

Is it not a fact, also, that they are responsible for the diseases and deaths which follow the use of poisonous liquors?

Is it not a fact, also, that persons who advocate the continuance of prohibition, which is a grave menace morally, physically, financially, and otherwise detrimental to human life and existence, are disloyal to country and disregard all rights of humanity? Are they not lawbreakers by encouragement of crime and the development of disease, and the contributory harmful results of prohibition?

The answer is *yes*.—*S. M. S.*

Dust Off That Nickel

Louisville, Ky.—How do you get that way, charging five cents for your magazine, anyway? Sakes alive, man, what's ailing you?

Gosh, the short short story in your June 13 issue was alone worth one dollar, even in these times of depression, and your June 6 short short story had as many laughs as a fifty-cent movie.

You are not charging enough, my dear editor.

And I hereby solemnly promise you that even though you raise the price to ten, twenty-five, or fifty cents—yes, even a dollar—I will be ready on each and every Friday, as I have been for a long, long time, to chase over to my granddad's house, and borrow his copy and read it from cover to cover.—*Lane Timmons.*

Thank You, Harliss

Stephenville, Texas—Praise be to the man who wrote that editorial in Liberty for June 13: "Lost! The Nation's Most Precious Possession."

The fellow is a real thinker and investigator, and has the courage of his convictions. He summed up, in very few words, the whole trouble in this country. I think every good citizen that read the editorial should frame it.

I also want to express my appreciation of Liberty's using the words of Abraham Lincoln for a motto.—*Harliss H. Cox.*

Wise Crack for the Week

Galveston, Texas—Have you called to your manuscript editor's attention the Vox Pop letter from one Bill Burton, of St. "Jo," Missouri, wherein he claims he has no ideas?

Boy, oh, boy! Sign him up for a half dozen stories. There's one bet no editor should pass up, judging from the stuff that's printed.—*Eddie.*

Stop!

Hollywood, Calif.— You can't please everybody, I know, but believe it or not a small census among my friends shows that a lot are tired of your covers.

These covers belie the interior. Even "just another pretty girl" would be better.

Liberty is getting to be a dandy magazine in other respects.—*Mary Wallace.*

Go!

Minneapolis, Minn.—Why you waste space printing those letters by people who cannot appreciate Leslie Thrasher is more than I can understand.

Words fail me in praising Thrasher's work.

It is unique.—*George L. Andrew.*

All Right

St. Louis, Mo.—Allow me to congratulate you on running "A Ball, a Glove, and a Prayer."

It gave me a laugh because I know ball players and Author James Powers evidently does too. They sounded convincing, his characters did.

Let's have more sports stories in Liberty.—*Charles M. Petersen.*

Higher Mathematics

Santa Monica, Calif.—Out here we feel that we get our money's worth when we buy a Liberty, and, if you don't believe it, the other day I bought one at a local drug store and when I handed the dame at the counter a nickel to pay for it she rang up eighty-five cents on the cash register.

I thought she had made a bad mistake and called her attention to it, and she said she was thinking about how much it was worth instead of what it sold for.—*A. Booster.*

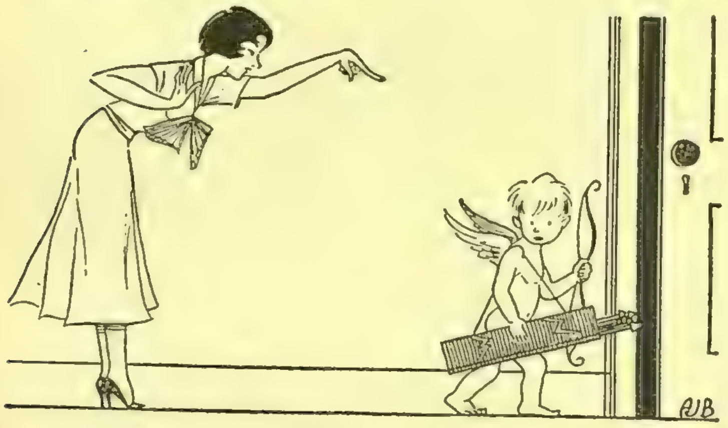
Pop

Advice to Authors

TUCSON, ARIZ. — Why not abolish some of the love interest in your stories as some of your readers have suggested? I am sure that the public cannot be very romantic-minded any more.

Authors play too much upon the emotions so far as sex is concerned. Usually only adolescents are interested in sex.

Others who read only stories which are spicily sexed are morons.



Again I ask, why have any love interest in stories? Nine times out of ten the author makes us think that both parties are having the after effects of a jag. There's the eternal triangle in practically every story of married life. Those who are happily married or believe themselves in love must feel disillusioned and depressed after reading some of your fiction.

Is it any wonder, then, that so many boys and girls regard marriage as a plague and something to be shunned? They see only the pictures painted by an author who has only skimmed over the surface of life and who is probably happily married and has a family.—*G. E. D., a member of the younger generation.*

We Don't Like It Either

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—Am sending in a story to suit the taste of Harry Kohler of Washington, D. C.

You'll remember that he's the bird who wrote in and told you to give him some cowboy stories in which women just don't enter into the scheme of things. I hope Harry likes it, even if no one else does.

I don't even like it myself.

It was nearing sundown, and the three cowboys galloped to their cabin at top speed across the prairie.

"I'll bet the cook has beans again for supper," grumbled Jake as he gave Pronto a vicious kick in the ribs.

But when they reached the cabin and entered the kitchen, not even a bean was to be seen.

"Oh, I forgot," spoke up Scotty. "You know there aren't to be any women in this story, so we'll have to get our own supper."

After messing around the kitchen for a half hour or so, an unappetizing meal was devoured by all, and then the topic of conversation turned to the evening's entertainment.

"Guess I'll go down to Yelpin' Gulch and get a date with some dame for tonight," said Jake.

"Dame! Did you say dame?" queried Scotty. "Didn't you hear me say there weren't to be any dames or any love-making in this story?"

"Tough luck," said Crusty. "I had planned on having a date tonight, too. But if there can't be any love, we might as well go to bed and give the story a chance to end."

So the three cowboys went to bed.—*Boxing Betty.*

Well, What of It?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—If all the highballs, rickeys, fizzes, plain "shots" or what'll you have, consumed in Liberty since its first number, were poured into pint flasks and the same placed in one long row, it would probably reach from Weehawken, N. J., to the state house steps in Harrisburg, Pa., provided there was an armed guard every ten feet to hold the line intact against amateur hijackers.—*Yon Yonsington.*

It Isn't

TAMPA, FLA.—If you will please print on only one side of the paper I could figure on the other side and come nearer to getting the full nickel value out of my five cents.

This is supposed to be funny.—*Joe Payne.*

We Can See an Argument Growing Out of This One

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—You are using your power of the press to attack the hypocrisy of some of our laws—and the ensuing dangers. But why not devote a little more of your space to the utter falseness of the laws which uphold the deplorable double standard?

Men are fighting against the injustice of alimony and breach of promise laws. They will exist as long as men do not have the stamina to get rid of them; or, more profoundly still, just as long as women submit to the laws, either written or unwritten, which uphold man's special privilege, the double standard.

For example (and *only* for example, since every human code deplores frankness, especially in women), I have a past. By that I mean that when I was much younger (and wiser or less wise—who is to judge?) I cared for a boy completely. In other words, I had a love affair, which, due to intervening circumstances, did not result in marriage.

About six years later I meet a man who seems congenial and compatible in every way. We marry. I do not tell him about my past, assuming that he himself is not without experience. We have two children. After five years of marriage he hears of my other affair, and is horrified—not entirely by the act itself, but by my deception, of course!

There is discussion of the dissolution of our marriage, for, of course, legally it may be annulled immediately and the children given to the father; a mother of "that sort" not being fit for the upbringing of the children.

A misfortune of this sort actually happened to a friend of mine, a girl married to a successful physician who fell madly in love with one of his patients—and used this situation to annul the marriage.

But, after all, as laws are for protection against the changing foibles of both males and females, perhaps they all need to remain as they are.

What do you think, ladies and gentlemen?—*A Reader.*

It's More Fun Guessing

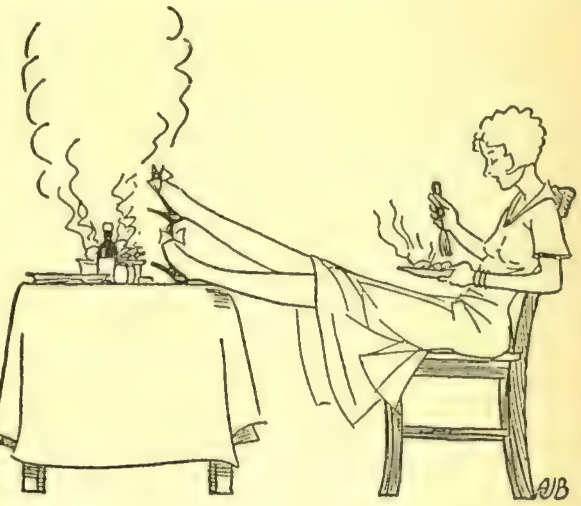
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Gentlemen, kindly let a poor young woman ask, via Vox Pop, what our good friend Alex. Kropotkin does with all her old hats.

And also inform your many inquisitive readers who the lucky photographer is that is kept in such steady employment. Please!—*L. N. N.*

Out of Control

CANTON, OHIO—For going on three years I have read your short shorts, and never a peep have you heard, as I considered them the best, as is.

In your Liberty for June 6 you had a short short called "Control." It was by Mona Gardner and was about a woman who found that a cobra had coiled around her ankle, when she and her guests were having dinner.



Now I am not saying a word about it, not one.

I just wanted to tell you that, up to date, I haven't been able to eat a meal with my feet under the table.—*Catherine Fuelling.*

Running the RUM Blockade

The Thrilling Adventures of the Real McCoy in Outwitting the Law on Land and Sea

By

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

Picture by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

(Reading time: 15 minutes 48 seconds.)

MR. VAN DE WATER tells this story as it was told to him by Bill McCoy himself—"the Real" McCoy, prince of rumrunners, opener of St. Pierre and Miquelon as a rum base, and actual founder of Rum Row. In the opening installment, which appeared in Liberty for June 27, McCoy explained how he happened to get into the rumrunning game in the summer of 1920. He told how he fell in love with and later purchased his famous schooner, the Arethusa, and dodged revenue cutters and Treasury agents until, warned not to enter Halifax harbor, he decided to try the bleak French island of St. Pierre.

PART TWO—EASY RUM, EASY GO

IN the relaxation and quiet of St. Pierre I built a plan for the future. It was simple and, it seemed, air-tight. I would buy another schooner and, transshipping the Arethusa's cargo, send it back to American waters on her. When this was sold I would have a total of $60,000.

I would take the Arethusa to Scotland and buy Black & White, which sold at $60 a case off New York. I would come out of the deal with $360,000, enough for anyone to retire on. Then away for the South Seas and years of cruising on my Arethusa.

Weatherly was in North Sydney, Nova Scotia. Two men to whom I had sold liquor off Newport joined him there and wired me to come over and negotiate for part of the Arethusa's cargo. I prepared to leave on the old packet Propatria.

I was about to go over the Arethusa's side when something made me call to Captain Gott.

"Captain," I told him, "don't you open a hatch while I'm away, and don't you leave this harbor till I'm here on deck again." This little instinctive precaution saved my ship and cargo for me. While I was away, Gott received a cablegram, signed with my name, ordering him to sail to a designated point at sea. If he had obeyed that fake order, the Arethusa undoubtedly would have been pirated.

I met my would-be customers in North Sydney. Both were professional gamblers and one of them had an artificial hand. They were genial, but somehow I couldn't close a sale with them; so I dropped negotiations temporarily and went out and bought another schooner, a big black one, a cross between a cargo carrier and a Gloucesterman—the J. B. Young.

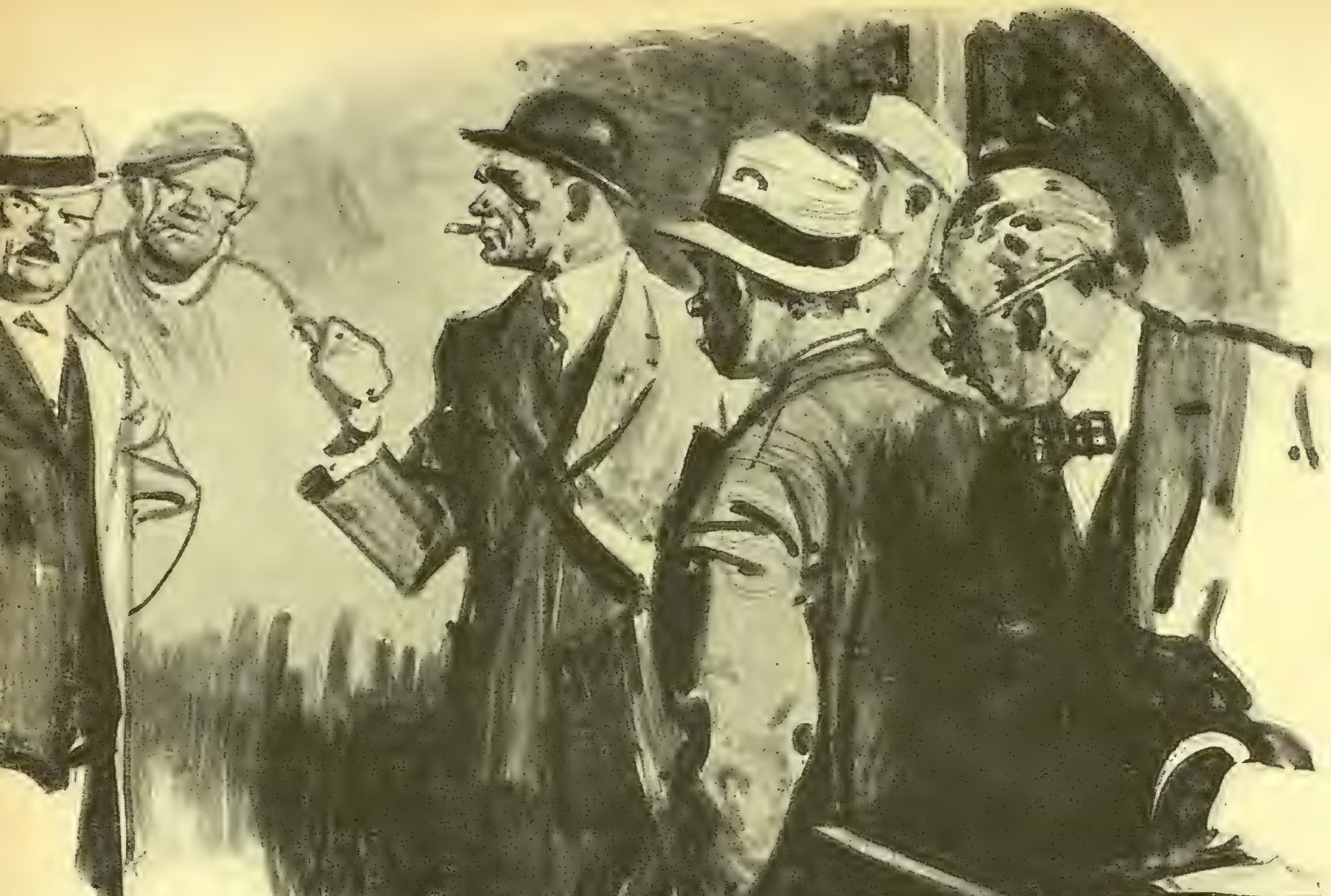
I kept my name entirely out of this purchase, buying her through a dummy and having him give a first mortgage on her to my attorney. It proved to have been a wise precaution.

Weatherly and the two gamblers decided to go back to St. Pierre with me. We waited until the J. B. Young had cleared for the French islands. I shipped a crew on the J. B. Young and made a seaman named Olsen her master. Then both the Arethusa and the J. B. Young ran three miles out to sea, so as not to offend St. Pierre law, and we transshipped the Arethusa's cargo to my new schooner.

I ordered Olsen to take the Young to my old station off No Man's Land and wait for me there. Gott was to outfit the Arethusa at St. Pierre for the voyage to Scotland and wait for me while Weatherly and I made a quick run to the States.

The first thing Olsen did was to run the Young too close to No Man's Land by daylight. The cutter Acushnet chased him away.

Meanwhile, in New Bedford, I sold the Young's cargo, both the Georgian's and the Italians' share. The buyer, bearing a note to Olsen from me, and protected by a detective agency operative, sent his boats to No Man's Land to get the cargo. The Young was not there. He returned to New Bedford, came into the room where



THE gang closed in on Pete. I shoved my way through. "Easy," I told them. "I know this baby. He's a friend of mine."

McCoy's ship, the J. B. Young, as she looked at anchor off Nassau in the summer of 1922.

Weatherly and I were sitting, and exploded like a bomb. He waved a blue .38-caliber revolver in all directions—I don't believe he had ever handled a firearm of any description before—and announced some forty times in one minute that he was going to get his whisky or our lifeblood.

Presently he ran out of wind and words, slammed a chair against the door, and sat down facing us. I talked and calmed him down. He put his gun away, but in the breast pocket of his jacket, butt down, so that the muzzle stuck up like a fountain-pen cap and threatened at any moment to blow his own nose off. One of the Italians came up the next morning and smoothed matters over.

WE searched for the J. B. Young off No Man's Land and could not find her. After two days we returned to New Bedford. The agency man called up the Italians in New York, and I was in the room at the time. The replies that someone was making to the detective's report seemed to me suspiciously loud and clear for a New York call. I clapped my hand over the mouthpiece and told the detective the wire was tapped.

Five minutes later we had left the hotel. The agency man went back to New York and Weatherly and I hired a car to take us to Boston. Olsen got word to me there that the Young was waiting for me off Cape Ann. I hurried to Gloucester, chartered a schooner, and went out to her. I ordered the Swede to go down the coast and wait for me twenty miles off Long Branch. I had begun to wonder whether this tail end of the Arethusa's first cargo was jinxed.

We went to New York. I wanted to get that hellish liquor off my hands and start my trip to Scotland. The Italians had sold their part of the load and chartered a former steam yacht, now masquerading as a tug, the John Gulley, to land it.

We went to sea one bright October morning, and soon picked up my schooner jogging about at her appointed station. The Swede had obeyed orders, for once. I thought perhaps the jinx had broken. I suggested to the Gulley's captain that if he would pick up a tow it would serve as a good disguise for us when we returned, liquor laden, to New York. He agreed, and hailed a four-masted barkentine deep with lumber. The skipper of the barkentine didn't believe any tug master in his right mind would haul a heavy ship from off Long Branch

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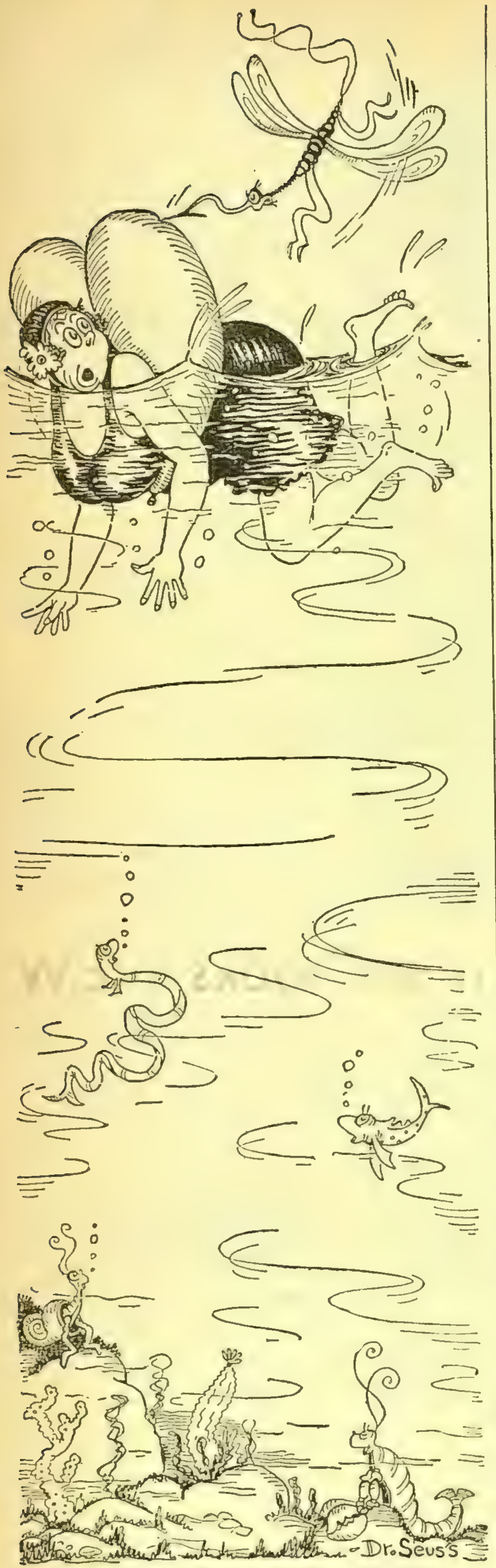


"Quick, Henry! The Flit!"

Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Get Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c, 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

RUNNING THE RUM BLOCKADE
Continued from page forty-three

to the Statue of Liberty for the price we suggested, but finally he agreed.

Our captain told him he would be right along, as soon as he had given water to "that little fishing schooner on the horizon." We steamed over to the J. B. Young and transferred the 600 cases. We ran back, picked up the barkentine, and towed her into the harbor right under the nose of a revenue cutter. After dropping her we proceeded to the dock at Tarr's shipyard and stored the liquor in a small warehouse.

I went back to the rooms Weatherly and I had on upper Broadway. Weatherly was drunk. He had been that way every day for a week now. He was killing a quart of whisky each evening. His nerve had run out. That night I was jumpy, and along toward midnight I went out and bought an early edition of a morning paper. On the first page was a story about the seizure of the Gulley. We had left a case or so for her crew. One of them had got drunk and talked to the police.

I was reading when one of the Italians who owned the whisky came in. We hailed a taxi and broke the speed law from West 118th Street to the home in Brooklyn of our friend Fred the boatman. He listened to our story and rushed for his boat, while the Italian and I headed for Tarr's shipyard. At the gates, the watchman told us no one had been there. We entered, ordering him to lock the doors and open for no one without a search warrant.

The liquor was where we'd left it. Fred came roaring up to the end of the pier in his boat. We and his gang worked like firemen in a burning building breaking out those cases, got them all aboard his craft, and jumped in after them. A half hour after we left, my old shadows McAdam and Lynch were searching the warehouse and swearing.

WE landed the liquor before daylight at another shipyard where Fred was certain it would be safe. We were dead tired and I went to a hotel and knocked off for a few hours. When I woke, Fred had his boat ready and we ran out to sea to find the Young. She had disappeared.

Olsen, whom I had trusted, had sold the liquor remaining aboard my schooner, taken the money, and blown, leaving a dumb French crew in charge. They had sailed the Young into New York harbor and told their troubles to the first prohibition agent who came aboard.

My schooner was held and I was indicted all over again. Indictments can't bother you if the government doesn't catch you. I hopped a train for Montreal. All my plans were shot to pieces. The trip to Scotland was out of the question. From Montreal I wired Gott to sail the Arethusa back to Nassau, and took a steamer to Nassau. The Italians had hired a lawyer for me. He soon got the J. B. Young out of the federal clutches.

Nassau, in the fall of 1921, suffered a variety of the stampede that always follows a gold strike, the opening of new diamond mines, or the discovery of a fresh oil field. The big-money clan rushed in upon her. Big shots of the underworld, with their escorts of gunmen and racketeers, left their haunts in Manhattan and Brooklyn and moved to the Bahamas. Big Eddie, Big Harry, Squinty and Lefty, and the rest of them poured in with their retinues of gorillas. The faces that passed your shoulder in ten minutes on Bay Street would have given a New York cop nightmares for a week.

THE rum mob were sensitive about inquiry of any kind. It was into this hard, suspicious, quick acting crowd that Pete, treasury agent, thrust himself. He came to Nassau, disguised, with express orders from Washington to trail me, stay after me, and at the first opportunity arrest me and bring me back.

I was in the lobby of the Lucerne and Pete was hanging about in the offing when one of the crowd of crooks recognized him.

"Gang," she squealed, "I know this guy. He's a government dick. A spy!"

The gang closed in on Pete, shooting questions through clenched teeth. Pete is a good actor, but he was in a tough spot and he knew it. I liked the way he kept his head up and his voice level though his face was white. I shoved my way through the crowd about him.

"Easy," I told them. "Easy. I know this baby. He's a friend of mine."

Big Eddie said: "Bill, you're sure he's straight? If he's a copper, he doesn't get off this island till after he's embalmed."

"Copper hell!" I snorted. "Why, he's a customer of mine."

I marched Pete out of the Lucerne with the mob still growling behind him, shoved him into a hack, and took him to my rooms. There he came clean, showed me his credentials, and told me why he had come to Nassau.

"I'm going back without you," he told me. "I couldn't take you now."

He had guts. He made me laugh.

"You bet you're going back," I told him. "If you stay any longer, I can't keep those hyenas off you. They know who you are."

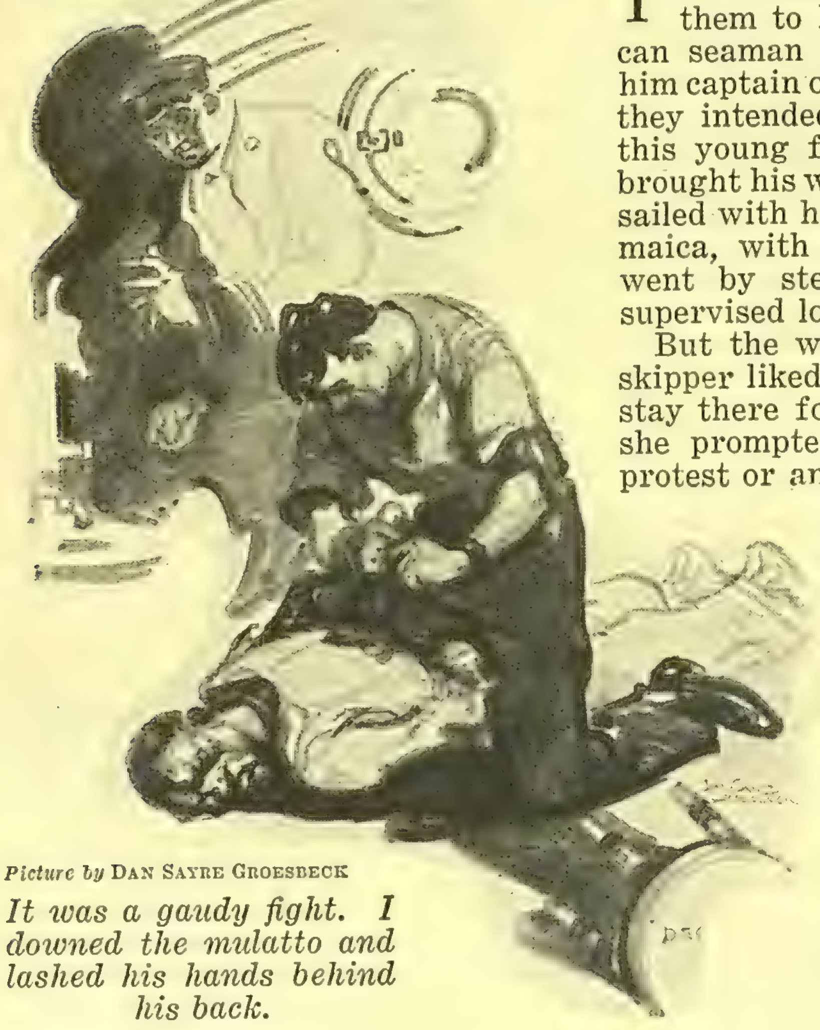
He stayed in my rooms that night. I put him aboard the Munson liner in the morning.

Pete's trip to Nassau had proved that the government wanted me badly. I decided that thereafter I would remain in Nassau and become a shipper instead of a runner. I would attend to the assembling of cargoes and the chartering of my schooners, sending these north by steady, reliable captains whom I could trust. While I was still planning, trouble began again.

When I bought the Marshall and the Arethusa, I placed them both in the name of an Englishman living in

Nassau, paying him $3,000 to act as dummy owner.

Now I shipped a new mate for the Arethusa, an Englishman, hired a fresh crew, and sent her north under a $20,000 charter from a Nassau liquor firm. Meanwhile, my lawyer in New York had got the J. B. Young released and she returned to Nassau. I made Arey her captain. He had shipped as cook on the Arethusa, but he was a seaman and a navigator and, I believe, loyal. I organized the British Transportation and Trading Company, with dummy directors and officers and Bill McCoy as actual owner.


Picture by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

It was a gaudy fight. I downed the mulatto and lashed his hands behind his back.

Schooners, I knew, were cheap in Nova Scotia. I could buy one there for as little as $5,000. But I was too busy to make the trip myself. I gave Arey $1,000 for expenses and sent him. He got as far as Miami and returned by the boat he had taken over. His thousand was gone. He said someone had picked his pocket.

ON the heels of this I received word that Captain Gott had been stricken with heart disease on Rum Row and had been taken into New York, where he had died. The English mate took his place and eventually brought the Arethusa back to Nassau with her cargo sold and receipts correct.

Meanwhile, the yacht of a Canadian asbestos magnate touched at Nassau. One of her officers, a young, finely built sailor, sought me out and asked me for a job. He was square-shouldered and level-eyed. I sent him to Nova Scotia on the mission Arey hadn't accomplished. He bought the M. M. Gardner, a fine big schooner, and shortly thereafter sailed her into Nassau. The British Transportation and Trading Company had a $33,000 charter ready for him. He loaded and went north the day after he had arrived, sold the cargo, and was back in harbor in three weeks.

Meanwhile, my English mate—Hall by name—had brought the Arethusa back to Nassau. She was in need of overhauling, and I made him captain and sent him on her to Cuba with instructions to dry-dock and refit at Cienfuegos.

THE Italians brought down with them to Nassau a young American seaman and urged me to make him captain of the J. B. Young. Since they intended to charter her I gave this young fellow the job. He had brought his wife along with him. She sailed with him on the Young for Jamaica, with Arey still as mate. I went by steamer to Kingston and supervised loading her cargo.

But the wife of the Young's new skipper liked Jamaica and wanted to stay there for a while. Accordingly she prompted her husband, by one protest or another, to delay her sailing a full week while they motored about the island.

The Gardner, under the former British naval officer, was on the Row. When she and the Young returned I would have $85,000, and I would put half of this into rye, which at Rum Row prices would bring me back $120,000.

The first rift in this lute was caused by a cablegram from Cienfuegos. The skipper of the Arethusa had found she was six inches too deep to get into the dry dock. He never thought of removing the 125 tons of pig-iron ballast in her hold that would have let her into the slip with a couple of feet to spare. He dumb-headedly returned to Nassau. I said a lot of things to him, including nothing very complimentary, and then sent him and the schooner on to Jamaica, where the Italians had another cargo waiting.

Thereafter I suffered everything that Job had, except boils. Before I followed the Arethusa to Kingston by steamer, I got a cable from New York. My schooner, the M. M. Gardner, had been seized and towed in. At Kingston I had news that the J. B. Young had been run down by a liner on the Row, and had been so badly damaged that she was going to St. Pierre for repairs. This threw me against the ropes, but it completely floored the Italians. They refused to charter the Arethusa and went hurrying north to look out for the shipment on the Young.

While she was refitting at St. Pierre, her captain and his wife went to North Sydney "to get charts," and never came back. Arey eventually

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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RUNNING THE RUM BLOCKADE
Continued from page forty-five

brought the schooner back to the Row and got rid of her cargo. She had sailed in July. She returned to Nassau December 1.

I got the Gardner back eventually, but it cost me $22,000 in lawyers' fees to free her.

One afternoon when the Arethusa was on Rum Row with her British skipper, Hall, and me aboard, a dory rowed toward us from a ship anchored farther down the line, and a Bahaman mulatto boarded my schooner. I knew him. His reputation was bad even in tolerant Nassau. He explained that his craft, whisky laden, had run short of water. He wondered if I could let him have a little.

He went into my cabin and there I made certain of what I had suspected on deck. The man was a Chink runner, a smuggler of Chinese into the United States. He reeked with the pungent, unmistakable odor of Chinks.

It was a gaudy fight while it lasted, but it didn't endure long. While my skipper looked on in growing horror, I downed the mulatto and lashed his hands behind his back. Then I locked him in a closet.

"Do?" I answered my bewildered captain. "I'm going to see if I can swap a Chink runner for a couple of indictments."

BY the first bootlegger who reached the Arethusa that evening I sent a wire ashore to Colonel Hayward, federal attorney, telling him whom I had caught and offering to turn my captive over to the authorities.

The bootlegger insisted afterward that he sent the wire. I have never learned whether Hayward received it. By next morning the whole affair was out of my hands. During the night, while business was briskest on the Arethusa, Hall sneaked down into my cabin and released the prisoner. He slipped into a bootlegger's craft and vanished.

When I discovered that my captive had been released, I fired my captain on his own quarter-deck. He said it was contrary to Board of Trade regulations and had never been done on a British ship and never would be, but I did it.

The end of the summer in which I had hoped to make my fortune found me with two of my schooners seized, a third in St. Pierre for repairs, and the fourth and last, the Arethusa, waiting empty in Nassau, with the hurricane season coming on and her owner almost broke.

I determined that from now on I would sail my own schooner. The only way to be a successful rumrunner was actually to run your own rum.

THE Arethusa had a capacity of 5,000 cases, but my bank roll would purchase only one-fifth of that. I bought 1,000 cases of Murphy's rye, and with Captain Crosby as skipper we took her out of Nassau that October and went north through the Gulf Stream. I had no consignee waiting for my cargo. I had to depend on shoppers along Rum Row for my trade.

The Arethusa went like a gull, and in eight days we had taken our place in the Row off Fire Island lightship. Occasionally a cutter would wallow down the line, sniffing suspiciously at our heels, but supervision in 1922 was only nominal.

Most of the craft on the Row rode at anchor. I rarely did. The Arethusa sailed so sweetly that I found it better to job back and forth under foresail and jumbo, logging not more than two or three knots. The motion was easier, both for us and for the craft that came alongside to buy, when my ship was under way. And besides, in case of pirates or kindred danger, we wasted no time sweating over an anchor. We clapped on more canvas and slid away.

In the next installment, which will appear in an early issue, "the Real" McCoy tells of raids and rescues, of running the laden Arethusa through a terrible storm at sea, and of the grim, hushed midnight traffic of Rum Row.

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A Beggar Disposes

A Short Short Story

By

LUCY SALAMANCA

who was born in England, but is a citizen of the United States. She has done newspaper reporting, has written fiction for American and British magazines, and spent several years in remote sections of South America gathering material for stories.

(Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.)

AS Chincha crawled up the stone steps to his corner under the entrance arch of the Banco Comerciál, there was nothing to indicate that this day would be different from any other day. The sun cut aslant the Calle Real as usual. A bootblack was busy at the base of the steps. The ring of hammer on stone told him the workmen were still busy on the roof of the bank. Señors in black suits and soft fedoras passed leisurely up and down the stone steps, twirling their canes.

Chincha thrust out his gaunt legs, taking care to expose their hideous sores. He was an evil old man. But with youth had gone the strength to do; now he could only conjure up little crimes. With Fidél it was different. Fidél was still agile enough to pick up extra pesos when there was a bit of delicate business to be turned.

Chincha gazed upward, blinking his bleary eyes to make out the favored Fidél, clinging to the stones of the cornice like a *pulga* on the neck of a cat. . . .

Juan de la Paz strode fiercely down Calle Quinta, engrossed in bitter reflections. He had returned from the Casanares Desert only the day before. Two years since he had been in Bogotá. He had driven back into civilization the finest herd of wild cattle that had ever come through. Anyone who knows the Casanares knows that only a heart and body of steel could have accomplished this, what with the plants and fevers, the reptiles and poisoned waters. And the cows—more terrible than any bull of the arena, when maddened. But Juan had let nothing stand in his way. Not Cevero, left dying slumped against a cactus, his tongue hanging black and swollen between split lips; not Arturo, stricken down with a blow when he had spoken too greedily of division of the herd.

Only in his memory of Estrellita Juan had been soft as other men. Clinging, starry-eyed, the night he had left her, two years ago, entreating his early return. Well, yesterday he had come back. He found her married.

The man was Alvaro Goyeneche, who had come out of Santander. He was rich; richer than a cattleman. He was, in fact, the president of the soundest bank in the capital. Juan was on his way to kill Alvaro.

Juan turned the corner into the Calle Real, ascended the steps of the Banco Comerciál.

“ *Caridád! Por Dios, caridád!* ”

THE beggar put out his wasted hand, staying him. At the same moment the foot of Fidél slipped, high above the doorway, releasing crumbled bits of mortar that showered down upon the shoulders of Juan. The man was in no mood to tolerate affronts. He shook his fist venomously at the offender.

Chincha groveled in his corner. “ Thanks be to the blessed saints,” he mumbled, “ that it was no more than mortar. One of those stones would snuff out life like a candle's flame.”

There was that in the remark that arrested the attention of Juan. “And you, gutter dog,” he suggested, “ you would not be averse to earning a piece or two of gold? ”

Chincha's watery eyes rolled ecstatically in his head. His shriveled mouth drooled. He ground his parched palms together, gazing up ingratiatingly.

“ As a jolly padre is averse to a fat capon. *Su merced* ” —he leered amicably, sidling up to Juan de la Paz. “ *Su merced* would talk—more privately? ”

“ And into what stinking hole do you crawl at night? ”

“ Número Dos, Calle de los Ladrones.” The beggar's eyes glittered with avarice. “ *Bién.* At eight, then.”

At the Street of the Robbers, at eight that evening, an admirably simple plan was decided upon. At the hour of the bank's closing next day, Fidél, on the roof, was to await Chincha's signal below. With a loud cry of “ *Piedád!* ” Chincha would beat his breast, staying the departing Goyeneche with his request for alms. He must see to it that the man stood on the top step and that he himself was well under the arch. At the given moment Fidél was to slip clumsily on the roof. A great stone would crash heavily to earth. That was all.

As Juan de la Paz measured out the gold pieces, he bent upon the men an evil, threatening glance.

“ If it be not well earned,” he warned them, “ look to your filthy hides.”

When their caller had left, Fidél spoke for the first time.

“ Think you the señor remembered? Tomorrow is the fifteenth of May. The closing hour is twelve noon.”

CHINCHA reflected for a moment. “ No matter,” he concluded. “ What has time to do with our little business? The quicker the better, if I read our man aright.”

“ *Está bién,*” agreed Fidél heartily. “ It is as well to get these things over with before vespers.”

But Juan de la Paz gave no thought to tomorrow's date. He had not slept after leaving his accomplices. The thought persisted that Chincha might mistake his man—let Goyeneche escape him. The uncertainty tortured him. He determined to seek out the beggar for last instructions, to indicate the man if necessary. Juan snatched up his hat and hastened to the Banco Comerciál.

A group of men stood chatting at the door of the bank.

“ *Oye,* Goyeneche! ” sang out another, coming up and slapping one of the group cheerily on the back.

The beggar in his corner screwed up his watery eyes, turning his head as he heard the man's name. So that was Goyeneche, then. That was the man. . . . He must think quickly now.

Another man was hurrying up the steps toward him. Chincha waited until Juan de la Paz had reached the upper step, just beside him.

“ *Piedád!* ” he shrieked, beating his breast. “ *Piedád!* ”

There was a grind, a roar, a rush, a terrible thud. The thing was timed with exquisite precision. Juan de la Paz lay crushed and lifeless. Yes, Juan de la Paz, caught in the trap he had planned for another.

For one does not butcher a cow that gives cream. Nor a man whose centavos can be counted on. *Diéz* centavos daily, rain or shine, this man whose name the beggar had just learned had flung at him.

On the other hand, is a beggar in his right mind to return gold pieces his fingers have once closed on? Chincha had a head on his shoulders.

THE END

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HORIZONTAL

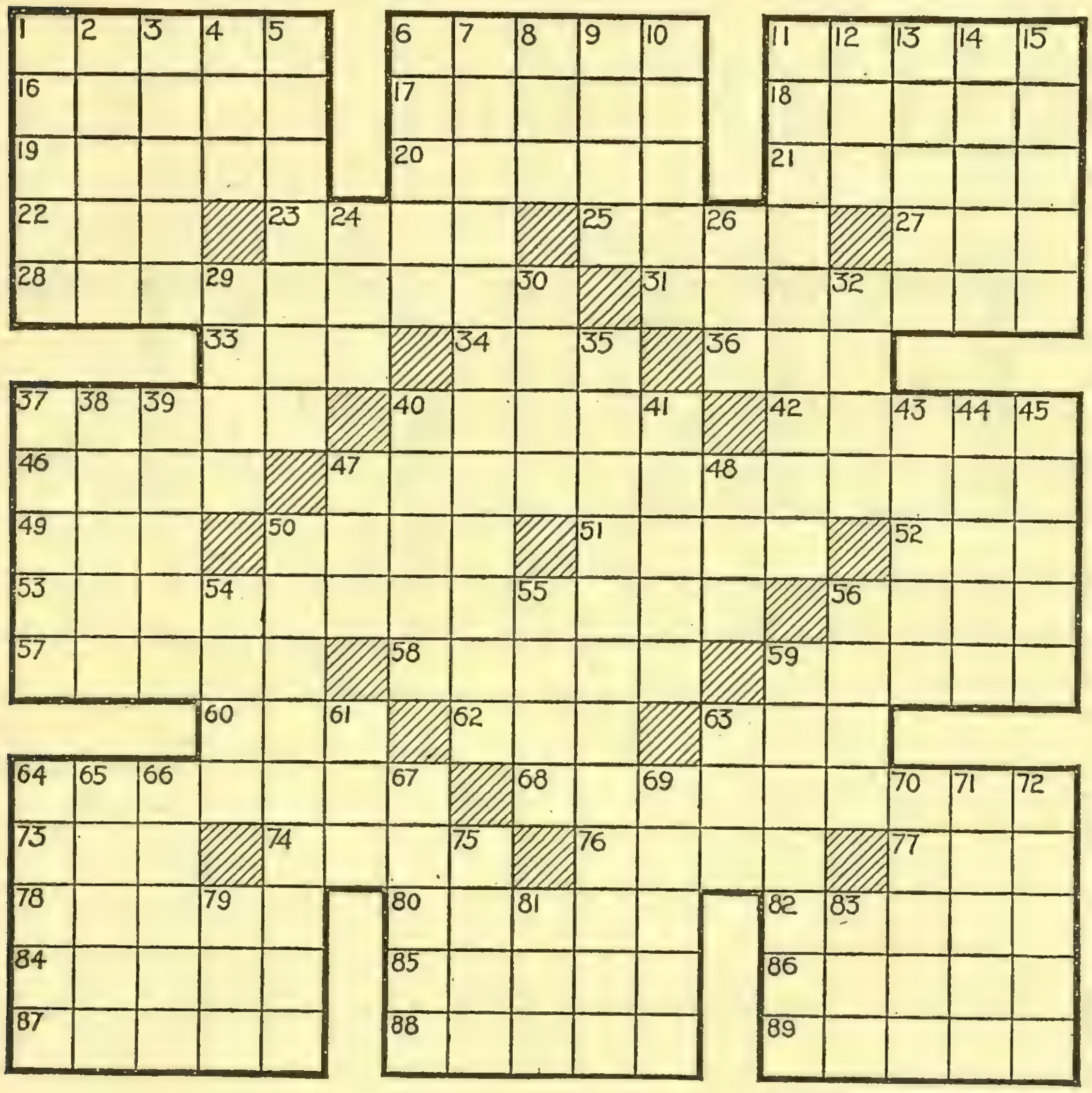
1 Primitive
8 Struggled with or opposed manfully
16 Tenants
17 Sulphur
18 To recite in singing tones
19 Carries away with vehement emotion
20 Searches for
21 Sharp, sudden sound or report
22 A steeple
23 Monster of fairy tales and folklore
24 One of the arms of a propeller
26 Prophet
27 Brief sleep
28 Low prolonged sounds of grief
29 Section of a circle
31 Collection of objects which naturally go together
32 The elder son of Isaac and Rebekah
34 An equine
35 Mass of metal cast into some convenient shape
37 Japanese measure of area
38 A gum
40 Uttered defamatory reports
43 Title of respect among Spaniards
45 Craft
46 Drugged (slang)
49 Cardinal number
52 Supplied with slabs of baked clay
54 Syllable indicative of hesitation
56 A kind of theatrical performance
57 Merry
59 Cubes
60 Cluster of fibers in wool staple
62 Allow
63 Screams
64 Man's nickname
65 A semiprecious stone
67 Renders turbid by stirring
68 Feminine personal name
69 Part of a wheel (plural)
71 Hollow-horned ruminants
72 A measure of weight
73 Unavoidably
75 Part of the mouth
76 Regards with reverential respect
77 An adviser and instructor
78 Valued highly
79 Rearers

VERTICAL

1 A captive
2 Deserters
3 Comes between
4 Tend a fire
5 A cardinal number (plural)
6 Anger
7 Province of the Dominion of Canada (initials)
8 A pair
9 Skating inclosure
10 Type measure (pl.)
11 Vipers
12 Ceases
13 Members of an English political party
14 Entrance (plural)
15 Abandoned
17 Small nails
19 To change into another form
21 A species
24 Large snake
25 Impelled
29 Furthermore
30 French landscape painter
33 Digger
35 Honesty
36 Warm
39 New; unusual
41 A measure of area
42 Ponder
44 Riotous festivity
47 Embellisher
48 Indicative
50 Hard-shelled dry fruit
51 Fastening devices
53 Arguers
55 Complains
58 Word of assent
61 Progenitor
63 Embers
66 An embankment
67 Clothed
68 Sound and effective
70 A parent
71 Portal
72 Stem of a palm of the genus Calamus
74 Round flat cap
75 American poet and novelist
77 Title of respect (abbreviation)

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

for Agile Minds



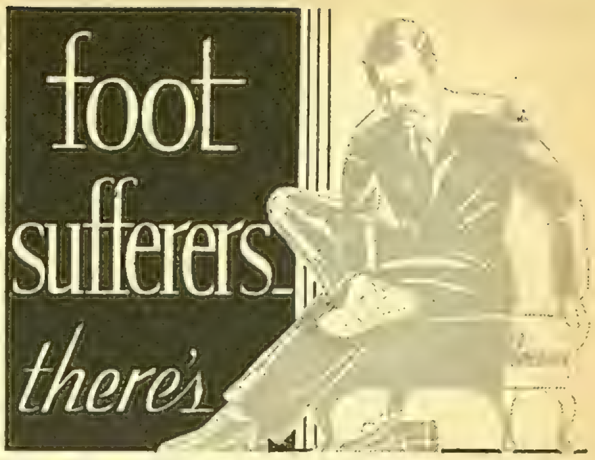
HORIZONTAL

1 Performances by an individual
6 To buy and sell so as to make small quick profits
11 Bundler
16 Separate
17 Hostelry
18 Area in an amphitheater
19 Embankment to prevent inundation
20 Greek letter
21 Peruses
22 Sooner than
23 Fervent; zealous
25 Social upstart
27 Entreat
28 Satirical
31 Decreed
33 Large flatboat
34 Dejected
36 Period
37 Tendency
40 Species of willow
42 Silly
46 Greasy liquids
47 Liberation
49 Past
50 An Arabian military commander
51 Cut of meat
52 Turf
53 To use quibbling arguments about
56 Otherwise
57 The length between perpendiculars of a keel
58 A line of junction (plural)
59 Emancipated
60 An electrified particle
62 Locality containing mineral springs
63 Projecting piece in machinery
64 Issued forth
68 Helmsman
73 Greek god of flocks and pastures
74 Harvest
76 A metal
77 Poem
78 An artery
80 Interdict
82 Footless animal
84 An affection of the larynx
85 An antelope
86 Boxed
87 Cultivation of the soil
88 Meaning; import
89 Jugs

VERTICAL

1 Auctions
2 Musical drama
3 The sea lettuce
4 Unrefined metal
5 Manager of food distribution
6 Brief
7 Officers of a military subsistence department
8 Devoured
9 Supports, as for a table or chair
10 Carpenter's tool
11 One in a rude uncivilized state
12 Form of to be
13 Smallest
14 To invest
15 Effaced
24 Inquire
26 Pronoun
29 Containers
30 A son of Adam
32 An affected, singsong mode of speaking
35 Recitations of selected speeches
37 To become dry and brown with heat
38 Severity
39 Abscond
40 Leaves out
41 Uproars
43 Passageway
44 Running knot
45 Terminated
47 Measures of type
48 Pastry
50 A form of pantograph
54 Outcropping of an animal body
55 Headwear
56 Measures of work
59 Heating apparatus
61 Born
63 A constellation
64 Excess of the solar year over the lunar
65 An aborigine of New Zealand
66 Enlist
67 A fruit (plural)
69 Eat away
70 An animal of the deer family
71 A snake
72 Requirements
75 Lacking color
79 An exclamation used for rebuking
81 A prohibition
83 The foot of any animal

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six



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And here's the reason. The protective film of LATHERKREEM between the blade and skin saves the face from razor bite and irritation. No brush —no rub. Not a soap.

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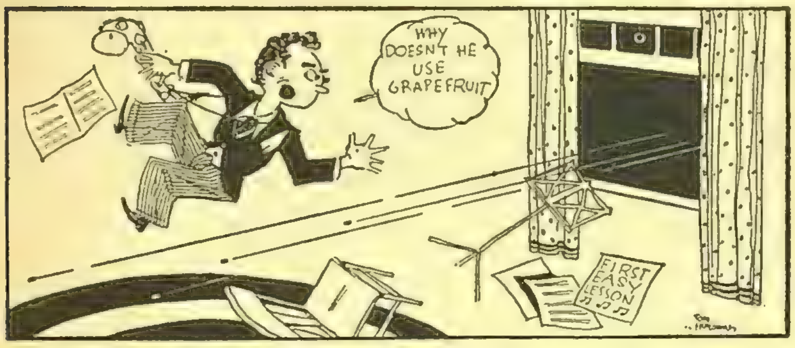
THIS WEEK'S LIMERICK


WHY DOESN'T HE USE GRAPEFRUIT
FIRST EASY LESSON

A saxophone student was Chick.
Or he was till a neighbor got sick
Of his amateur tooting
And started some shooting—

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight July 11. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty for August 15.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

MORE WINNERS!

Shades of William Penn! The citizens of the Keystone State certainly rang the Liberty Limerick bell for June 6. When the ratings by the individual judges, each of whom works independently and without knowledge of his associates' ratings, were filed, look where the last lines came from. Almost a Pennsylvania landslide. C'm on, Limerickers from the rest of the Union. Get busy. This was the Limerick:

"I'll surely be there sharp at eight,"
Said Doris when making the date.
And believe it or not—
She arrived on the dot.

Last lines submitted by the prize winners were:

$250 FIRST PRIZE

When they're hungry they don't make you wait.
Everett Mullen Haverford, Pa.

$100 SECOND PRIZE

For love's an express—not a freight.
Isabelle Palmer Harrisburg, Pa.

$75 THIRD PRIZE

He said, "My, but you're early of late."
Nelle K. Leary Philadelphia, Pa.

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

For her charms had begun to abate.
O. K. Fuglei Petersburg, Neb.

$25 FIFTH PRIZE

This story their children relate.
Lindo Brigman, Jr. Indiana, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

Harold Bassett, Fall River, Mass.; C. S. McGill, Jr., Wilmington, Del.; Vadus W. Carmack, Cookeville, Tenn.; Alice R. Young, Pocomoke City, Md.; Frank H. Lerchen, Joplin, Mo.

MORE WINNERS AND ANOTHER $500 IN CASH PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

"UP till last night I did not believe. I never dreamed that the danger was—serious."

The Peril at END HOUSE

A Story of Death That Struck from the Dark

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

(Reading time: 25 minutes 40 seconds.)

THIS is the story of a strange murder committed at End House, a dwelling occupied by Magdala ("Nick") Buckley in St. Loo, England.

Poirot, a famous Belgian detective who, with his friend Hastings, was visiting at St. Loo, sensed danger on learning that Nick had survived several unexplained "accidents."

These "accidents" included the tampering with the brakes of a car which Nick was driving, and the mysterious firing of a shot, aimed, apparently, at Nick, in the garden of the Majestic Hotel. But it was Maggie Buckley, Nick's cousin,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE

Continued from page fifty-one

who later was shot while wearing Nick's gay shawl. Poirot, believing the shots were intended for Nick, started to list the names of possible suspects.

PART FIVE—NICK'S SECRET

POIROT continued to write for perhaps twenty minutes, then shoved the sheets of paper across to me.

"*Voilà, mon ami.* See what you make of it."

The following is a reproduction of the paper:

A. Ellen.
B. Her gardener husband.
C. Their child.
D. Mr. Croft.
E. Mrs. Croft.
F. Mrs. Rice.
G. Mr. Lazarus.
H. Commander Challenger.
I. Mr. Charles Vyse.
J. ?

REMARKS:

A. *Ellen.* Suspicious circumstances: Her attitude and words on hearing of the crime. Best opportunity of anyone to have staged "accidents" and to have known of pistol, *but* unlikely to have tampered with car, and general mentality of crime seems above her level. Motive: None, unless hate arising out of some incident unknown.
Note: Further inquiries as to her antecedents and general relations with N. B.

B. *Her husband.* Same as above. More likely to have tampered with car.
Note: Should be interviewed.

C. *Child.* Can be ruled out.
Note: Should be interviewed. Might give valuable information.

D. *Mr. Croft.* Only suspicious circumstance, the fact that we met him mounting the stairs to bedroom floor. Had ready explanation which may be true. But it may not! Nothing known of antecedents. Motive: None.

E. *Mrs. Croft.* Suspicious circumstances: None. Motive: None.

F. *Mrs. Rice.* Suspicious circumstances: Full opportunity. Asked Maggie to fetch wrap. Has deliberately tried to create impression that N. B. is a liar, and her account of "accidents" not to be relied on. Was not at Tavistock when "accidents" occurred. Where was she? Motive: Gain? Very slight. Jealousy? Possible, but nothing known. Fear? Also possible, but nothing known.
Note: Converse with N. B. on subject. See if any light is thrown upon matter. Possibly something to do with F. R.'s marriage.

G. *Mr. Lazarus.* Suspicious circumstances: General opportunity. Offer to buy picture. Said brakes of car were quite all right (according to F. R.) May have been in neighborhood prior to Friday. Motive: None, unless profit on picture. Fear? Unlikely.
Note: Find out where J. L. was before arriving at St. Loo. Find out financial position of Aaron Lazarus & Son.

H. *Commander Challenger.* Suspicious circumstances: None. Was in neighborhood all last week, so oppor-

"I HAVEN'T got any courage left. I've used up every bit in these last weeks. Hoping and hoping and—just lately—hoping against hope."

tunity for "accidents" good. Arrived half an hour after murder. Motive: None.

I. *Mr. Vyse.* Suspicious circumstances: Was absent from office at time when shot was fired in garden of hotel. Opportunity good. Statement about selling of End House open to doubt. Of a repressed temperament. Would probably know about pistol. Motive: Gain? Slight. Love or hate? Possible with one of his temperament. Fear? Unlikely. Note: Find out who holds mortgage. Find out position of Vyse's firm.

J. ? There *could* be a J, *e. g.*, an outsider, but with a link in the form of one of the foregoing. If so, probably connected with A, D, and E, or F. The existence of J would explain (1) Ellen's lack of surprise at crime and her pleasurable satisfaction (but that might be due to natural pleasurable excitement of her class over deaths); (2) the reason for Croft and his wife coming to live in lodge; (3) might supply motive for F. R.'s fear of secret being revealed or for jealousy.

Poirot watched me as I read.

"It is very English, is it not?" he remarked with pride. "I am more English when I write than when I speak."

"It's an excellent piece of work," I said warmly. "It sets all the possibilities out most clearly."

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, as he took it back from me. "And one name leaps to the eye, my friend. Charles Vyse. He had the best opportunities. We have given him the choice of two motives. If that was a list of race horses, he would start favorite, *n'estce pas?*"

"He is certainly the most likely suspect."

"YOU have a tendency, Hastings, to prefer the least likely. That, no doubt, is from reading too many detective stories. In real life, nine times out of ten, it is the most likely and the most obvious person who commits the crime."

"But you don't really think that is so this time?"

"There is only one thing that is against it. The boldness of the crime! That has stood out from the first. Because of that, as I say, the motive cannot be obvious."

"Yes, that is what you said at first."

"And that is what I say again."

With a sudden brusque gesture he crumpled the sheets of paper and threw them on the floor.

"No," he said, as I uttered an exclamation of protest, "that list has been in vain. Still, it has cleared my mind. Order and method! That is the first stage. To arrange the facts with neatness and precision. The next stage—"

"Yes?"

"The next stage is that of the psychology. The correct employment of the little gray cells! I advise you, Hastings, to go to bed."

"No," I said. "Not unless you do. I'm not going to leave you."

"Most faithful of dogs! But, see you, Hastings, you cannot assist me to think. That is all I am going to do—think."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-three

I still shook my head.

"You might want to discuss some point with me."

"Well, well, you are a loyal friend. Take, at least, I beg of you, the easy-chair."

That proposal I did accept. Presently the room began to swim and dip. The last thing I remember was seeing Poirot carefully retrieving the crumpled sheets of paper from the floor and putting them away tidily in the wastepaper basket.

Then I must have fallen asleep.

II

IT was daylight when I awoke.

Poirot was still sitting where he had been the night before. His attitude was the same, but in his face was a difference. His eyes were shining with that queer catlike green light that I knew so well.

I struggled to an upright position, feeling very stiff and uncomfortable.

Sleeping in a chair is a proceeding not to be recommended at my time of life. Yet one thing at least resulted from it: I awoke not in that pleasant state of lazy somnolence, but with a mind and brain as active as when I fell asleep.

"Poirot," I cried, "you have thought of something!"

He nodded. He leaned forward, tapping the table in front of him.

"Tell me, Hastings, the answer to these three questions: Why has Mademoiselle Nick been sleeping badly lately? Why did she buy a black evening dress? She never wears black. Why did she say last night, 'I have nothing to live for—now'?"

I stared. The questions seemed beside the point.

"Answer those questions, Hastings, answer them."

"Well, as to the first: She said she had been worried lately."

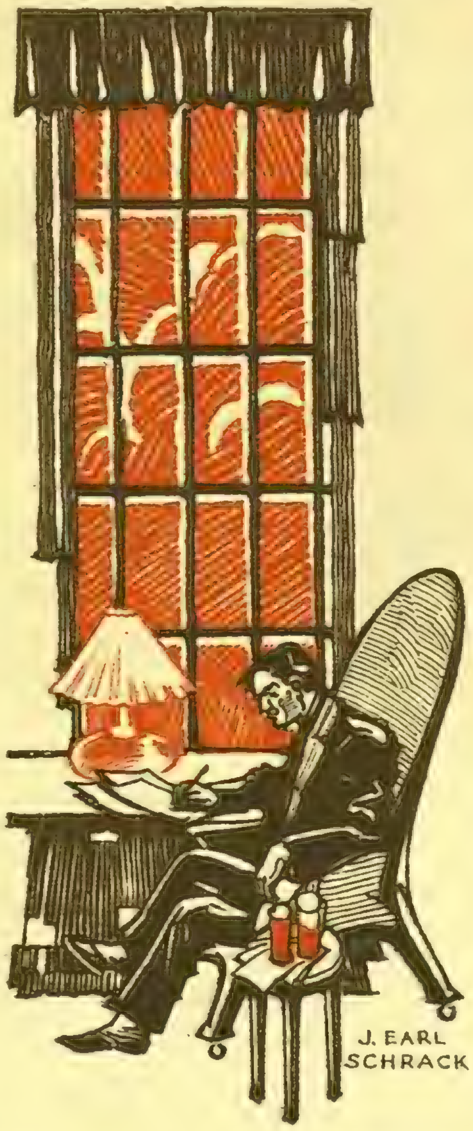
"Precisely. What has she been worried about?"

"And the black dress: Well, everybody wants a change sometimes."

"For a married man, you have very little appreciation of feminine psychology. If a woman thinks she does not look well in a color, she refuses to wear it."

"And the last: Well, it was a natural thing to say after that awful shock."

"No, *mon ami*, it was *not* a natural thing to say. To be horror-struck by her cousin's death, to reproach herself for it, yes, all that is natural enough. But the other, no. She spoke of life with weariness, as of a thing no longer dear to her. Never before had she displayed that attitude. She had been defiant, yes; she had snapped the fingers, yes; and then, when that broke down, she was afraid. Afraid, mark you, because life was sweet and she did not wish to die. But weary of life, no! That, never! Even before dinner that was not so. We have there, Hastings, a psychological change. And that is interesting. What was it caused her point of view to change?"



"The shock of her cousin's death."

"I wonder. It was the shock that loosed her tongue. But suppose the change was before that. Is there anything else could account for it?"

"I don't know of anything."

"Think, Hastings. Use your little gray cells."

"Really—"

"What was the last moment we had the opportunity of observing her?"

"Well, actually, I suppose, at dinner."

"Exactly. After that, we only saw her receiving guests, making them welcome—purely a formal attitude. What happened at the end of dinner, Hastings?"

"She went to telephone," I said slowly.

"*A la bonheur!* You have got there at last. She went to telephone. And she was absent a long time. Twenty minutes at least. That is a long time for a telephone call. Who spoke to her over the telephone? What did they say? Did she really telephone? We have got to find out, Hastings, what happened in that twenty minutes. For there, or so I fully believe, we shall find the clue we seek."

"You really think so?"

"*Mais oui, mais oui!* All along, Hastings, I have told you that mademoiselle has been keeping something back. She doesn't think it has any connection with the murder, but I, Hercule Poirot, know better! It *must* have a connection. For all along I have been conscious that there is a factor lacking. If there were not a factor lacking—why, then, the whole thing would be plain to me! And as it is not plain to me, *eh bien*, then the missing factor is the keystone of the mystery! I know I am right, Hastings. I must know the answer to those three questions. And then—and then—I shall begin to see. . . ."

"Well," I said, stretching my stiffened limbs, "I think a bath and a shave are indicated."

By the time I had had a bath and changed into day clothing I felt better.

The stiffness and weariness of a night passed in uncomfortable conditions passed off. I arrived at the breakfast table feeling that one drink of hot coffee would restore me to my normal self.

I glanced at the paper, but there was little news in it beyond the fact that Michael Seton's death was now definitely confirmed.

The intrepid airman had perished. I wondered whether, tomorrow, new headlines would have sprung into being: "Girl Murdered During Fireworks Party. Mysterious Tragedy." Something like that.

I HAD just finished my breakfast when Frederica Rice came up to my table.

She was wearing a plain frock of black marocain with a little soft plaited white collar. Her fairness was more evident than ever.

"I want to see Monsieur Poirot, Captain Hastings. Is he up yet, do you know?"

"I will take you up with me now," I said. "We shall find him in the sitting room."

"Thank you."

"I hope," I said, as we left the dining room together, "that you didn't sleep too badly?"

"It was a shock," she said in a meditative voice. "But of course I didn't know the poor girl. It's not as though it had been Nick."

"I suppose you'd never met this girl before?"

"I met her once—at Scarborough. She came over to lunch with Nick."

"It will be a terrible blow to her father and mother," I said.

"Dreadful."

But she said it very impersonally. She was, I fancied, an egoist. Nothing was very real to her that did not concern herself.

Poirot had finished his breakfast and was sitting reading the morning paper.

He rose and greeted Frederica with all his customary Gallic politeness.

"*Madame*," he said. "*Enchanté!*"

He drew forward a chair.

She thanked him with a very faint smile and sat down.

Her two hands rested on the arms of the chair. She sat there very upright, looking straight in front of her. She did not rush into speech.

There was something a little frightening about her stillness and aloofness.

"Monsieur Poirot," she said at last, "I suppose there is no doubt that this—sad business last night was all part and parcel of the same thing? I mean—that the intended victim was really Nick?"

"I should say, madame, that there was no doubt at all."

Frederica frowned a little.

"Nick bears a charmed life," she said.

There was some curious undercurrent in her voice that I could not understand.

"Luck, they say, goes in cycles," remarked Poirot.

"Perhaps. It is certainly useless to fight against it."

NOW there was only weariness in her tone. After a moment or two she went on:

"I must beg your pardon, Monsieur Poirot. Nick's pardon, too. Up till last night I did not believe. I never dreamed that the danger was—serious."

"Is that so, madame?"

"I see now that everything will have to be gone into—carefully. And I imagine that Nick's immediate circle of friends will not be immune from suspicion. Ridiculous, of course, but there it is. Am I right, Monsieur Poirot?"

"You are very intelligent, madame."

"You asked me some questions about Tavistock the other day, Monsieur Poirot. As you will find out sooner or later, I might as well tell you the truth now. I was not at Tavistock."

"No, madame?"

"I motored down to this part of the world with Mr. Lazarus early last week. We did not wish to arouse more comment than necessary. We stayed at a little place called Shellacombe."

"That is, I think, about seven miles from here, madame?"

"About that, yes."

Still that quiet, far-away weariness.

"May I be impertinent, madame?"

"Is there such a thing—in these days?"

"Perhaps you are right, madame. How long have you and Monsieur Lazarus been friends?"

"I met him six months ago."

"And you—care for him, madame?"

Frederica shrugged her shoulders.

"He is—rich."

"*Oh, la la!*" cried Poirot. "That is an ugly thing to say."

She seemed faintly amused.

"Isn't it better to say it myself than to have you say it for me?"

"Well, there is always that, of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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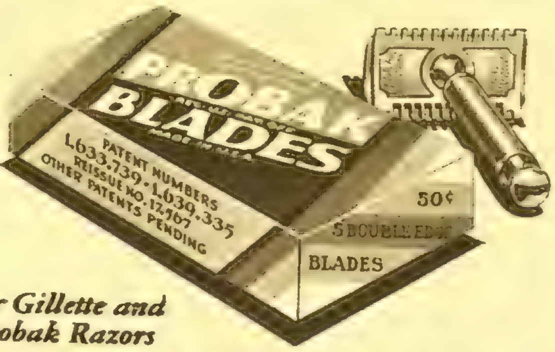

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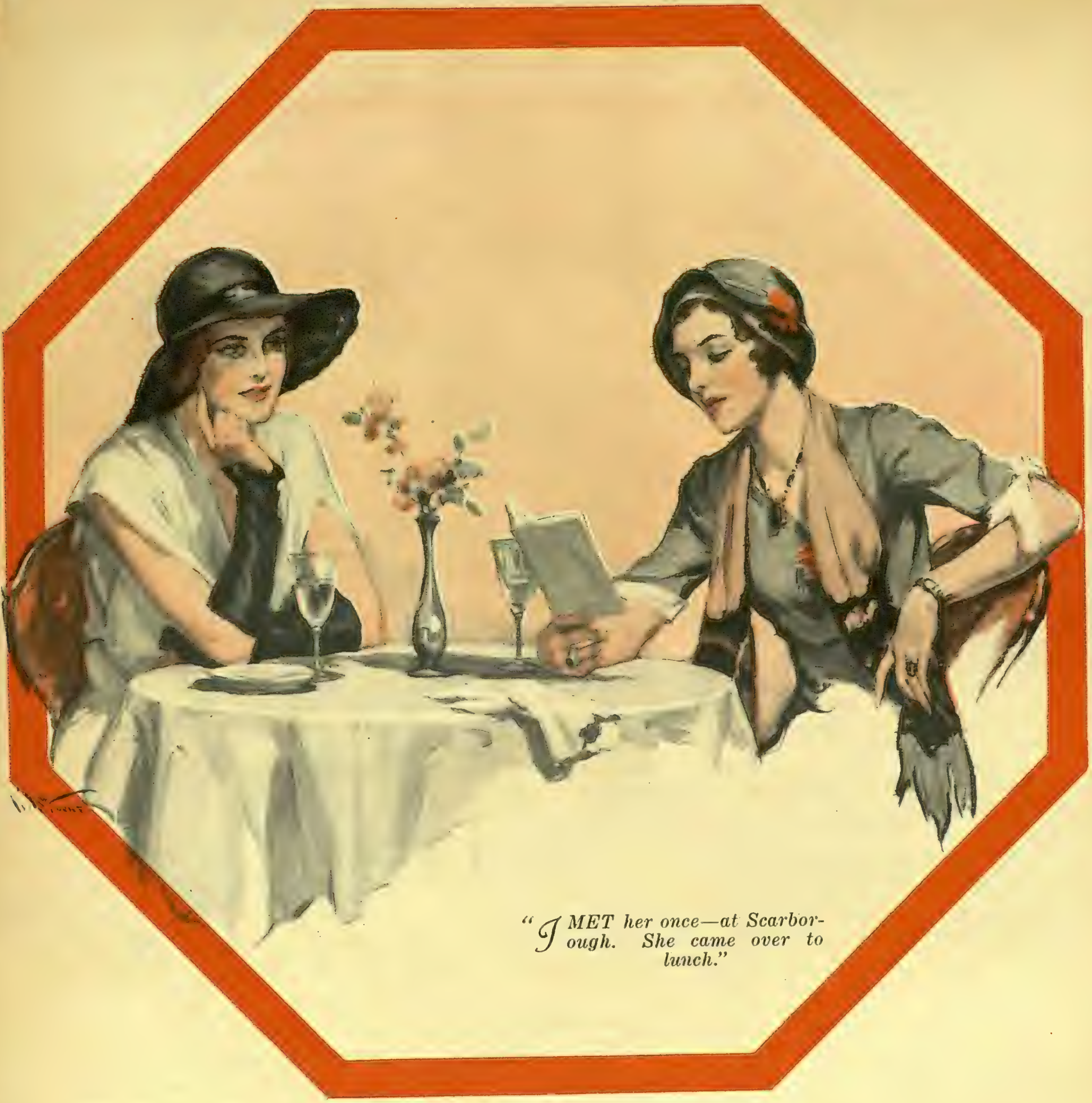

"I MET her once—at Scarborough. She came over to lunch."

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-five

course. May I repeat, madame, that you are *very* intelligent."

"You will give me a diploma soon," said Frederica and rose.

"There is nothing more you wish to tell me, madame?"

"I do not think so—no. I am going to take some flowers round to Nick and see how she is."

"Ah, that is very *aimable* of you. Thank you, madame, for your frankness."

She glanced at him sharply, seemed about to speak, then thought better of it and went out of the room, smiling faintly at me as I held the door open for her.

"She is intelligent," said Poirot. "Yes, but so is Hercule Poirot!"

"What do you mean?"

"That it is all very well and very pretty to force the richness of Monsieur Lazarus down my throat."

"I must say that rather disgusted me."

"*Mon cher*, always you have the right reaction in the wrong place. It is not, for the moment, a question of [illegible] If Madame Rice has a devoted friend who is rich and can give her all she needs, why, then, obviously Madame Rice would not need to murder her dearest friend for a mere pittance."

"Oh!" I said.

"*Précisément!* Oh!"

"Why didn't you stop her going to the nursing home?"

"Why should I show my hand? Is it Hercule Poirot who prevents Mademoiselle Nick from seeing her friends? *Quelle idée!* It is the doctors and the nurses. Those tiresome nurses! So full of rules and regulations and 'doctor's orders.'"

"YOU'RE not afraid that they may let her in, after all? Nick might insist."

"Nobody will be let in, my dear Hastings, but you and me. And, for that matter, the sooner we make our way there, the better."

The sitting-room door flew open and George Challenger barged in. His tanned face was alive with indignation.

"Look here, Monsieur Poirot," he said, "what's the meaning of this? I rang up that damned nursing home where Nick is. Asked how she was and what time I could come around and see her. And they say the doctor won't allow any visitors. I want to know the meaning of that! To put it plainly, is this your work? Or is Nick really ill from shock?"

"I assure you, monsieur, that I do not lay down rules for nursing homes. I would not dare. Why not ring up the good Dr. — what was his name now? Ah, yes—Graham?"

"I have. He says she's going on as well as could be expected. Usual stuff. But I know all the tricks—my uncle's a doctor. Harley Street. Nerve specialist. Psychoanalysis. All the rest of it. Putting relations and friends off with soothing words. I've heard about it all. I don't believe Nick isn't up to seeing anyone. I believe you're at the bottom of this, Monsieur Poirot."

Poirot smiled at him in a very kindly fashion. Indeed, I have always observed that Poirot has a kindly feeling for a lover.

"Now listen to me, *mon ami*," he said. "If one guest is admitted, others cannot be kept out. You comprehend? It must be all or none. We want mademoiselle's safety, you and I, do we not? Exactly. Then, you understand, it must be none."

"I get you," said Challenger slowly. "But even—"

"Chut! We will say no more. We will forget even what we have said. The prudence, the extreme prudence, is what is needed at present."

"I can hold my tongue," said the sailor quietly.

HE turned away to the door, pausing as he went out to say:

"No embargo on flowers, is there? So long as they are not white ones."

Poirot smiled.

"And now," he said as the door shut behind the impetuous Challenger, "while Monsieur Challenger and madame and perhaps Monsieur Lazarus all encounter each other in the flower shop, you and I will drive quietly to our destination."

"And ask for the answer to the three questions?" I said.

"Yes. We will ask. Though, as a matter of fact, I know the answer."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Yes."

"But when did you find out?"

"While I was eating my breakfast, Hastings. It stared me in the face."

"Tell me."

"No. I will leave you to hear it from mademoiselle."

Then, as if to distract my mind, he pushed an open letter across to me.

It was a report by the expert Poirot had sent to examine the picture of old Nicholas Buckley. It stated definitely that the picture was worth at most twenty pounds.

"So that is one matter cleared up," said Poirot.

"No mouse in that mousehole," I said, remembering a metaphor of Poirot's on one past occasion.

"Ah, you remember that! No, as you say, no mouse in that mousehole. Twenty pounds and Monsieur Lazarus offered fifty. What an error of judgment for a seemingly astute young man. But there, there, we must start on our errand."

The nursing home was set high on a hill overlooking the bay.

A white-coated orderly received us. We were put into a little room downstairs and presently a brisk-looking nurse came to us.

One glance at Poirot seemed to be enough. She had clearly received her instructions from Dr. Graham together with a minute description of the little detective. She even concealed a smile.

"Miss Buckley has passed a very fair night," she said. "Come up, will you?"

In a pleasant room with the sun streaming into it, we found Nick.

In the narrow iron bed she looked like a tired child. Her face was white and her eyes were suspiciously red, and she seemed listless and weary.

"It's good of you to come," she said in a flat voice.

Poirot took her hand in both of his.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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What a wonderful combination these better bran flakes are! They're made of three vital elements. *Bran* to help keep you fit and regular —just enough to be mildly laxative. *Whole wheat* for nourishment—for vim and zest. And PEP—the marvelous flavor that only Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have—to put new joy into eating. Look how sun-brown and crispy they are! Taste them! No wonder they're called *better bran flakes.*

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BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF
WHEAT
W. K. Kellogg
KELLOGG COMPANY

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-seven

"Courage, mademoiselle. There is always something to live for."

The words startled her. She looked up in his face.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh!"

"Will you not tell me now, mademoiselle, what it was that has been worrying you lately? Or shall I guess? And may I offer you, mademoiselle, my very deepest sympathy."

Her face flushed.

"So you know. Oh, well, it doesn't matter who knows now. Now that it's all over. Now that I shall never see him again."

Her voice broke.

"Courage, mademoiselle."

"I haven't got any courage left. I've used up every bit in these last weeks. Hoping and hoping and—just lately—hoping against hope."

I stared. I could not understand one word.

"Regard the poor Hastings," said Poirot. "He does not know what we are talking about."

Her unhappy eyes met mine.

"Michael Seton, the airman," she said. "I was engaged to him—and he's dead."

III

I WAS dumfounded.

I turned on Poirot.

"Is this what you meant?"

"Yes, *mon ami*. This morning I knew."

"How did you know? How did you guess? You said it stared you in the face at breakfast."

"So it did, my friend; from the front page of the newspaper. I remembered the conversation at dinner last night, and I saw everything."

He turned to Nick again.

"You heard the news last night?"

"Yes. On the wireless. I made an excuse about the telephone. I wanted to hear the news alone—in case—" She swallowed hard. "And I heard it."

"I know. I know."

He took her hand in both of his.

"It was—pretty ghastly. And all the people arriving. I don't know how I got through it. It all felt like a dream. I could see myself from outside—behaving just as usual. It was queer, somehow."

"Yes, yes, I understand."

"And then, when I went to fetch Freddie's wrap, I broke down for a minute. I pulled myself together quite quickly.

"But Maggie kept calling up about her coat. And then at last she took my shawl and went, and I put on some powder and some rouge and followed her out. And there she was—dead—"

"Yes, yes, it must have been a terrible shock."

"You don't understand. I was angry! I wished it had been *me!* I wanted to be dead, and there I was—alive and perhaps to live for years! And Michael dead—drowned far away in the Pacific."

"*Pauvre enfant.*"

"I don't want to be alive. I don't want to live, I tell you!" she cried rebelliously.

"I know—I know. To all of us, mademoiselle, there comes a time when death is preferable to life. But it passes; sorrow passes, and grief. You cannot believe that now, I know. It is useless for an old man like me to talk. Idle words—that is what you think—idle words."

"You think I'll forget, and marry someone else. Never!"

She looked rather lovely as she sat up in bed, her two hands clenched and her cheeks burning.

Poirot said gently:

"No, no. I am not thinking anything of the kind. [illegible] lucky, mademoiselle. You have been loved by a brave man, a hero. How did you come to meet him?"

"It was at Le Touquet, last September. Nearly a year ago."

"And you became engaged—when?"

"Just after Christmas. But it had to be a secret."

"Why was that?"

"Michael's uncle, old Sir Matthew Seton. He loved birds and hated women."

"*Ah, ce n'est pas raisonnable!*"

"Well, I don't mean quite that. He was a complete crank. Thought women ruined a man's life. And Michael was absolutely dependent on him. He was frightfully proud of Michael, and it was he who financed the building of the Albatross and the expenses of the round-the-world flight. It was the dearest dream of his life as well as of Michael's. If Michael had pulled it off—well, then he could have asked his uncle anything. And even if old Sir Matthew had still cut up rough, well, it wouldn't have really mattered. Michael would have been made—a kind of world hero. His uncle would have come round in the end."

"Yes, yes, I see."

"But Michael said it would be fatal if anything leaked out. We must keep it a dead secret. And I did. I never told anyone, not even Freddie."

Poirot groaned. "If only you had told me, mademoiselle."

Nick stared at him. "But what difference would it have made? It couldn't have anything to do with these mysterious attacks on me. No, I'd promised Michael, and I kept my word. But it was awful—the anxiety, wondering and getting in a state the whole time. And everyone saying one was so nervy. And being unable to explain."

"Yes, I comprehend all that."

"He was missing once before, you know. Crossing the desert on the way to India. That was pretty awful, and then, after all, it was all right. His machine was damaged, but it was put right, and he went on. And I kept saying to myself that it would be the same this time. Everyone said he must be dead, and I kept telling myself that he must be all right, really. And then—last night—"

"You had hoped up till then?"

"I don't know. I think it was more that I refused to believe. It was awful never being able to talk to anyone."

"YES, I can imagine that. Were you never tempted to tell Madame Rice, for instance?"

"Sometimes I wanted to frightfully."

"You do not think she guessed?"

"I don't think so. She never said anything. Of course she used to hint things sometimes. About our being great friends and all that."

"You never considered telling her when Monsieur Seton's uncle died? You knew that he died about a week ago?"

"I know. He had an operation or something. I suppose I might have told anybody then. But it wouldn't have been a nice way of doing it, would it? I mean it would have seemed rather boastful—to do it just then, when all the papers were full of Michael. And reporters would have come and interviewed me. It would all have been rather cheap. And Michael would have hated it."

"I agree with you, mademoiselle. You could not have announced it publicly. I only meant that you could have spoken of it privately to a friend."

"I did sort of hint to one person," said Nick. "I—thought it was only fair. But I don't know how much he—the person took in."

Poirot nodded. His next question changed the subject with startling abruptness.

"Are you on good terms with your cousin, Monsieur Vyse?"

Next week's installment will give you new and startling information on which to base an explanation of the crime.

To the Ladies!

Picture by ROBERT A. CAMERON

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)

MARRIED bliss can be upset by wives with top-heavy business brains and tremendous energies. The capsized marriage of one dynamic lady I know has just been put back on an even keel by her husband's wise insight.

He was only a salaried mechanic when they married, six years ago. Ambitious and brave, she urged him to open a garage of his own. She became his bookkeeper, his secretary, his promotion manager. Five years they worked shoulder to shoulder, striving and winning.

Their business succeeded to such an extent that he, with the natural pride of a husband, persuaded his partner-wife to quit work and enjoy the leisure she now could afford. Home she went from their office, determined to loaf—and to like it.

But she couldn't like it. Very soon it bored her to distraction, fretted her beyond endurance. Those five years of active business life with her husband, of sharp contacts with all kinds of people, of daily struggles, contests, successes—those years had left an indelible mark upon her. She simply could not settle down to the mild satisfactions of a housewife. She became very difficult to live with. At the end of a year of quarrels and heartbreaks she walked out.

Her husband was agonized. He loved her frantically. Determined to get her back, he searched every memory of their life together, hoping to find the cause of their trouble so that it might be removed. After a time his shrewdness discovered the answer. He sent his wife a strong business letter.

"Dear Partner," he began. He wrote that he had a chance to expand his business widely, that the risks of doing so were great, and that success, he felt, would not be possible without the same intense joint effort she and he had put into the business at the beginning. He suggested a new partnership with a legal contract, regular profit-sharing terms, etc.

His partner-wife could not resist. Back she came—not only to their office, but to their home as well. That was several months ago. Since then they have been supremely busy—and supremely happy.

She just happened to be a wife who had to work like a man. And he happened to be a husband who knew enough to let her do it.

I ASKED a number of successful business women what kind of vacations they have arranged to take this summer. Business men, I know, usually try to forget their business affairs as completely as possible while vacationing. I wondered if business women followed their example. And this is what I discovered:

Dorothy Shaver, vice president of a famous New York clothing store, will sail abroad to see the latest clothes at the smart European summer resorts. Lucy A. Goldsmith, foreign-trade specialist, will take two short voyages "to meet interesting people and pick up fresh views on foreign trade." That's the way they talked, nearly all of them. Banking ladies were going somewhere to study financial conditions; lady writers were going away to write, lady artists to paint, lady buyers to buy.

I suppose that stick-to-it-iveness of this sort goes hand in hand with success, yet it gave me quite a shock to find out how intensely occupied many successful business women are with their business careers, even during vacation time.

They certainly keep after their jobs!

WALL paper may be called a mainstay of house furnishing, since wall paper forms the background for everything—including the people—in the rooms where it is used. Fashions change continually in wall papers, as in clothes; as in clothes, the quaint styles of old-time papers have a way of coming back into vogue again.

Being partial, myself, to the old-fashioned red-rose designs, I was very much interested to learn the great antiquity of their use. Digging among the Græco-Roman ruins of Egypt, scientists recently unearthed some rooms about 2,000 years old and found the walls of one of them decorated with an allover pattern of gay red roses.

"NOBODY ever asks us for a nursemaid who can tell the children stories." That's what I heard the other day from the head of a leading agency for children's maids and governesses. Discipline, said the woman who manages the agency, is the chief concern voiced by parents now.

Well, discipline is essential, of course; yet it seems rather sad to me that story-telling for children should be neglected, or replaced by reading aloud to the kids. For a small child, no story read from a book ever has the gripping appeal of a story told. In the mind of the child the story-teller becomes identified with the adventures described by the story—and what can develop a budding imagination more delightfully than intimate contact with someone who has known a dragon slayer or seen the Seven-League Boots?

If parents would only realize what a precious thing imagination is!

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

End Summer Itching!

Use cooling, antiseptic, healing Zemo when mosquito bites, prickly heat, ivy-poisoning, toe-itch, summer rash or sunburn cause itching torture. Zemo relieves, soothes heat and sting. Apply 20 year famous Zemo for cuts, abrasions, and after shaving. Get Zemo today! Any druggist. 35c, 60c, $1.00.

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and
1,312,217
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

BRIGHT sashes made up in unusual color combinations add the smart touch to sports dresses this summer. At the seashore or in the country they are very effective worn with a bandanna of the same pattern tied around the head. The best ones, I think, have bold stripes, triangles, or squares of different-colored silk crêpes sewn together to form the design.

Squares of scarlet and turquoise or scarlet and sky blue look extremely smart. With a white dress a good sash to wear is made of two stripes of differently dotted foulards, one stripe of big blue dots on a white ground, the other of red dots on a blue ground. To be properly striking, the dots should be about the size of a fifty-cent piece.

Other good color mixtures are strong violet with coral, violet with emerald green, maize yellow with pale blue. I have seen the violet-and-coral combination worn very prettily by a dark-haired girl in a corn-colored dress.

VANDAL motorists made a practice of pillaging the beautiful garden owned by an elderly doctor who prized it above all his possessions. Desperate, the doctor set shotgun traps to keep the vandals out. One of the guns went off by accident and shot the doctor dead.

It seems to me that the circumstances of this tragedy, while perfectly understandable, are none the less indicative of mismanaged zeal. Theft, wanton destruction, wreckage of things carefully grown and tended, might indeed drive any garden lover to the use of guns. But in such cases, I think, a little more prevention applied to the source of the trouble would be more effective—and less dangerous—than drastic cure. I believe this country does not direct enough public education toward the love and respect of growing things.

Only in Soviet Russia are private gardens invaded, robbed, and damaged lawlessly as they are here. Throughout the civilized countries of Europe—England, France, Germany, etc.—depredations of the kind are almost unknown. Over there even the children appear to have a greater respect for growing things than many American children have. Gay flowers grow unmolested—and unguarded—in the public gardens. Private places are nearly always inviolate.

Of course, the custom of maintaining privacy behind high walls or hedges does a great deal to discourage invaders, particularly in England, where nearly every grass plot is strongly fortified by stone or thorn. The French have the wall-building instinct too, but the English have it harder. Someone once remarked that as soon as an English baby gets blocks to play with it immediately tries to build a wall around itself.

However that may be, home education in the love of things that grow plays a big part also, and there is plenty of work for American women to do along this line.

ICED coffee done the European way gives this popular summer beverage a pleasant variation. Prepare a pint of very strong coffee—three tablespoons to each cup of water. Brew it by filtering if possible. Pour the coffee over three-fourths pound of lump sugar and let stand until cool. Stir well, and pour in one quart of very cold *boiled* milk to which three or four teaspoons of vanilla extract have been added. Then pour in two cups of fresh cream. Pack ice around the pitcher and leave for several hours. Serve with a teaspoon of stiffly whipped cream for each glass. This quantity should be enough for ten or twelve people.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Baby of the Flock

"Mummie, mummie! I hurt my toe!" cried Isabel, aged four, who was playing in the garden.

"Which toe, dear?" inquired her mother as she examined the foot.

"My youngest one," wailed Isabel.—D. Carlyle, Apple Hill, Glengarry Co., Ontario, Can.

* * *

A Change in Costume

Mae, three years old, was watching her daddy skin a rabbit, and when he had the skin nearly off, she said, "Daddy's taking rabbit's pants off."—Mrs. H. Kellogg, R. D. 2, Saegertown, Pa.

* * *

Complicated Relationship

Mrs. Brown, the mother of six children, rented the home of Mrs. Jones, who allowed only four youngsters. Mrs. Brown told two of the children to tell Mrs. Jones, if she ever asked, that they were her nephews.

When Mrs. Jones came to collect the rent she asked five-year-old Billy, who was playing on the porch, "Well, who are you, my little man?"

"I am mother's nephew," said Billy.—Teresa Osio, 1712 Seventh Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

No Bad Feeling

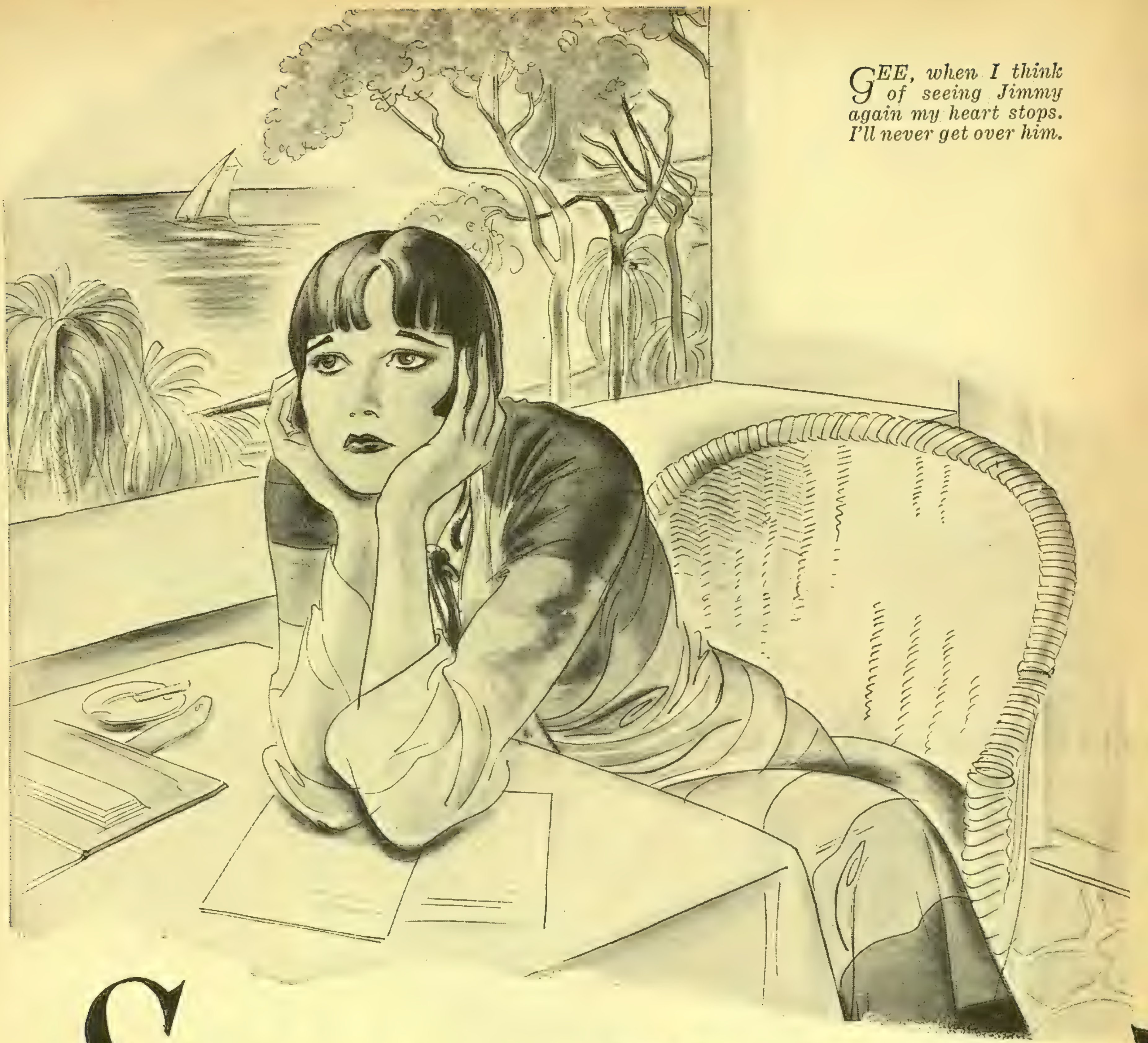
Bobby had been bad all day long. Unable to put up with his pranks any longer, his mother put him to bed. As she left the room, he casually remarked, "That's all right, mama; I was tired, anyway."—Erna Welter, 4818½ Kimball Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Cultivating a Pet

Tommy was patting the old gray horse when his little brother came along.

"This would be a nice horse to get acquainted with, wouldn't it?" said little brother.—Jessie James, R. 1, Box 390, Opportunity, Wash.



GEE, when I think of seeing Jimmy again my heart stops. I'll never get over him.

SHOW GIRL in SOCIETY

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By J. P. McEVOY

(Reading time: 22 minutes.)

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: *The young Teddy Pages spend their honeymoon in Europe after a marriage that was a shock to high society. Teddy continues his bachelor rôle of millionaire playboy, and Dixie, his wife, a Dugan of Brooklyn and a former film star, learns the ways of the upper crust. In Paris the Pages give a party so original that it interests the police, whom they elude, how-*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-one

ever, by slipping quietly away to the Riviera. There Dixie learns that Jimmy Doyle, who produced Get Your Girl, in which she starred, is on his way to the Mediterranean region. Since she still has tender memories of him, the situation is delicate.

PART SEVEN—WAITING FOR TEDDY

SOL NEBBICK PARIS FRANCE
COLFILMCORP HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA U S A

CLEANED UP PARIS FOR FILM STOP TOO COLD AND EARLY FOR NORMANDY COAST RESORTS RIVIERA NOW HOT WHOOPEE SUMMER SPOT FOR SOCIETY STOP LEARNED TODAY DIXIE DUGAN OVER HERE AND TALKED WITH BOB KANE JOINVILLE STUDIOS ABOUT POSSIBILITY OF SHOOTING HER HERE IN LOCAL COLOR IF SHE COULD BE PERSUADED TO COME BACK TO MOVIES STOP SHALL I PROPOSITION HER COULD COMBINE EUROPEAN ANGLE SOCIETY AND DIXIES POPULARITY CABLE DOYLE

CHÂTEAU MADRID
CANNES
GALA SAUVAGE
Conférencier:
M. "TEDDY" PAGE
Dîner de gala
100 francs
au profit des pauvre de Cannes

THE DAILY MAIL
PARIS NOTES AND NEWS AND GOSSIP
FROM THE SUMMER RESORTS

From Our Riviera Correspondent:

The Riviera demand for novelty is resulting in a crop of amazing settings for gala dinners, and in this respect the Château Madrid at Cannes is living up to its reputation for originality.

Last night the famous roof garden was transformed into an immense training quarters for fighters, wrestlers, etc., and most of the reservations were for guests of Mr. Teddy Page, the young American sportsman, who originated the idea of the gala and the costumes for himself, his beautiful bride, Dixie Dugan, the cinema star, and his guests, all of whom came dressed as prize fighters or wrestlers.

One of the original notes was that each guest, as well as the host, should come decorated with one large beautiful black eye apiece. The origin of the idea for the party was even more droll than the party itself. According to Mr. Teddy Page's explanation to your correspondent, he had had a minor domestic altercation with his young bride a few nights previous and she, with that impetuous vivacity for which she is internationally famous, threw a complete set of Victor Hugo at him, all of which he managed to dodge with the exception of Volume Two of Les Misérables. Feeling that he could not venture forth into elegant society with what in the American idiom is referred to as "a shiner," he decided to solve the dilemma by giving a party in honor of his decoration and advising all his friends of the cause and his desire that they come in a similar guise.

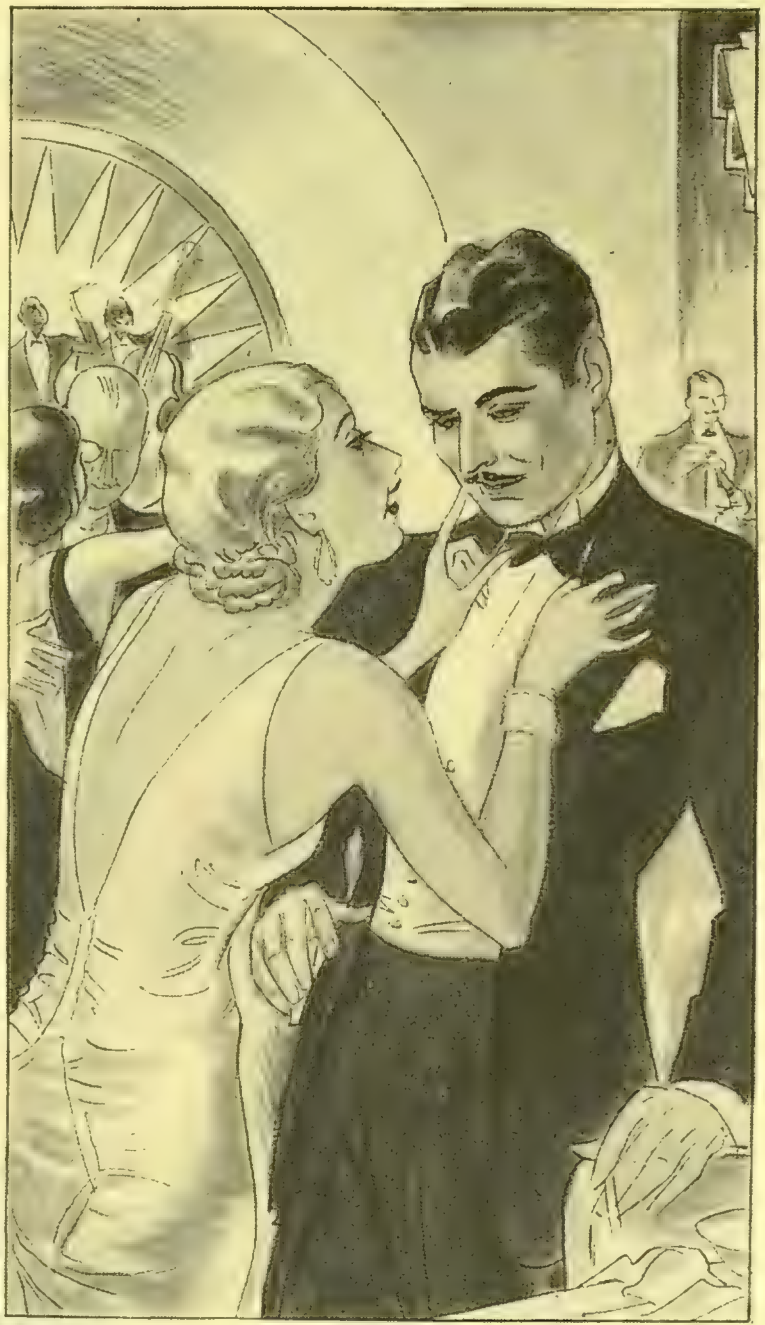
It was the merriest party of the season. Dancing continued into the small hours, and many magnums of champagne were drunk in gay toasts and tributes to Dixie Dugan's marksmanship.

Le Provençal
Juan-les-Pins

DARLING NITA,

Well, let us see what has happened since I wrote to you last. I have a tan from the nape of my neck to all points south, Teddy has a mouse on his eye which we celebrated with a party—clipping inclosed—only I followed up Les Misérables with A Wanderer in Venice and How to Get Along in France on Ten Words a Day. My Novitsky pyjamas are the cats. I've never seen so many parties or had so much fun or went so many places or met so many different kinds of people or ate so much or drank so much or danced so much, etc. And when I say *et cetera* I mean and so forth —and so on—and how!

But this is the real news. Hold your hat. Guess who's in Europe? In Paris? Maybe down here by this time for all I know. *Jimmy!* Tie that. Got a letter from a friend in Paris who had seen him and told him I was down here and Jimmy was all questions and gooseflesh. And me too. Gee I'd love to see him. Gee I hope I do. And don't think I won't if he's over here. I don't think Teddy will care and even if he does, what of it? After all he hasn't been behaving himself so well either, not even after all his promises in Paris. That's why I crowned him. Got tired of talking to him. All worn out.



JOAN: *You were a damned fool getting yourself tied up to a little nobody.*

CAN you imagine, Nita, he's been carrying on a correspondence all the time with le Mégot—that Apache dancer he met on the boat and followed to London. I found a note from her saying if you don't come to see me I'll kill myself. Fat chance. No such luck. More likely to stick a knife in Teddy. Well, he's asking for it. I can't police him all the time. He went out on a yacht for tea with some playboys and a bunch of girls the other afternoon and stayed for breakfast. That's how he got the mouse on the glim. Next time, says I to him as he came out of the gauze, it will be a palm and I won't stop to take it out of the pot either.

Gee I'm glad Jimmy's back with Colossal. He's doing a story for them about society in Europe. I certainly could tell him more about a few sections of it now than when I was sitting around in Brooklyn reading the society column hooey. I've met plenty of them here. More than I'd ever meet in the same time in America and certainly under better conditions for learning the truth about them. There's nothing that will flatten a flock of broad *a*s or dynamite that old golden-horseshoe reserve like a warm summer night and a champagne party on a moonlit terrace overlooking the Mediterranean.

Then you really hear how the de Puyster Sniffle-Snoofles crashed the Social Register and under yonder palm you find the haughty dowager holding the young

Baron in what you could hardly call an aristocratic embrace, and who is the blonde beauty wading around in the goldfish pond with her evening gown tucked up under her arms? Well, it isn't a Follies girl, Nita, and if I told you who it was you'd never read Cholly Knickerbocker again.

I heard one cute story the other day which will give you an idea of one section of this dizzy Cannes crowd. Oh, said someone the other day, so you know the Prince Pio Pochito, and I said well I met him on the boat. Coming from America they ask and I say yes. Do you know why he left? I certainly would like to know why he went, why he stayed and why he left, says I.

Oh, says they, why he went is simple—to get a rich American bride, and why he stayed is the same reason, but why he left is because he was too gallant and it happened as follows:

IT seems that the daughter of one of America's magnates had become enamored of him and he seeing she was the daughter of an American magnate became enamored of her.

And she had been out for two or three years without causing any great stir in the matrimonial market and since he's a real prince and looks good Mama was very pleased and Papa said all right and so Papa and Mama and the daughter and the prince were on their way to Havana for a little trip. Papa and Mama and daughter for the air and the prince for the outing.

But it seems Papa and Mama and daughter were bridge fiends and the prince doesn't care about it and it seems that one day the prince spied a beautiful red-headed girl on the boat and conversing with her learned that she was an excellent bridge player.

Hoping to keep in touch with her and not incur the displeasure of his hosts he introduced the red-headed girl to the host and when they learned she was a good player they were very much pleased and so it went for the rest of the trip.

But the prince became more and more interested in the red-headed girl and she in the prince and they arranged to meet after the boat docked and have what is the princely and red-headed equivalent of a good time. And so it was done. And then the prince discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Magnate had become very cool toward him which he naturally attributed to his interest in the red-head and subsequent neglect of the daughter. So he stopped seeing the red-head, that is he didn't see her so much.

But still the trip was unaccountably shortened and Papa and Mama and daughter and prince went back to New York where the prince was given to understand that everything was off.

Being quite puzzled by this sudden turn of affairs he talked it over with some of his boy friends along Park Avenue and when he told them the story they laughed uproariously and he didn't know why. And they said you mean to say that you brought this red-head over and introduced her to the parents of this girl? Surely, he says, she was a nice girl and played good bridge. And then you went out with her in Havana? Surely, he says, why not? But you big sap, says they, don't you know who the little red-head is? And he says no and they says she was Papa's girl friend.

Wonder how Jimmy looks Nita. Gee, when I think of seeing Jimmy again, Nita, my heart stops. I'll never get over him. Why Dixie! Is that any way for a bride on her honeymoon to talk? Oh, shut up.

Your loving sis,
DIXIE.

TELEGRAMME

LE PROVENCAL PARIS
JUAN LES PINS
A M

PLEASE RESERVE ROOM BATH TOP FLOOR AND WITH SEA VIEW IF POSSIBLE ARRIVING TOMORROW JAMES DOYLE

JIMMY: *Entrez!* Oh, there you are. Where did you have to go for that champagne? Back to Paris?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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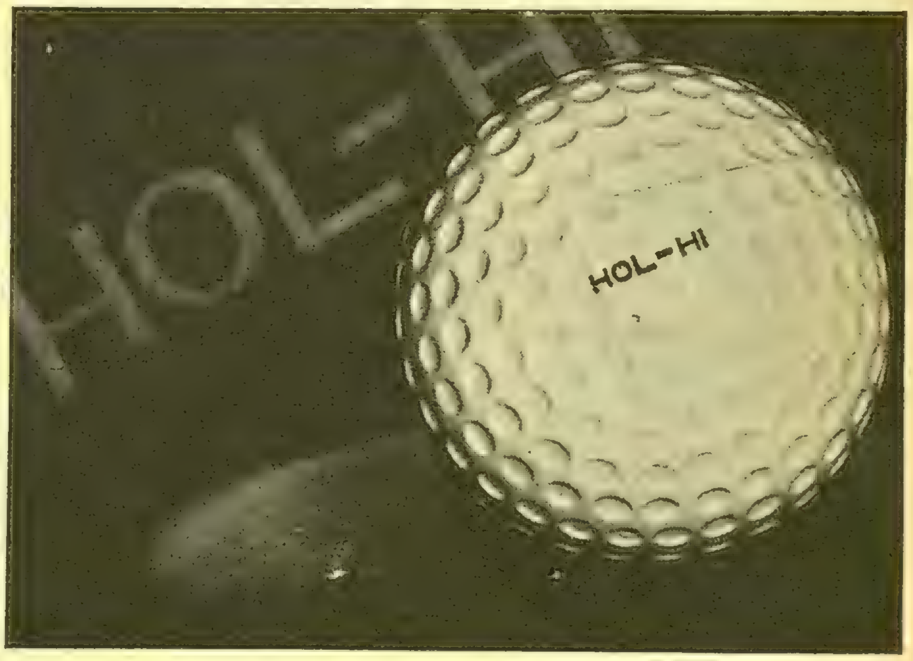

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SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-three

WAITER: Pleez?

JIMMY: I think I'll have it out on the balcony.

WAITER: *Comment?*

JIMMY: The balcony. *Dehors, s'il vous plaît.*

WAITER: Pleez?

JIMMY: Oh, nuts! Give it to me. Here, take this and go buy yourself a French dictionary.

WAITER: *Merci.* (In the hall—to *femme de chambre*): *Mon Dieu, qu'ils sont bêtes, ces Américains!*

Le Provençal
Juan-les-Pins

DARLING NITA,

I'm sitting up here in my room with nothing much to do except wait for Teddy to come home. He went to a dinner party Captain White is giving Mary Garden at Eden Roc and promised faithfully he would be home early. I haven't been feeling so peppy all day—too many parties I guess—so I thought I'd lie around up here and listen to the music on the terrace down below. There's a balcony just outside the window and I can sit out there and watch them dance seven stories down on a marble terrace with strings of colored electric lights over them, a French jazz band singing Zank Your Fadder and a full moon hanging so low over the Mediterranean you can almost reach it with your hand.

Now they're playing I'm Crying for the Carolines. Imagine being in a spot like this and crying for the Carolines or any other place. I've heard more Frenchmen crying for the Carolines this summer. People ought to get what they cry for once in a while. Teach them a lesson. I think I'll go out and sit on the balcony and look at the moon. I may finish this and I may not. It's twelve o'clock and Teddy isn't home yet.

Well, they dine late here. Sit down at ten. Fall down at twelve. Eighteen-course dinner and it all might just as well be fish. What a moon! It's just coming up over the tops of the pines. Wait a minute, Nita—I'll go out and slice off a piece for you to put under your pillow to sleep on. . . .

JOAN: You'd better go home, Teddy; it's one o'clock.

TEDDY: Who?

JOAN: You're ory-eyed. Go home and paw your wife.

TEDDY: Nice lil' wife.

JOAN: Why aren't you home with her? I guess you're afraid to go home. She'll give you another black eye.

TEDDY: Mind your own business.

JOAN: Glad you didn't bring her to this party. Little Brooklyn hoodlum.

TEDDY: Hoodlum yourself.

JOAN: How did you ever come to marry her? How? That's what I could never figure out. None of us can.

TEDDY: How you come marry anybody? Wan' to.

JOAN: You were a damned fool getting yourself tied up to a little nobody. You could get that kind without marrying them.

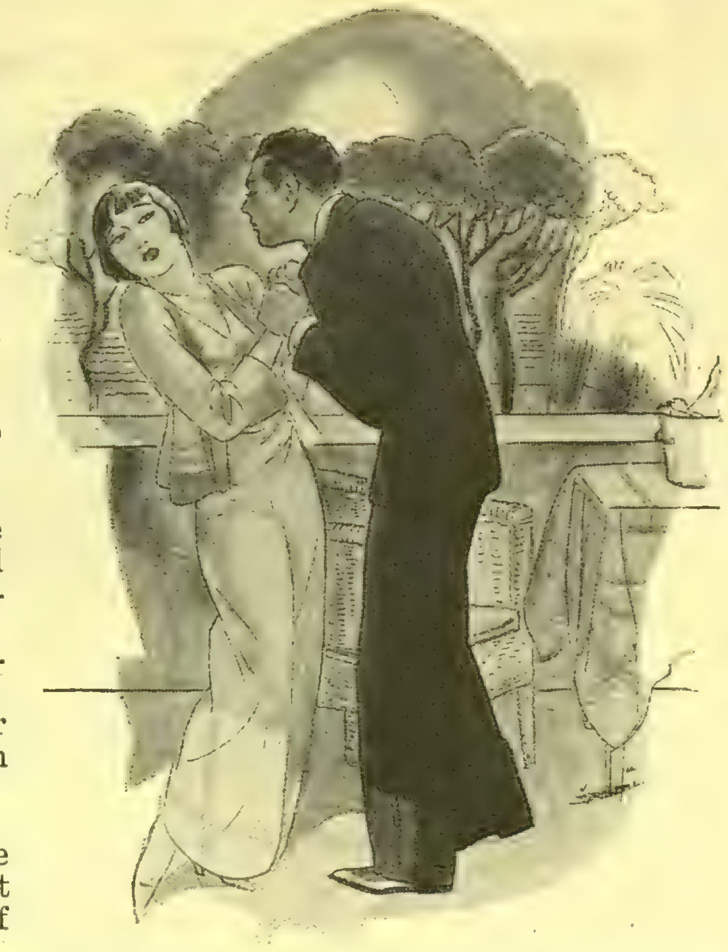
TEDDY: Not Dixie.

JOAN: Push over.

TEDDY: Push over yourself.

JOAN: Little Broadway tart. Hollywood bum. Didn't I see her out at the ranch when you first married her? I could see it then. I know the kind. Out for all they can get.

TEDDY: So are you. So'm I. So's everybody. Sure, why not?



DIXIE: *You see . . . I can't see you any more . . . mustn't . . . nowhere . . . good-by . . . good-by . . .*

JOAN: You could have had your pick—and what have you got? We only tolerate her for your sake.

TEDDY: 'Skind of you. Wanta 'nother drink.

JOAN: Here—take mine.

TEDDY: Good. Twenty-five bucks a bottle in New York. Sink of it. *(Thinks of it.)* T'hell with New York!

JIMMY: But I can't get over it, Dixie darling.

DIXIE: You mustn't say darling.

JIMMY: But I can't help it. Believe it or not, I was sitting out here drinking all alone for hours thinking about you.

DIXIE: No fooling!

JIMMY: And out you come on that balcony right beside me—like a—like a—well, like a vision.

DIXIE: You're tired, Jimmy. You can do better than "vision."

JIMMY: Tired! I'm dizzy. You see, darling—

DIXIE: Don't say darling, Jimmy—

JIMMY: All right. You see, darling, I knew you were in the south of France, but I had no idea you were in Juan-les-Pins, let alone in the next room to me.

DIXIE: Well, I was.

JIMMY: If a fellow wrote that in a book, they'd say he certainly had to reach for that one.

DIXIE *(softly)*: Never mind. My, you look just the same, Jimmy. Gee, it's good to see you. How long since I've seen you? It seems ages.

JIMMY: Just about a year.

DIXIE: Ah, go on. Year. Century! Don't you think I've changed a lot?

JIMMY: You're beautiful.

DIXIE: I like that! So that's how I've changed! I thought I was pretty good-looking before.

JIMMY: I don't know. You're changed. Lovelier—I don't know. More serious, I guess.

DIXIE: I am more serious.

JIMMY: Happy?

DIXIE: Oh, sure.

JIMMY: Sure?

DIXIE: Sure, I'm sure. Why not?

JIMMY *(bitterly)*: Of course—why not?

DIXIE: Aren't you? What have you been doing?

JIMMY: Batting around.

DIXIE: In love?

JIMMY: You know that's all over for me.

DIXIE: Now, Jimmy, you talk like an old man. All over! Bet you've been in love forty times since I saw you last.

JIMMY: Nope.

DIXIE: Well, twenty then.

JIMMY: Not even once. I can't see anybody but you—you know that.

DIXIE: You mustn't talk that way to me, Jimmy. I'm married.

JIMMY: Don't I know it!

DIXIE: Well, then—

JIMMY: Where's your husband tonight?

DIXIE: Out on a party.

JIMMY: Doesn't he take you?

DIXIE: Not always. I didn't want to go tonight anyway. Didn't feel like yipping around till dawn again tonight. Felt funny all day—low—blue—I don't know.

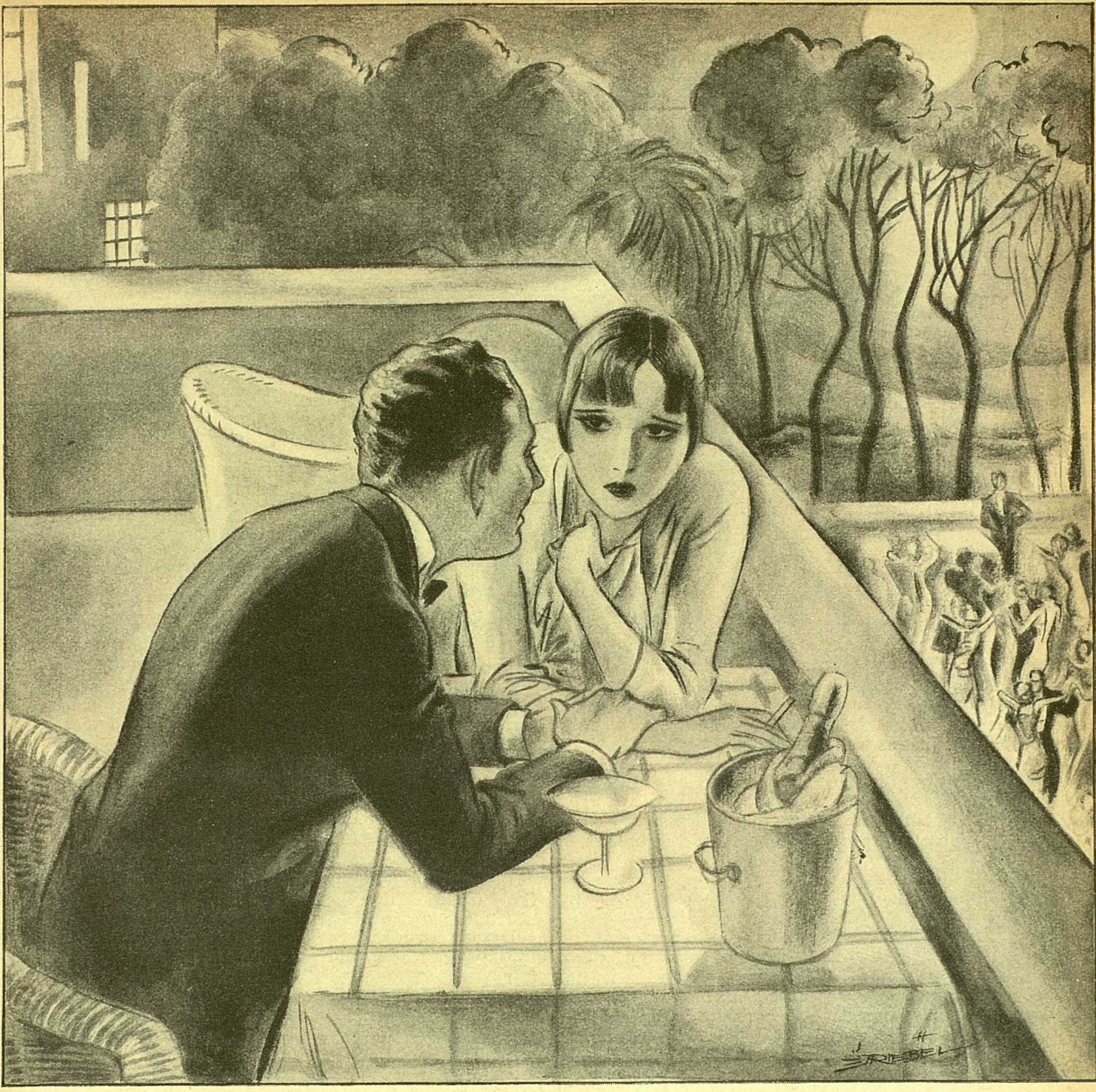
JIMMY: Me, too. Thinking of you all day—hoping I'd see you—hoping I wouldn't—all mixed up—so instead of going out tonight I just ordered champagne up here and looked at the moon and listened to the music and wished you were here—and sure enough you came.

DIXIE: Jimmy!

JIMMY: Dixie!

MAN: Where is she tonight?

WOMAN: He left her at home.



JIMMY: *You're changed. Lovelier—I don't know. More serious, I guess.*

MAN: I don't see him around anywhere. Has he gone?

WOMAN: Disappeared. With Joan, I suppose. She's been hanging around him all evening.

MAN: All evening? For years. She thought she had him once—

WOMAN: And along came Dixie.

MAN: It won't last.

WOMAN: Who wants anything to last?

MAN: He couldn't stick to anybody.

WOMAN: I wouldn't mind him sticking to me for a little while.

MAN: She's a nice kid. I like her. Natural—that's what I like about her.

WOMAN: Can't say Teddy isn't natural!

MAN: He's a bum.

WOMAN: But good-looking.

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: And filthy with it. They say his old man was one of the few who was on the right side of the market last fall.

MAN: He would be.

WOMAN: I wouldn't say Teddy inherited much of his brains.

MAN: He'll get the money, which is just as good.

WOMAN: You can't blame Joan for trying, then, can you?

MAN: I don't blame her.

WOMAN: I'd try myself if I thought there was any chance. But he's too crazy about Dixie.

MAN: Looks like it, doesn't it?

WOMAN: Oh, he's just playing. Dixie's smart. Let him play.

MAN: He's always playing.

WOMAN: Sure, and he always will. You can't keep a squirrel on the ground.

DIXIE: The music's stopped now, Jimmy. It must be late.

JIMMY: It's been stopped for an hour.

DIXIE: Good grief, what time is it?

JIMMY: No idea. Who cares, anyway?

DIXIE: The music stops at three, I think. We

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-five

couldn't have been talking for three hours, could we?

Jimmy: Sure. We've talked longer than that lots of times, haven't we? Remember how we used to sit around in Jimmy Durante's Club and talk until they tried to stack us up on the tables with the chairs?

Dixie: Oh, Jimmy, that was fun!

Jimmy: And in the Brown Derby in Hollywood—and that little German restaurant behind the Ritz in Atlantic City when we were trying out Get Your Girl—

Dixie: Oh, Jimmy—and the Rocking Stone Restaurant up at the zoo—

Jimmy: And Moneta's on Mulberry—the Santa Marghareta—and zabliogne—

Dixie: And Louis and Martin's—the corner table near the bar—writing our names on the little lamp shade—

Jimmy: And the Willard out on Pico in Hollywood where we had our last dinner together before I went back East a bum and you stayed in Hollywood and became a star, and—

Dixie: Let's not go all over everything again, Jimmy. We've had sweet, sweet times, but that's all over now, isn't it? We have to grow up sometime, don't we?

Jimmy: Why?

Dixie: Because we must. Anyway, I'm married. I shouldn't be sitting out here all hours talking to you like this!

Jimmy *(bitterly)*: I know you're married. But are you happy, though? No!

Dixie: Of course I am. And even if I wasn't—just being happy isn't everything. Who is happy all the time, anyway?

Jimmy: I don't know.

Dixie: I know—nobody. I certainly wasn't happy when I was single.

Jimmy *(jealously)*: I thought we were happy.

Dixie: Happy! Who ever said being in love was being happy? It's the most miserable feeling in the world most of the time. *(Wistfully)* But I loved it.

Jimmy: Then why did you ever marry this guy Teddy, anyway?

Dixie: Oh, let's not talk about me any more. Let's talk about you. What are you writing now? A book? A play?

Jimmy: Just a movie. All about you.

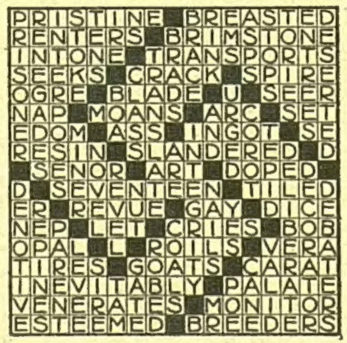
Dixie: About me?

JIMMY: You and your society friends, and what you do at home and abroad—that's what I'm here for. Going to all the play places: Deauville, Le Touquet, Biarritz, La Baule, the Riviera, the Lido, St. Moritz, Aix-les-Bains—everywhere—for material.

Dixie: Is it fun?

Jimmy: I don't know yet. I don't think so.

Dixie: I don't either. It's fun in a way. But it's no pleasure—if you know what I mean. We're all so bored—Teddy's friends and their friends—and they work so hard to be amused—and nothing makes 'em really laugh—only when they're full of champagne and are their real selves but don't know it.



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PRISTINE■BREASTED
RENTERS■BRIMSTONE
INTONE■TRANSPORTS
SEEKS■CRACK■SPIRE
OGRE■BLADE■U■SEER
NAP■MOANS■ARC■SET
EDOM■ASS■INGOT■SE
RESIN■SLANDERED■D
■SENOR■ART■DOPED■
D■SEVENTEEN■TILED
ER■REVUE■GAY■DICE
NEP■LET■CRIES■BOB
OPAL■L■ROILS■VERA
TIRES■GOATS■CARAT
INEVITABLY■PALATE
VENERATES■MONITOR
ESTEEMED■BREEDERS
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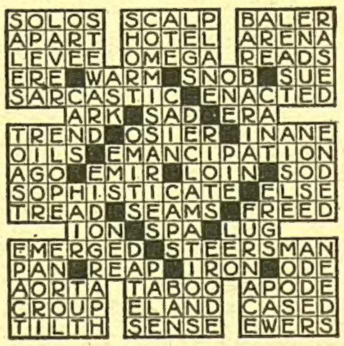
Answer to the puzzle on page 48



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SOLOS SCALP BALER
APART HOTEL ARENA
LEVEE OMEGA READS
ERE■WARM■SNOB■SUE
SARCASTIC■ENACTED
   ARK■SAD■ERA
TREND■OSIER■INANE
OILS■EMANCIPATION
AGO■EMIR■LOIN■SOD
SOPHISTICATE■ELSE
TREAD■SEAMS■FREED
   ION■SPA■LUG
EMERGED■STEERSMAN
PAN■REAP■IRON■ODE
AORTA TABOO APODE
CROUP ELAND CASED
TILTH SENSE EWERS
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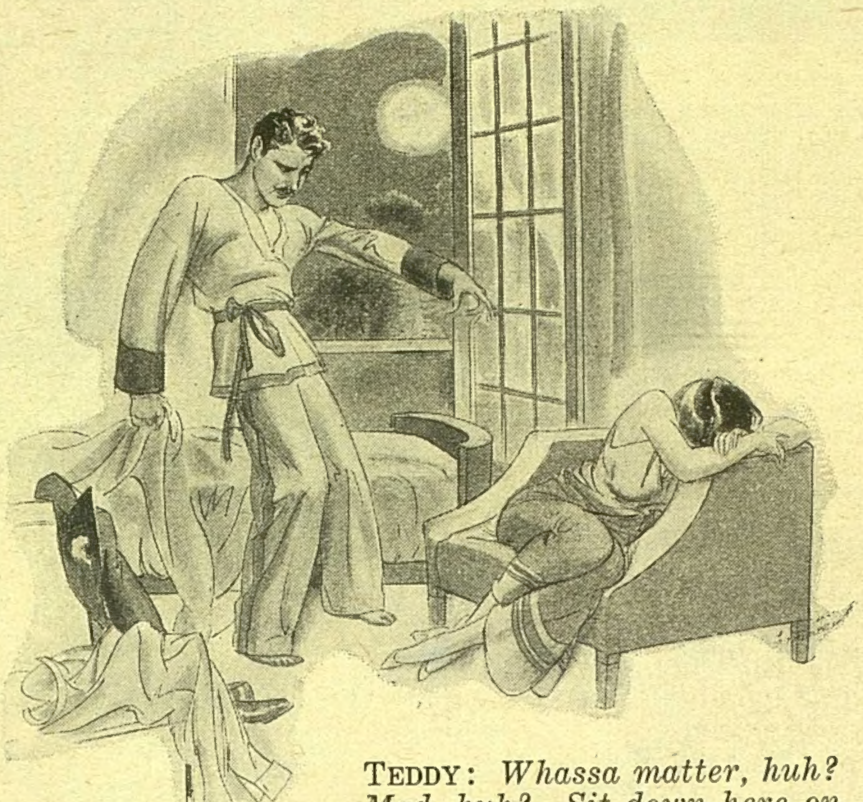
Answer to the puzzle on page 49

(A fumbling at the lock of Dixie's door and Teddy's voice singing gayly off key.)

Teddy: Happy d[illegible] here again. Happy days here again. Happy days here again. *(As the door opens suddenly and he lurches in)* Happy days here again! 'Lo, Dixie, m'love. Happy days here again. Happy days here again.

Where's the light? Where's light? Aw, you don't have to answer. Be sore. I can be sore too. Sore as you. Sorer. But I won't. No. No, sir. Firm control. Gonna sing instead. Happy days here again. Happy days—nev'mind light. Keep your old light. Got all light I need. Got a nice moon. *(Sings)* And high above moon was new—so was love—lover, come back to me-e-e-e! Pretty! Lover, come back to me-e-e-e-e!

Where're you? Sleep? Sore? Why doncha talk? I can see you. I can see you—lying over there. Peekaboo! Here, catch this. Don't drop it, 'sgood watch. Catch it. Aw, you missed it. Now poppa's gotta buy new watch. *(Sings)* Oh, the moon is fair t'night 'long Wha-bash. Isn't that a love-aly moon, darling? Love-a-ly-love-a-ly moon.



Teddy: *Whassa matter, huh? Mad, huh? Sit down here on bed with Teddy.*

GEE, I'm tired. Why don't you say something? Why don't you talk to me? Sore? Don't be sore. *(Sings)* Here am I. Here I'll stay, till you notice me. Home with my sweet lil' wife. Where's p'jamas? Can' find p'jamas. Can' find bed—can' find nothin'.

Ohdear, ohdear, ohdear, back in a minute. Back for a sweet kiss from darlin' lil' wifie darlin'. Where's the hell light in bathroom? Oh—there you are. *(Slam)*

Dixie: I better duck in there now while I have a chance.

Jimmy: Oh, Dixie, I can't let you go.

Dixie: Don't do that. . . . Are you crazy? . . . Good night.

Jimmy: I can't bear it . . . Dixie . . . that drunken—

Dixie: Sh-h-h. . . . Good-by, Jimmy.

Jimmy: Not good-by—just good night. I'll see you tomorrow.

Dixie: No, I better not see you any more.

Jimmy: Why?

Dixie: Why? Why? My God, do you think I'm made of wood? Dammit, I can't stand everything—

Jimmy: Dixie . . . I can't bear it not to see you any more.

Dixie: You'll have to, Jimmy. Good night. Good-by—

Jimmy: One minute—one tiny minute . . . one kiss . . .

Dixie: Don't . . . are you crazy?

Jimmy: Yes, I am . . . I don't care.

Dixie: You see . . . I can't see you any more . . . mustn't . . . nowhere . . . good-by . . . good-by . . .

Jimmy: Oh, Dixie . . . Dixie . . .

Teddy *(singing)*: Happy days here again—here again—here again. 'Lo, sweetheart—you've been out there lookin' at the moon. Give Teddy sweet sweet kiss. Whassa matter, huh? Mad, huh? Sit down here on bed with Teddy. One lil' sweet sweet kiss. Oh yes you will, you lil' devil. Now, what's the matter? What t'hell have you got to cry about? Come to bed—come on. . . .

Next week you'll follow Dixie to Venice, and watch her try to adapt herself to the strange life at the Lido.

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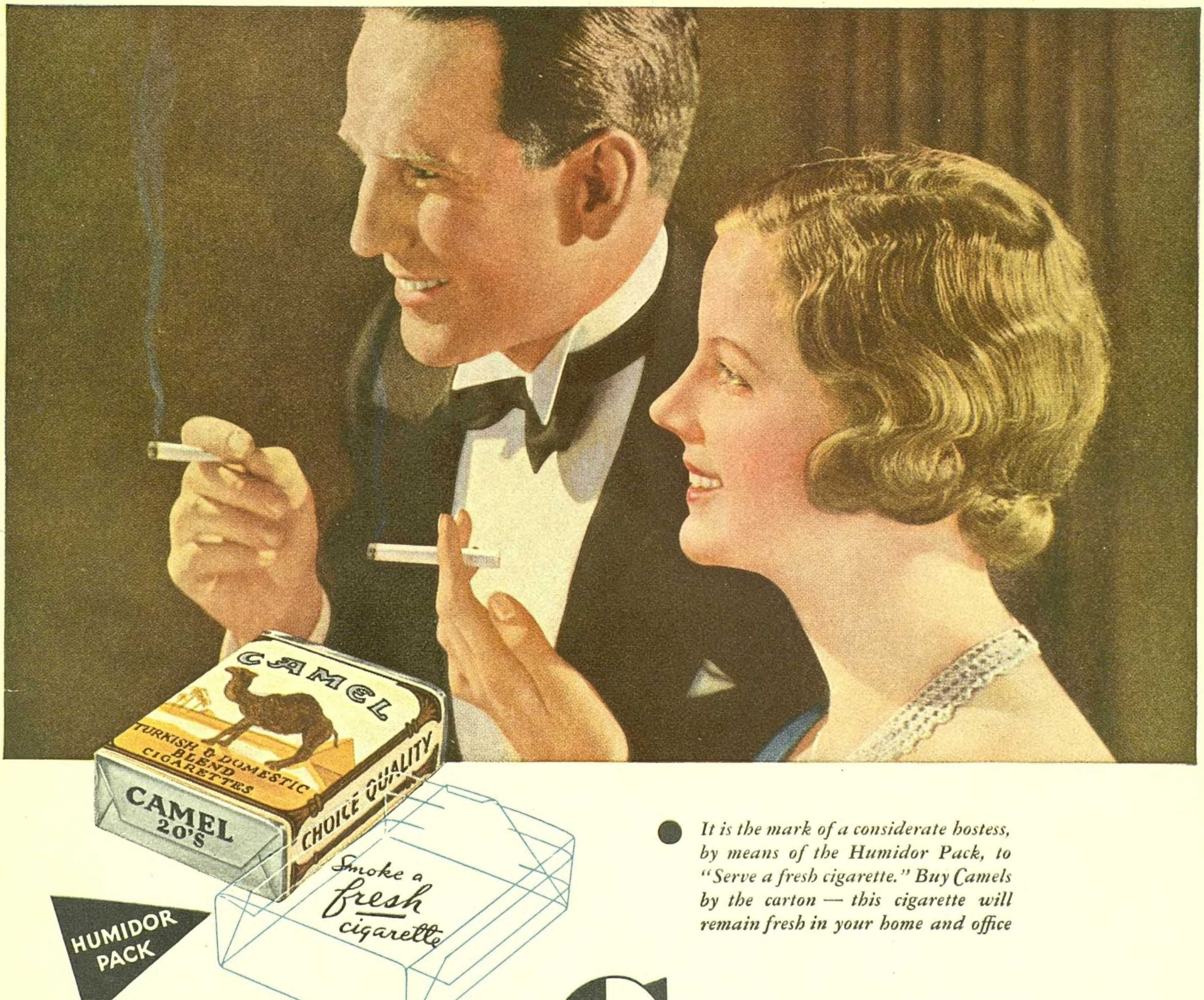

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